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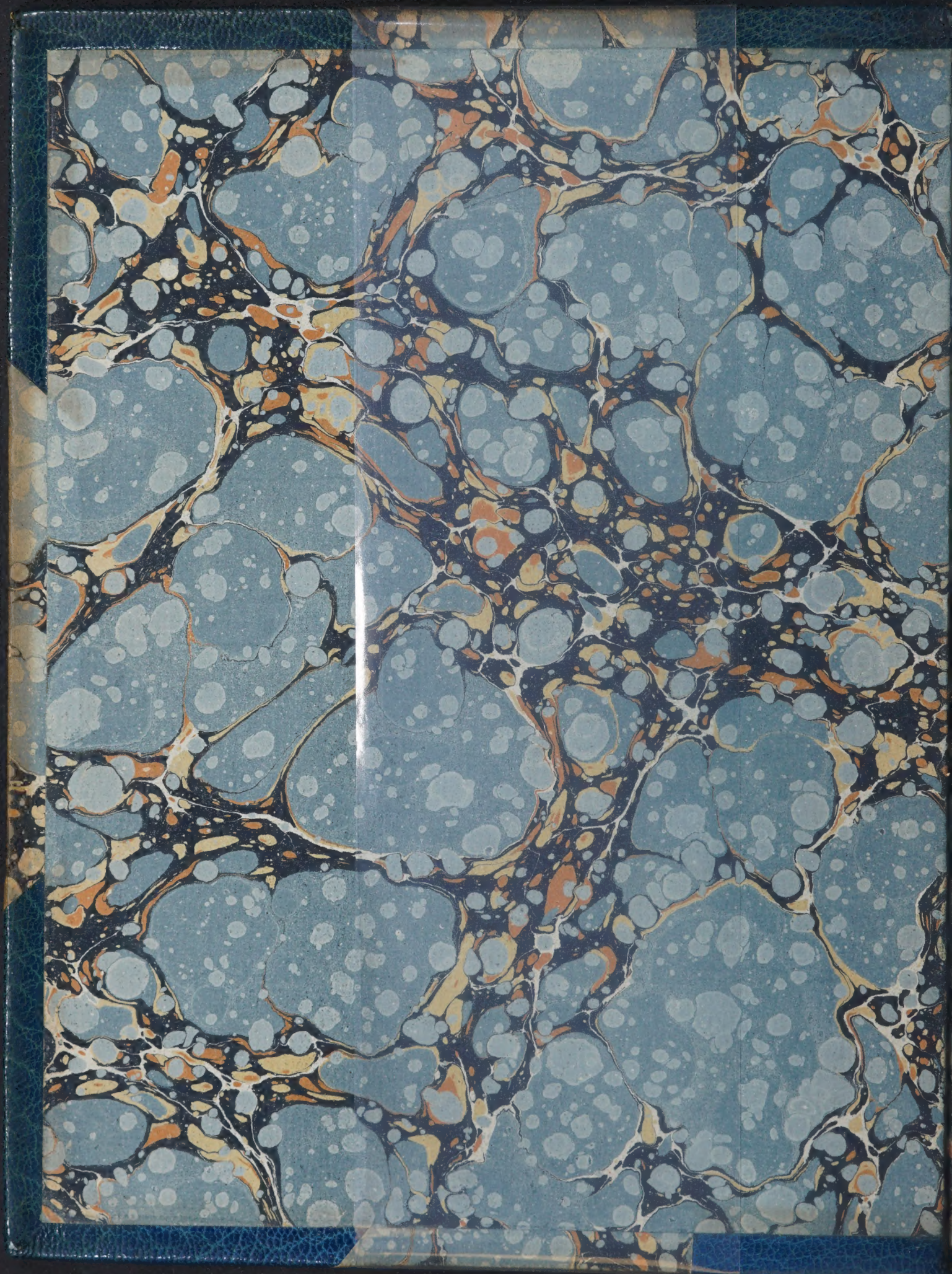
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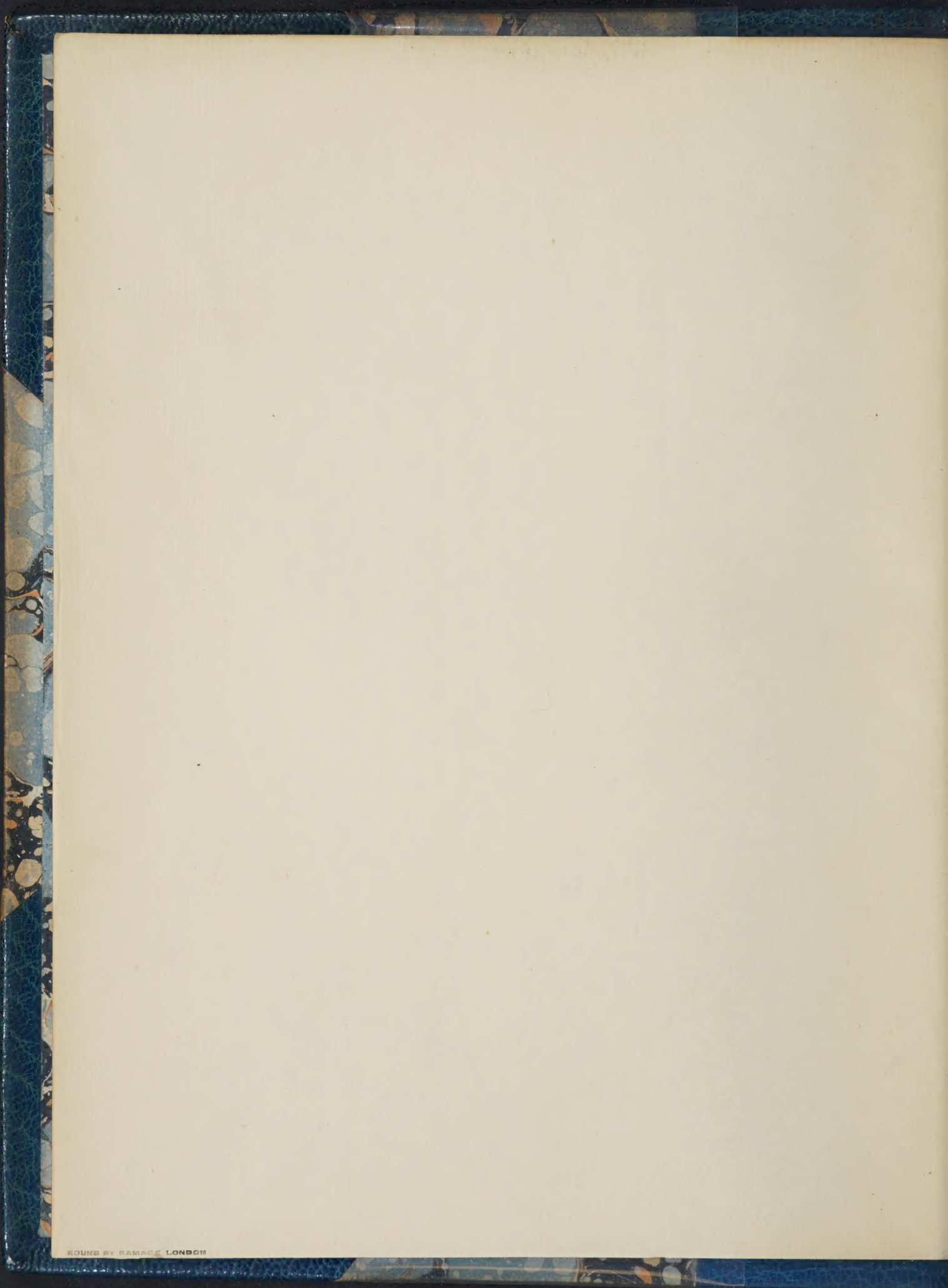


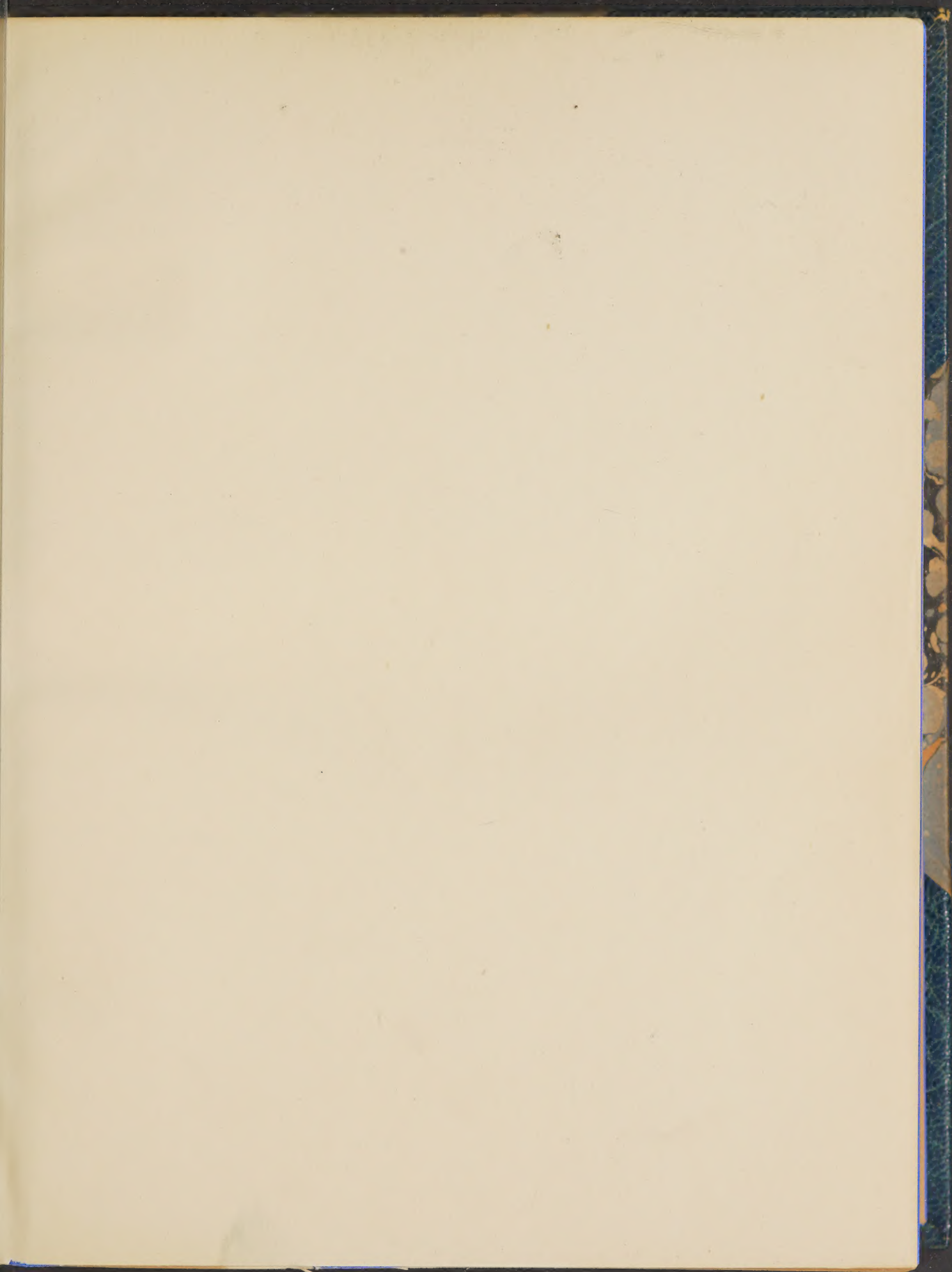


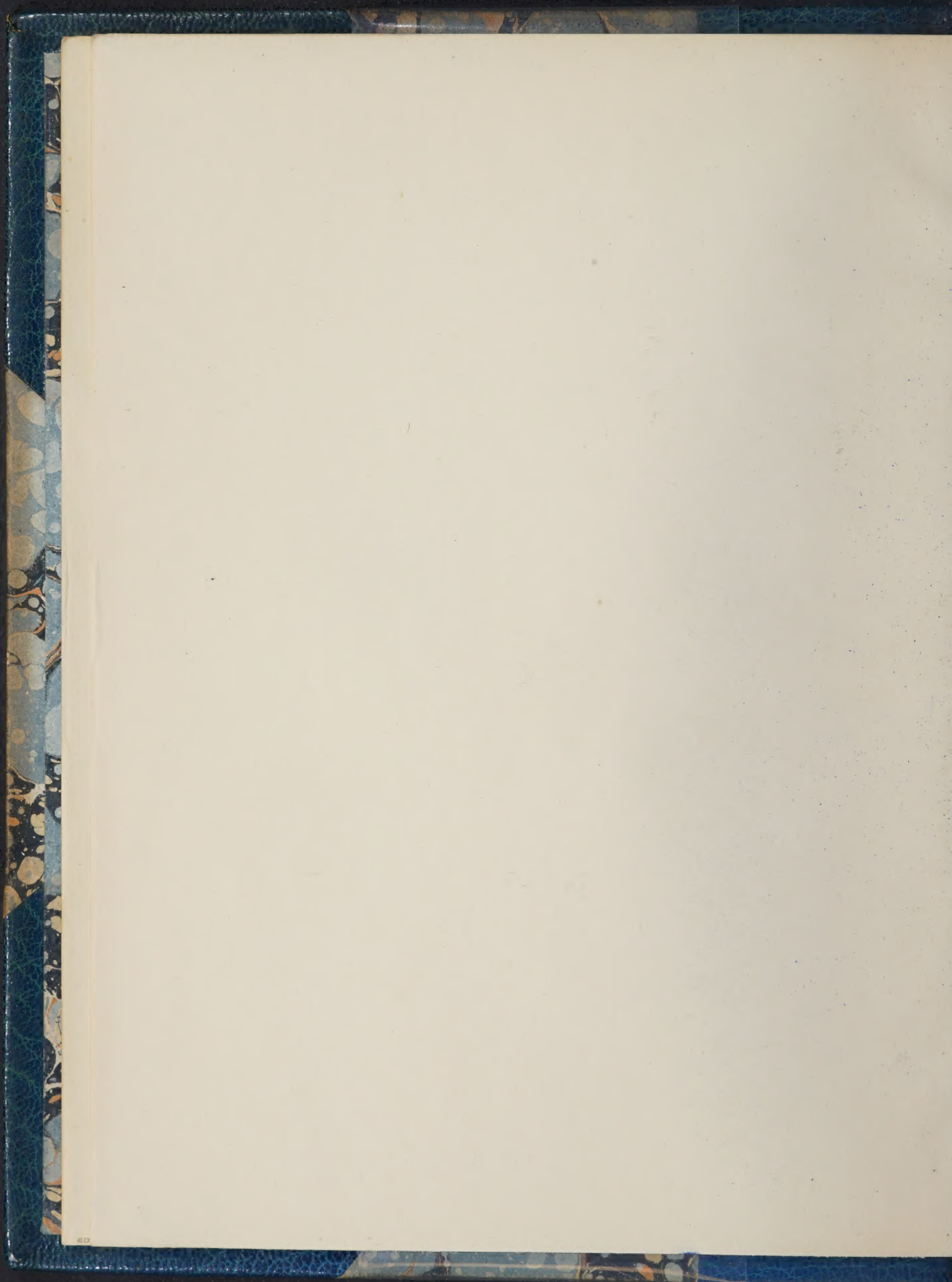








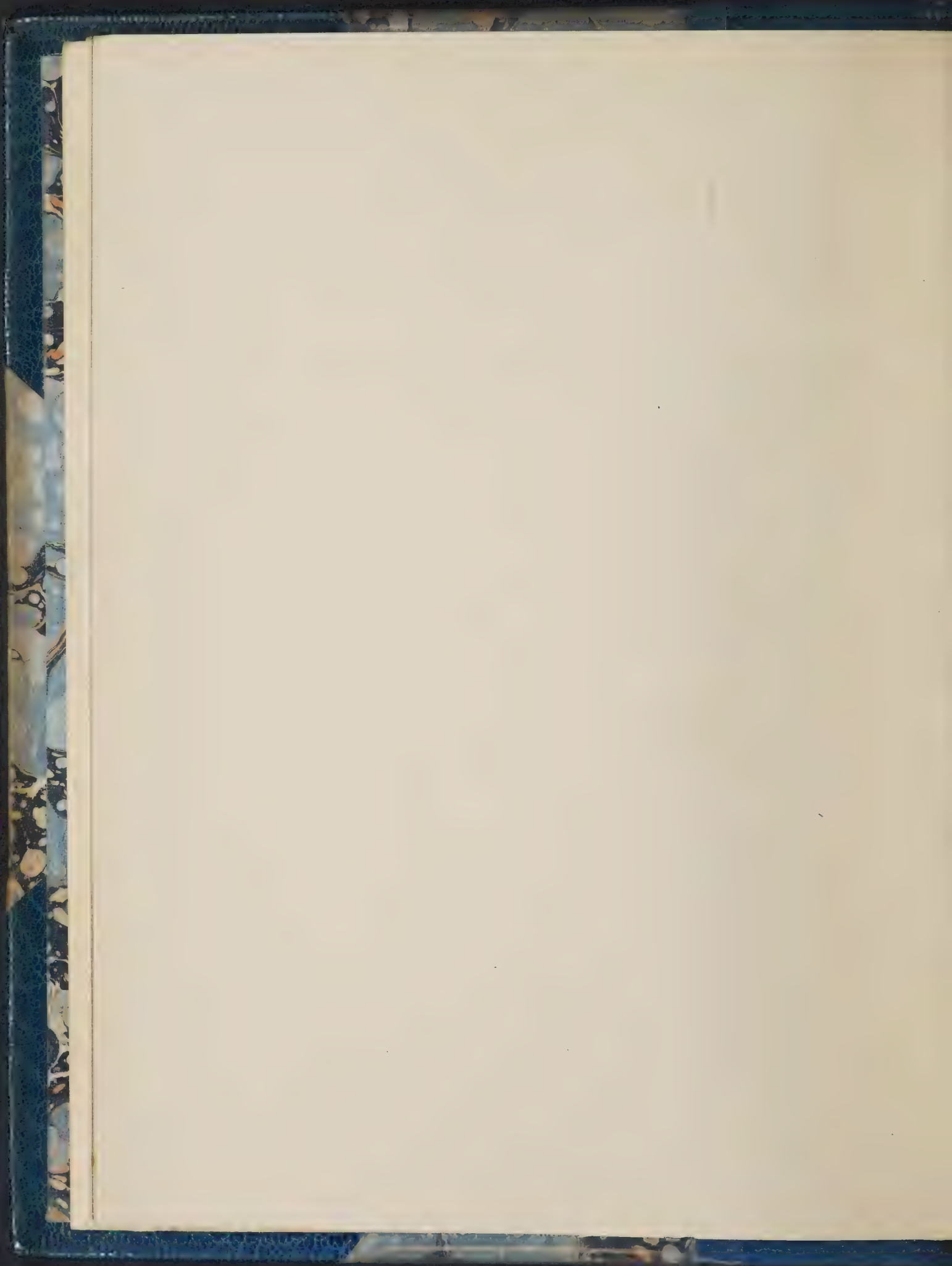




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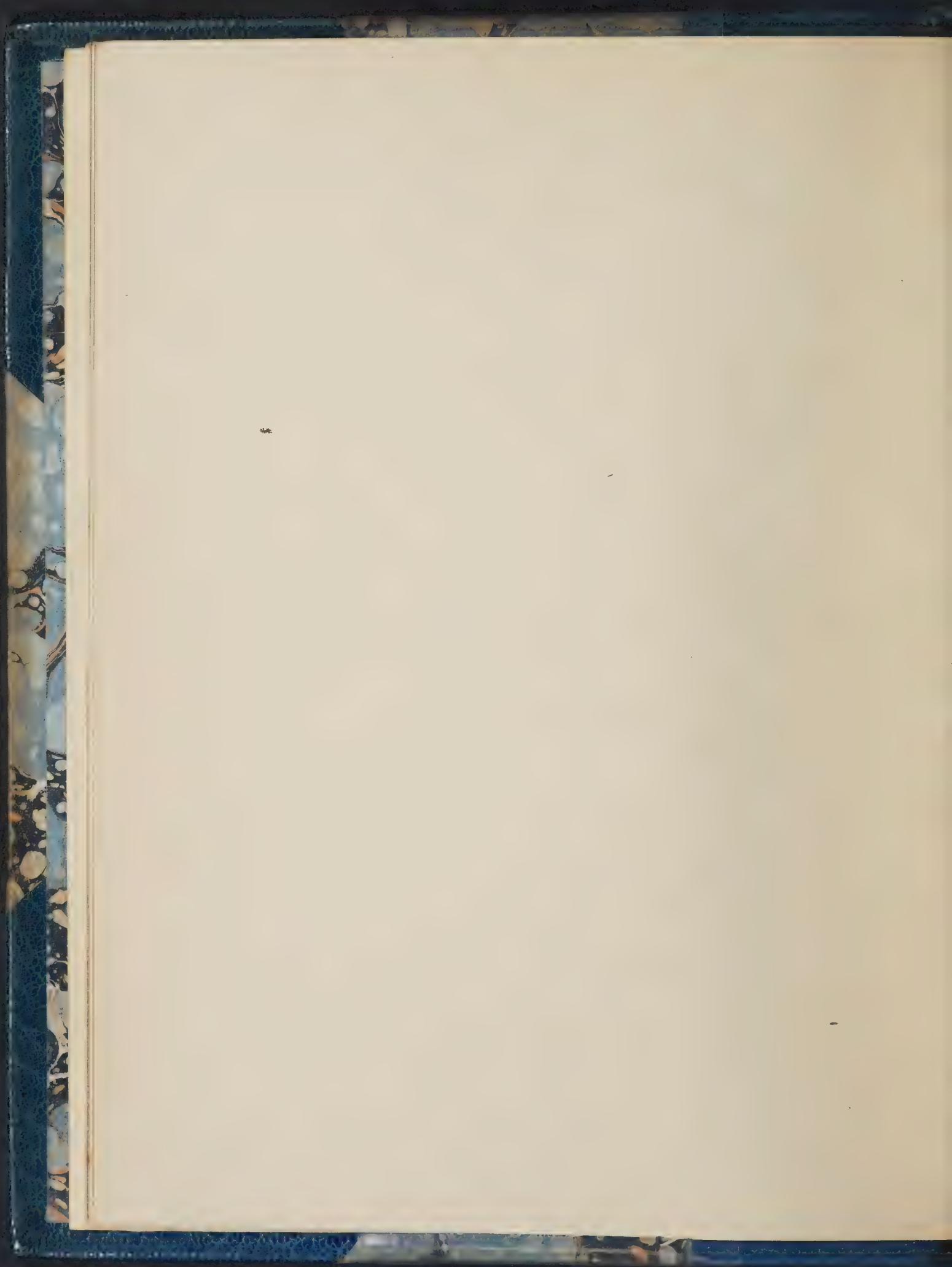
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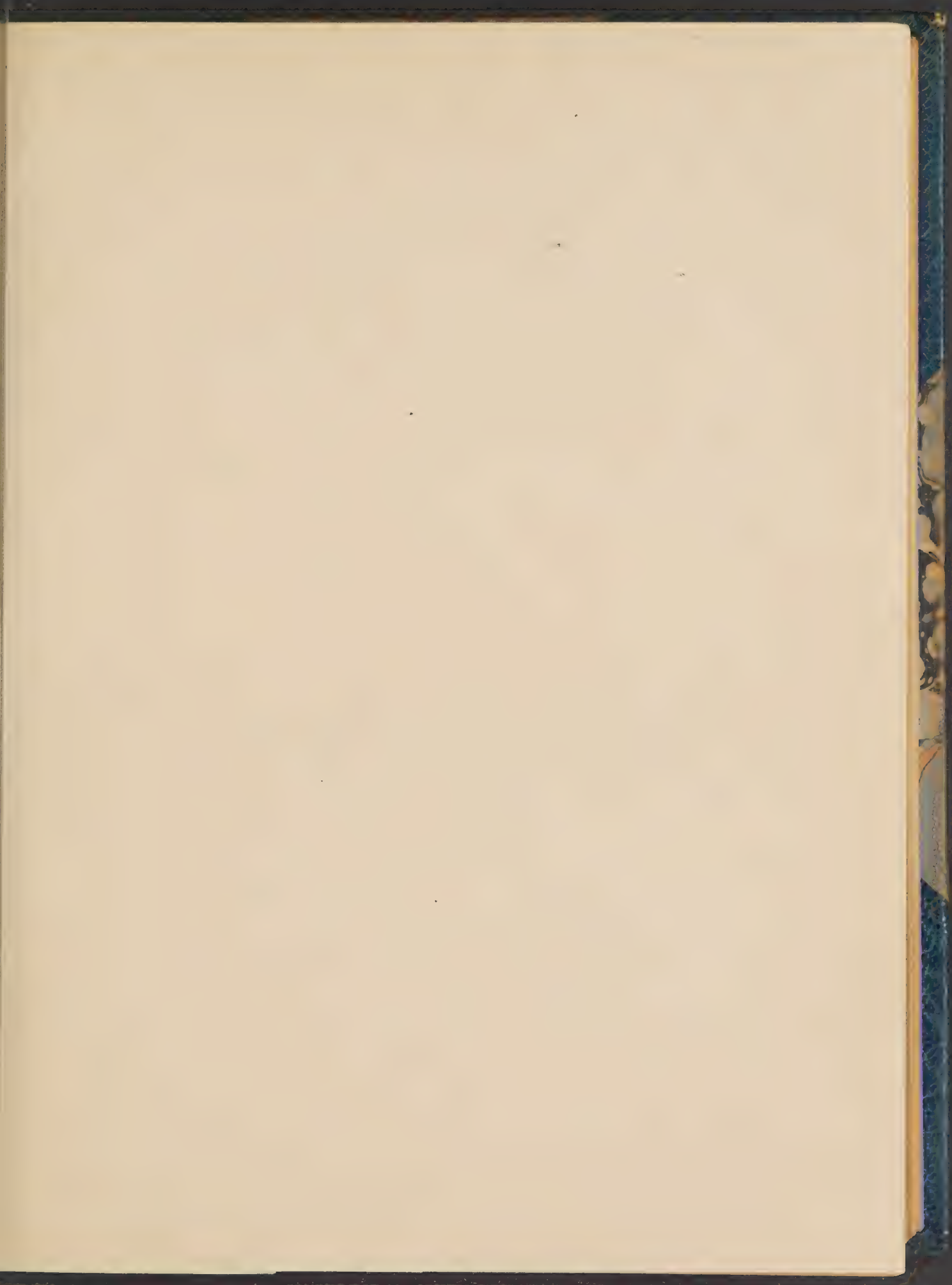
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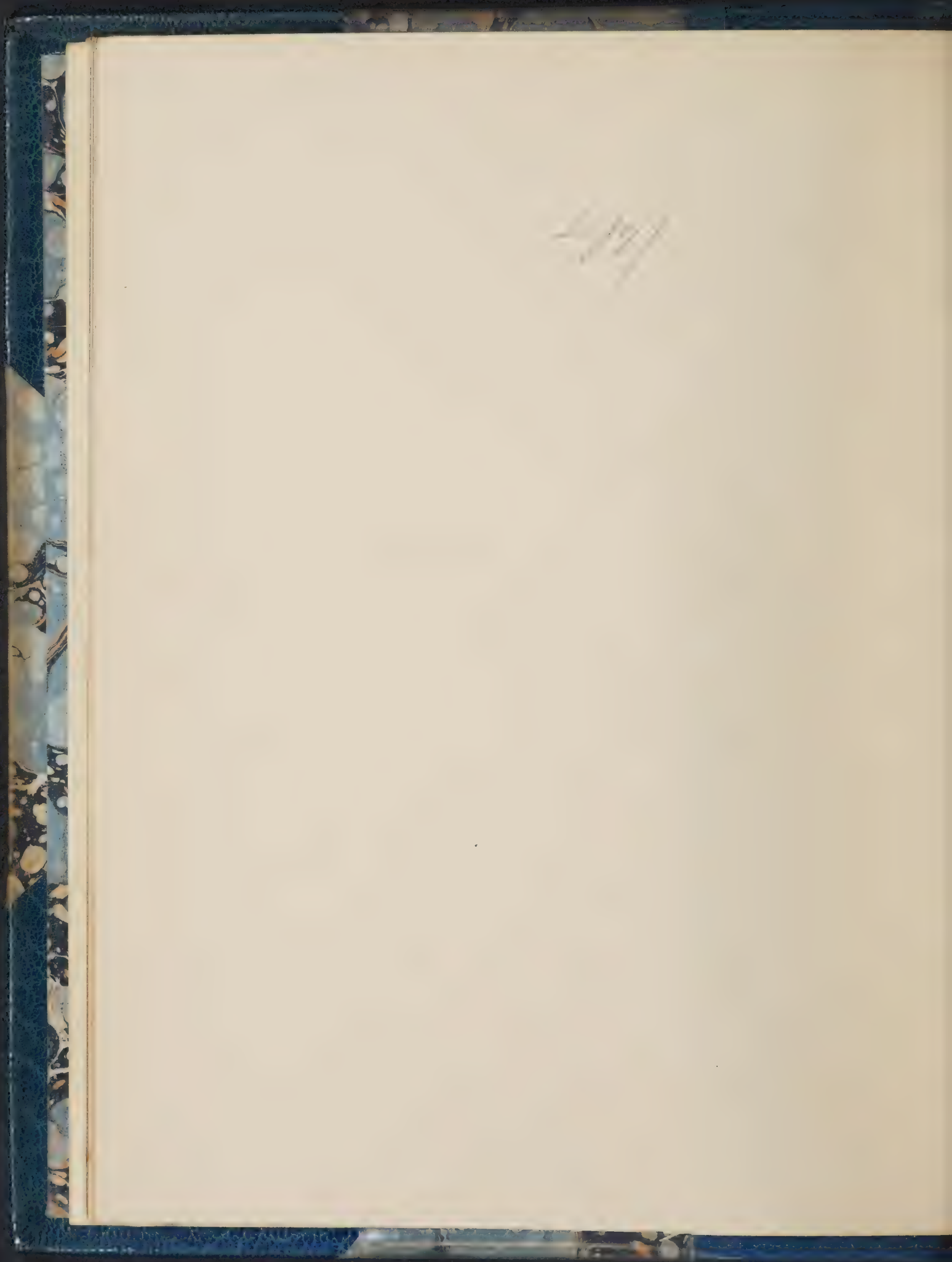


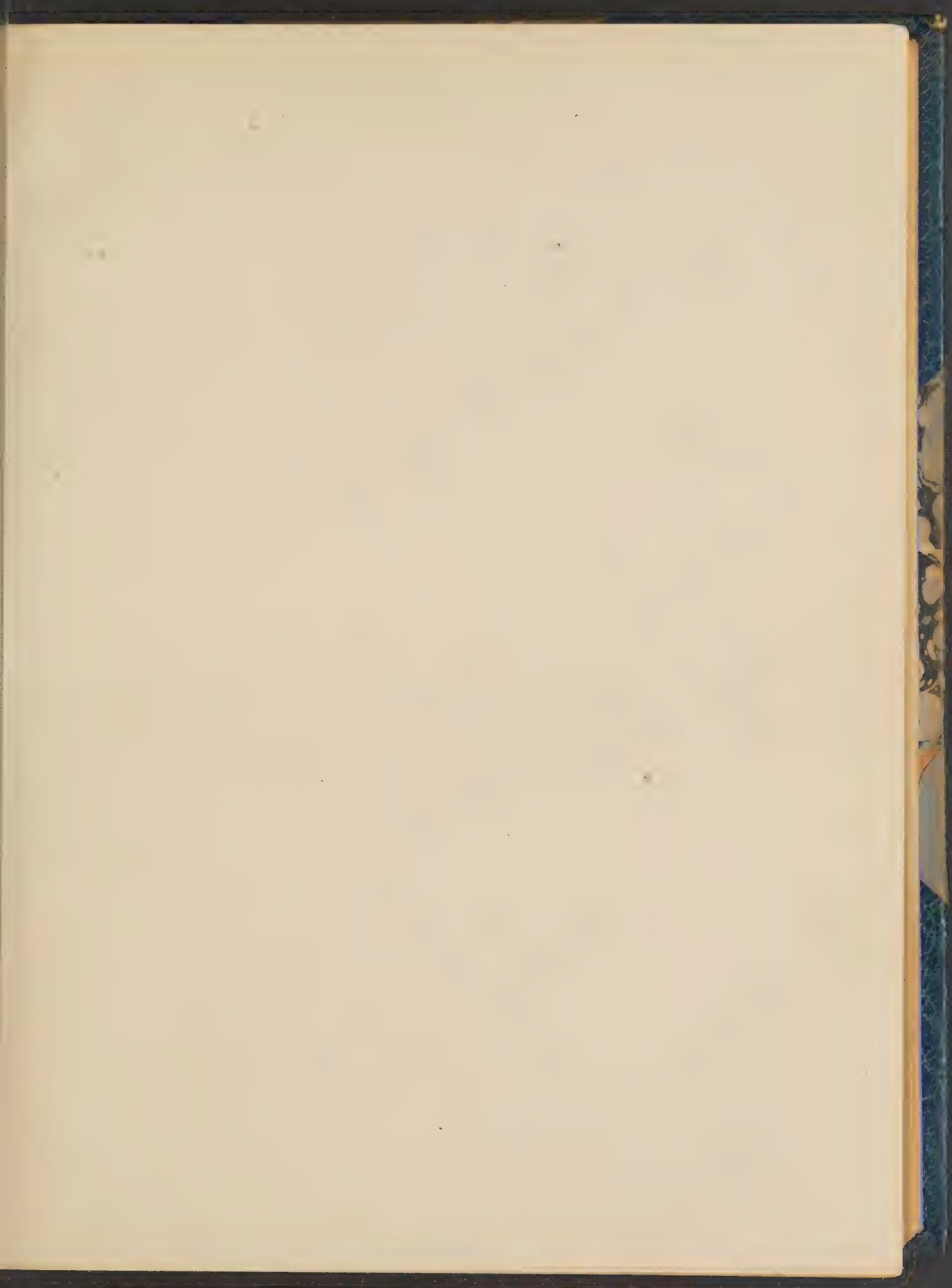
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by J. PAYNE COLLIER.
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W. J. Thomas Esq

from his old and obliged friend

J. Payne Collier

SEVEN ENGLISH
POETICAL
MISCELLANIES,

Printed between 1557 and 1602.

Reproduced
under the care of
J. PAYNE COLLIER.



LONDON.

1867.

TOTTELL'S MISCELLANY, published in	-	-	1557
PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES	-	-	1578
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GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

TOTTELL'S "Songes and Sonettes", by Henry Earl of Surrey "and other", published on 5th of June, 1557 (although hitherto not supposed to have made its first appearance until 31st July in that year), has usually been considered our oldest Poetical Miscellany, and perhaps, strictly speaking, such is the fact; but the earliest collected edition of Chaucer's Works in 1532 (printed by Thomas Godfray) was a Miscellany consisting, in the main, of productions by him, but including also pieces by Lidgate, Occleve, Gower, Scoggin, and anonymous writers in prose and verse.

It is a new point, as far as we are aware, to deprive the author of "The Canterbury Tales" of a long and important prose production hitherto assigned to him, but to which, in our opinion, he has no claim. We refer to "The Testament of Love", written in imitation of Boethius *De Consolatione Philosophice*, which last, there can be no doubt, Chaucer translated. Warton (*Hist. Engl. Poetry*, edit. 1824, p. 332) speaks of "The Testament of Love" as Chaucer's performance; and the dictum has been adopted, as far as we know, by all the great poet's biographers down to the last and best, Sir Harris Nicolas, in 1845. Nicolas adverts, indeed, to the contradiction

"The Testament of Love" seems to afford, especially as regards Chaucer's committal to the Tower, and other personal matter; but still gives no hint that it may have proceeded from the pen of some contemporary. If we can at all successfully controvert the position, hitherto maintained, that it was Chaucer's work, we thereby shew that all that it contains regarding the tumults in the City, the writer's concern in them, and his imprisonment, does not apply to the author of "The Canterbury Tales", who was undoubted owner of the five books of "Troilus and Cressida".

We do not propose here to dwell upon this question, but rather to throw out a hint, and to make a quotation from the end of the "The Testament of Love", in which the writer (if Chaucer) is made to bestow upon himself and upon one of his works most extravagant laudation. It seems to us impossible to suppose that a man of Chaucer's genius and modesty (always coupled) would thus have written of himself: we quote *literatim* from the edition of 1532, in which, we believe, "The Testament of Love" first made its appearance.

"Qd Love, I shal tel the this lesson, to serve myne owne trewe servaunt *the noble philosophical poete in Englissh*, whiche evermore hym besyeth and travayleth right sore my name to encrease: wherfore al that wyllen me good owe to do him worship and reverence bothe: *trewly his better, ne his pere, in schole of my rules, coude I never fynde*. He (qd she) in a treatise y^t he made of my servant *Troilus* hath this mater touched, and at the ful this questyon assoyled. *Certaynly his noble sayenges can I not amende: in goodnes of gentyl manlyche speche, without any maner of mycite of starieres ymagynacion, in wytte, and in good*

reason of sentence, he passeth al other makers. In the boke of Troylus the answeare to thy questyon mayste thou lerne," etc.

We only ask whether anybody can imagine that Chaucer would have thus written of himself and of his poetry? We answer no; and we are persuaded that the reader, however unlikely the position may at first appear, will be of our opinion, that in future "The Testament of Love" ought to be excluded from the genuine works of the writer of "Troylus and Creseyde". It is not at all probable that these expressions should have been interpolated; and we may add, that a careful perusal of the whole treatise, and a comparison of style, have confirmed our impression, that "The Testament of Love" was not by Chaucer, but by some admiring imitator of his translation of Boethius.

We have only mentioned this point incidentally, with reference to what we may call "Godfray's Miscellany", and to our series of Poetical Miscellanies, beginning with that of Tottell in 1557. The earliest edition has been hitherto thought to be of the 31st July, 1557; but we have shewn that bibliographers have been mistaken on the point, and that it came out nearly two months in advance of that date. The differences between the two copies are innumerable: in the first poem there are nearly as many changes as lines, though none of them so important as they afterwards appear to be. Sufficè it to say, that we have implicitly followed the edition we had the good fortune to discover; and our text represents the true language of the various poets, and the manner in which the pieces were originally arranged, without the corruptions which were multiplied in every reprint from 1557 to 1587, when, in the hands of Robert

Robinson, the printer, it may be said to have reached the climax of misrepresentation.

It should seem that Tottell, when he first put the work to press, was only in possession of some scattered pieces by Lord Surrey "and other", as the title-page expresses it; but, before he finished the work, he had obtained additional productions, especially by Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt; and these he added, as it were, by way of supplement to the volume. It is probable, also, that he obtained some more specimens of versification by poets whom he calls "uncertain authors", and whose names (excepting that of Nicholas Grimoald, who was an abundant contributor) he does not give. Among these we now know that Sir Francis Bryan, Lord Vaux, and Thomas Churchyard are to be mentioned. When Tottell prepared his second impression of 31st July, 1557, always hitherto mistaken for the first, he incorporated the whole of Surrey and Wyatt, and made some other changes, but not of moment, adding subsequently an index of the whole collection. Everybody at all acquainted with the history of our literature will be well aware of the value of all these productions, which may be looked upon as the earliest revival of a true taste for poetry, after a dreary century between the death of Chaucer and the birth of Surrey.

Nineteen years elapsed between the publication of Tottell's Miscellany and the appearance of our next work of the same class—"The Paradise of Dainty Devices". It was the enterprise of a printer of the name of Disle; and, instead of only one poet figuring on the title-page as the principal contributor, we find nine, three of them being designated by initials. The first name

is that of St. Bernard, who, in fact, has no right to a place, inasmuch as the translation, or enlargement, of some of his monkish Latin verses, by a person who subscribes "My Luck is Loss", is the whole foundation of his claim. The other contributors are, the Earl of Oxford, under his initials E. O.; Lord Vaux; Dr. Edwyn Sandys, under his initials; Francis Kinwelmarsh, under the initials F. K., but in the body of the work named at length; M. Bewe, of whom nothing is recorded; R. Hill, whose name is once printed as R. Hall; and M. Yloop, supposed to be Pooly inverted. The above names occupy the centre of the title-page in 1576, but above them the reader is informed that most of the poems in the volume were "devised and written" by "M. Edwards, sometimes of her Majesty's Chapel", then dead. Several pieces are anonymous, and others by versifiers such as Hunnis, Rich, Lloyd, Thorn, Candish, Boucher, and Marshall, regarding whom few particulars, or none, have reached our time.

Our reprint has been made from an impression issued by the same printer and stationer in 1578, of which no notice has anywhere been taken, beyond the acknowledgment of its existence. It differs in many important respects from the first and second editions in 1576 and 1577: even the names of the contributors vary; for M. Bewe is entirely omitted; the initials D. S. are converted into D. Sand; "the elder" is added to Lord Vaux; F. K. becomes F. Kindlemarsh; and W. Hunis, or Hunnis, is substituted for R. Hill, or Hall. Edwards still continues on the front; but the other eight names are crowded under the arms of Lord Compton, the dedicatee, at the back of the title. Nor is this all; for, in the course of the work,

the names printed at the ends of the poems are materially changed; new pieces in verse are inserted; and others, imperfectly given in the impressions of 1576 and 1577, are corrected and completed. "The Paradise of Dainty Devices" became exceedingly popular, and it is quite evident that Disle put forth his impression of 1578 to set right many of the errors of his previous editions.

Such, in fact, has been our chief reason for reprinting it, and we may briefly illustrate the point by two or three instances. On p. 20 of our reprint is a poem headed "No Pleasure without some Payne," and the signature is W. R., meaning Walter Raleigh: it is his earliest production in verse, unless we give precedence to his lines before Gascoyne's "Steele Glasse"; and it is highly characteristic of the philosophical spirit and tone of Raleigh's mind: by the first edition of 1576, and by that of the next year, he was deprived of this excellent specimen, and it was attributed to E. S., which might denote the Earl of Surrey, but was probably meant for Dr. Edwin Sandys. In the interval between 1576 and 1578, Disle had, no doubt, ascertained the real authorship, and therefore properly transferred the stanzas to their owner Raleigh. On the very next page of the edition of 1576 are four stanzas given to D. S., while the impression of 1578 shews that they belong to W. Hunnis. On p. 35 of our reprint is a poem by Churchyard, against "The fond affectes of Love", which, in the edition of 1576, is not only without a name, but without the two concluding stanzas. On p. 118 of our reprint we recover a long poem by Whetstone, of the existence of which we know on no

other authority than our copy of 1578. It would be easy to multiply proofs of the same kind, as regards Edwards and other poets of higher distinction; but we have said enough to establish the peculiar value of our unique exemplar of 1578, which now, even by our very limited number of impressions, is happily placed beyond the reach of destruction—one great object we always keep in view.

We have next to speak of "The gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions", which came out in 1578; and, from the title-page, we learn that T. P., *i.e.*, Thomas Proctor, was the editor of it. The poems, we are told, were "first framed and fashioned in sundry forms by divers worthy workmen of late days, and now joined together and builded up by T. P." He was the son of John Proctor, Master of Tunbridge School; and we had the good fortune to discover the entry at Stationers' Hall, by which, on 17th August, 1584, that son was made free of the Company. It is very evident, however, that Owen Roydon (father no doubt of Mathew Roydon) also lent his aid to "The Gorgeous Gallery", especially near the commencement, for he not only wrote a preliminary address "to the curious company of Sycophants", but the leading poem in the volume. Our notion is, that he was the editor of the earlier portion, and that Thomas Proctor's duties began principally with that share of the work, which, on p. 100 of our reprint, is headed "Pretty Pamphlets by T. Proctor." Possibly, Owen Roydon died while the work was in progress, and left the completion of it to Proctor.

The reprint of "The gorgeous Gallery" in vol. i of *Heliconia*, has many variations from the original, some of comparatively

little importance, but others of more consequence, the most noticeable being the omission of two entire pages. This want we have been able to supply, owing to the discovery of the only perfect copy in existence in the evidence-room of a noble family. After Thomas Proctor had been made free of the Stationers' Company, he put forth in his triple capacity of author, printer, and publisher, a small work in verse, of which no notice has ever been taken by any bibliographer, called "The Triumph of Truth". We have reprinted it separately for the sake of completeness, not on account of any intrinsic value it possesses, although it contains some curious traits of the manners and opinions of the time. Proctor seems to have been not only a strong Protestant, but a rigid Puritan.

The two miscellanies last noticed belong, it may be said, to the older school of Elizabethan poetry; but the next in point of date, published after a lapse of about fifteen years is in a more advanced style of imaginative composition, with such improvements in language and sentiment as give the poems a character distinct from nearly all that had gone before them.

"The Phoenix Nest" bears date in 1593, and, to use the words of the title-page, was "set forth by R. S., of the Inner Temple, Gentleman." A question has naturally arisen, Who was R. S. ? to which no satisfactory answer has yet been given. Certainly not Robert Southwell, a Roman Catholic priest executed in 1596, who had never been "of the Inner Temple", although that supposition has been entertained and encouraged. It seems more likely that Robert Smith, who in 1578 had entered a work of fancy at Stationers' Hall, may have been the editor of "The

Phoenix Nest", but still we have little more than identity of initials to support this claim. Whoever undertook the duty of selection and arrangement must have been well read in the poets of the time, and he resorted not merely to printed but to manuscript sources. Unquestionably, the finest and most original performance in the volume, "The Dream" of a lover, "written by a brave scholar and Master of Arts of both Universities", must have been derived from manuscript authority, and we nowhere else, either earlier or later, meet with it in a printed shape. Robert Greene was accustomed to place upon his title-pages *Utriusque Academicæ Magister*, but, if the poem were from his ready pen, it exceeds in sentiment and expression anything else he has left behind him: it has none of his affected phrases and artificial allusions and illustrations, and displays a degree of simplicity, pathos, and power, that we think beyond his capability. If it be his, it possesses more genuine feeling and true passion than are, perhaps, to be found in all his other works.

It is a remarkable circumstance connected with "The Phoenix Nest", as it appears in *Heliconia*, 1815, 4to, that, in this very "Dream", distinguished as it is for excellence above any other production in the miscellany, and consisting of so many admirable seven-line stanzas, no fewer than six of them are entirely omitted, not one after the other, which might have arisen from some extraordinary oversight, but in five different places. How to account for such editorial carelessness we are utterly at a loss; and it throws into complete shade other errors, and they are certainly numerous, in that reprint. The collection commences with a prose vindication of the Earl of Leicester, and we may infer that

it was written soon after his death, though not printed until 1593, and possibly it was the authorship of the editor of the volume, which is nearly all in verse, Thomas Lodge, under his initials, being a main contributor: he is always seen to most advantage as a lyrical poet, and some of his best specimens of this kind are contained in the work under consideration, and were derived from his "Phillis", which also bears the date of 1593. It is a great deficiency in "The Phoenix Nest" that not a single writer's name is found at length in it, and comparatively few initials but those of T. L. and Nicholas Breton.

In this particular "England's Helicon", published in 1600, leaves little to be desired: in general the names of poets are inserted, although without any hint as to the work laid under contribution: some few authors are designated by initials only, but more commonly both Christian and surname are appended. Thus we have Edm. Spenser, W. Shakespeare, Phil. Sidney, Thom. Lodge, Michael Drayton, Ro. Greene, Tho. Watson, Geo. Peele, N. Breton, Rich. Barnfield, John Wootton, Edmund Bolton, Bar. Yong, etc., together with various initials such as S. W. R. for Sir Walter Raleigh, S. E. D. for Sir Edward Dyer, H. C. for Henry Constable, M. F. G. for Master Fulke Greville, and others, including the Earls of Surrey and Oxford. Two or three pieces are subscribed Ignoto, Anonymus, and Shep. Tonie, indications not satisfactorily explained; and we may notice it as a singular omission, that not a line was derived from Samuel Daniel, then more popular than his poetical rival Drayton. John Bodenham was avowedly the editor of the whole work, and hence we may be disposed to infer that he and Daniel were not upon good terms. Possibly, Daniel was then under a cloud.

The same remarks will apply to the second impression of "England's Helicon" in 1614: many additions were made to it, but not one by a man whose popularity had been daily increasing—Daniel. "England's Helicon", in 1614, was introduced by three quatrains and a couplet (meant for a regular sonnet) subscribed Richard More, and he enlarged the collection; but inasmuch as the first edition in 1600, consisting of so many celebrated original poems, has never been reprinted, either in ancient or modern times, and as it is a work of extreme rarity and value, we have thought it a proper subject for our series of Poetical Miscellanies. For this purpose we have had the unusual advantage of the use of three separate copies; and we may state that they all differ, more or less, in minute particulars, and in at least one place of importance to the sense. In a poem headed "The Shepheards Sonnet" (p. 225 of our reprint), a copy kindly sent to us from the North, reads—

"Some come for Loves paine,"

which is nonsense in the place where the line occurs; while in our own exemplar, and in one other we have consulted, the words and meaning of the author are restored by this alteration,

"Some *comfort* for Loves paine."

The blunder, like many more, must have been perceived while the last sheets of "England's Helicon" were passing through the press in 1600, and the beneficial change then introduced. This peculiarity has not hitherto been pointed out, probably on account of the difficulty in bringing copies together for collation; and in

the edition of 1614 the reading properly is "Some comfort for Loves paine."

The original edition of "Englands Parnassus", 1600, 8vo, is one of the most incorrect works we have ever had occasion to examine. We are not informed who was the printer of it, because there is no printer's name at the bottom of the title-page: the publishers only place their initials there, N. L., C. B., and T. H., almost as if they were ashamed of the book. N. L. is clearly Nicholas Ling, whose device of the fish and the honeysuckle occupies the centre: C. B. is probably Cuthbert Burby; and T. H. certainly Thomas Hayes; the last name being found at length on some copies of the book, although we have never had an opportunity of seeing one with this distinction. Cuthbert Burby, we believe to have been the brother of Richard Burbadge, the great Shakespearean actor: Richard Burbadge unquestionably had a brother settled in London of the name of Cuthbert; and the one being a player and the other a stationer, it is not unlikely, in the then carelessness about names, that, for the sake of distinction, one called himself Burby and the other Burbadge. Of course our notion is only to be received as a conjecture; and we must admit that we know of no book at the bottom of the title-page of which the names appear in the form of Cuthbert Burbadge.

Besides the variation already mentioned on the title-page, there are small differences in the text of some copies of the volume; but although the original list of *Errata* is large, few of the variations seem to have been adopted for the sake of correcting textual misprints. We may here point out one of a

peculiar character, for which it is not easy to offer an explanation, seeing that it only substitutes one blunder for another. On p. 478 of the original impression, we commonly find a quotation attributed to Dekker (which, like various others, we happen not to have met with), concluding thus:—

“A wanton Hyacinth held downe his head,
And by the winds helpe oft stole may abide.”

In another copy, also before us, the passage is made to end as follows:—

“A wanton Hyacinth held downe his head,
And by the winds helpe oft stole man a kisse.”

Both are nonsense as they stand; but although we do not know the poem from which the two lines are taken, we may pretty safely conclude that the second is nearer what Dekkar wrote, and that for “man a kisse” we ought to read *many a kisse*; but how “many a kisse” came to be misprinted *may abide*, we can only imperfectly guess.

This blunder is certainly not more unauthorised than hundreds of other absurd mistakes in the course of the 524 octavo pages; and after having gone patiently through the whole of them, and compared most of the extracts with the original works from which they were taken, we are sure that we are far within bounds when we say that “England’s Parnassus”, as it appears in the edition of 1600, contains twice as many gross errors as pages, some of them being most preposterous. We have very rarely cited the title of a work quoted without having taken the opportunity of comparison and correction: where we could not collate, we have unavoidably left the passage as it had

been left by the editor at the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth. Whatever we have accomplished in this respect, may be said to have been the result of not far from fifty years' labour; for although during the last ten years the writer of this notice has sought the whereabouts of comparatively few quotations, yet there was a period when no old poetry passed through his hands that he did not employ himself in tracing and correcting the two or three thousand citations in "England's Parnassus."

Here it may be fit to assure the reader that, from beginning to end, he will not find a single conjectural emendation: not a change is introduced that is not authorised by the original works, such editions having been generally chosen as were in print before the date when "England's Parnassus" was published. The failures of the editor of the reprint in *Heliconia*, when, for instance, he tells us that "forworne" means *worne before*, and that "trunchmen" are *trenchermen*, would be enough to warn us to resort rather to the books themselves, than to any speculative ingenuity.

Who was the editor of "England's Parnassus" in 1600 is a matter of speculation, our only guide being the initials R. A. appended to two preliminary sonnets, one of them addressed to Sir Thomas Mounson, and the other "to the Reader". The letters may belong to Robert Armin or to Robert Allot; but we are inclined to think that the former, if either, is the proper claimant; for if the latter had made the selections from contemporary poets, he would hardly have omitted all notice of his friend and namesake, Robert Toft, whose "Laura" had been printed in 1597, and his "Alba" in 1598, both containing pas-

sages of greater merit than many included in the volume. On the other hand, we must admit that most of the poems quoted seem to have been entirely out of the line of Armin's reading: he was a literary low comedian, and much employed, about the year 1600, at the theatres for which Shakespeare was a writer. Anthony Wood [*Ath. Oxon.*, ii, 607, edit. Bliss], with the cautious parenthesis of "tis said," tells us that Charles Fitzgeoffrey made "a collection of choice flowers and descriptions from the most renowned poets of our nation," and that it was printed "about the beginning of the reign of K. James"; but he adds, that after seeking for the book many years, he "could never get a sight of it." It is very possible that the author of "The Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake," printed in 1596, had some hand in the preparation of "England's Parnassus": certain it is that his work is often quoted in it—perhaps oftener than the passages themselves merited.

This brings us to advert to the number of what may be called contemporary versifiers selected, as well as omitted. Forty-one are named, and about ten indicated by initials, or in some other more doubtful manner. In point of date, they commence with one or two writers in "Tottell's Miscellany," and end with Ben Jonson and Dekker, who both began to print in the very year of the publication of "England's Parnassus"; but many notorious and even excellent rhymers of the close of the reign of Elizabeth are altogether excluded, and among them we may enumerate Barnabe Barnes, Richard Barnfield, Nicholas Breton, Edward Dyer, Arthur Golding, Barnabie Googe, B. Gliffin, Joseph Hall, John Lilly, Anthony Munday, Walter Raleigh, Samuel Rowlands,

William Smith, Robert Toft, George Whetstone, Henry Wyloughby, and several others, either then living or only recently dead. These are certainly not such renowned names as those of Shakespeare, Spenser, Daniel, or Drayton; but their productions, and especially those of Barnfield, Breton, Googe, Hall, Raleigh, and Whetstone, might have furnished many worthy quotations. In fact, the editor's reading seems to have been somewhat limited: his plan obviously was to copy, or procure to be carelessly copied, passages under different headings, which he subsequently arranged, generally alphabetically, but often arbitrarily and inconsiderately; and so heedless was he in this respect, that citations are often repeated, sometimes with the interval of only a page or two. It constantly happens that famous passages belonging to one distinguished poet are attributed to another: thus, Shakespeare's speech by Gaunt in "Richard II" is transferred to Drayton; and we might refer to whole stanzas by Spenser that are attributed to Daniel. Other mistakes of this kind are abundantly strange, but R. A. arrived at his climax of blundering when he gravely assigned to Robert Greene the opening of a poem as well known as "Mother Hubbard's Tale"; and even the modern editors of Greene have failed to detect the ignorant misappropriation. In these cases we have done our best to restore property to its right owner, though we dare not flatter ourselves that we have always succeeded.

In endeavouring to accomplish this object, we have never misrepresented the original edition of "England's Parnassus." If Gaunt's speech be there imputed to Drayton, or a long passage in Daniel's "Civil Wars" be coolly handed over to Shakespeare,

we have left the names precisely as they stand in the old impression: what we have done has been, in our brief bracketted note immediately following each quotation, to point out the error and its remedy in the shortest possible form. The reader will thus at one view perceive how the matter actually stands in "England's Parnassus" of 1600, and how it ought to have stood. Some works, well known perhaps two centuries and a half ago, have now disappeared, and others are of extreme rarity: with a few, such as Sylvester and Hudson, the editor of the present reprint does not profess to be so well acquainted as with Spenser and Shakespeare. Several passages from still popular authors are not noted, and they may be safely left to the knowledge of the educated reader. It is to be added, that some of our memoranda, as to the rarer books where particular passages are to be found, were hastily made, but we believe our references in every instance to be correct. We offer the whole merely as an endeavour to accomplish what may be useful, and what has never before been attempted; the reader taking into account that from end to end of "England's Parnassus", as it came out in 1600, there is no hint at a single volume quoted, and that the representation there given of any poet's real words can never be trusted.

Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody" forms the last miscellany of our series; and for the first time we have reproduced the earliest edition of 1602: it also re-appeared in 1608, 1611, and 1621, and all contain productions in verse until then unprinted, and well worthy of preservation. To many names were appended, but to others only initials, perhaps

then easily recognised. This deficiency is the more to be regretted, because a few of these pieces were the best of their kind in our language: thus, it has never been ascertained whom the letters A. W. represent; and he was the writer of an Eclogue "made long since upon the death of Sir Philip Sidney", the finest of the many tributes offered to the memory of the admirable, but perhaps somewhat over-estimated, poet-soldier: it contains, among other interesting allusions, an address to Spenser, as overcome with grief upon that occasion.

Here, too, we meet with information, not hitherto noticed, which is of importance with reference to Spenser's supposed praise of Shakespeare, in a disputed passage of his "Tears of the Muses", 1591. The words, "our pleasant Willy", there used, have been taken by many (and among them by the present writer) to apply to Shakespeare, and to him only; while others have argued that Sidney was intended. One main objection to the application of the words to Sidney was, that no proof had been adduced that the author of "the Arcadia" had ever been called Willy; but that proof we have since found in the first and other editions of the "Poetical Rhapsody" in an Eclogue to which the initials A. W. are appended: the lines are—

" We deem'd our Willy aye should live,
So sweet a sound his pipe could give;
But cruell Death
Hath stopt his breath:
Dumb lies his pipe that wont so sweet to sound."

This passage and others to the same effect are decisive of the point that one poetical name of Sidney was Willy; and therefore

it is still doubtful whether Spenser's words,

“Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late”,

were intended to apply to Shakespeare or to Sidney (*Life of Spenser*, 1862, vol. i, p. lxxx). If we suppose them to relate to Shakespeare, we must take the words “is dead of late” to mean not the actual and natural demise of our great dramatist, but his imaginary and poetical death, in consequence of temporary silence as regards works for the stage. The lines we have quoted from A. W.'s pastoral were certainly intended to lament the absolute death of Sidney, in consequence of the wound he received before Zutphen: if, therefore, it fell to our lot to write the life of Spenser again, we might be inclined, on reconsideration, to take a somewhat different view of the important question; and we feel bound, as conscientious critics and historians, to admit that we have hitherto taken up ground too positively in an opposite direction. Todd might be right in maintaining that Spenser did not allude to Shakespeare, but to Sidney, although he certainly did not know that Willy, as a poetical designation, had been applied to Sidney: that it was so we have on the evidence of A. W., who must have written soon after the information regarding his death had been received.

The first Eclogue, without any title, and with the motto, *Uni mihi Pergama restant*, is subscribed at length by Francis Davison, in the first edition; and it is highly interesting, because it is written in the person of his father, the unfortunate scape-goat for Elizabeth's sin in the sudden execution of Mary Queen of Scots. In later impressions it has only the initials F. D. at the end of

it; and until we saw the impression of 1602, which we have exactly reprinted, we conjectured that they might have been an error of the press for W. D., and that William Davison, the father, was himself the author of the poem (*Bibl. Acc.*, 1865, vol. i, p. 187). We ought to add, that in the only extant copy of the earliest edition of "The Poetical Rhapsody" there is a lamentable deficiency of some pages, which we have been compelled to supply (as usual between brackets) from a later impression. The edition of 1611 was the last superintended by Francis Davison, who died before 1619: he had three brothers, Christopher, William, and Walter, and two sisters, who all survived him.

It is worth noting, with reference to the contents of "The Poetical Rhapsody", 1602, that it sets out with a mistake; for the "Two Pastorals made by Sir Philip Sidney", which we are told had been "never yet published", were printed in 1598, at the end of the folio edition of "The Arcadia". In the rest there is generally more novelty; and a great deal of interesting personal matter is contained in the earlier poems, chiefly written by the two brothers, Francis and Walter Davison: those, however, who have only seen the later impressions of the book will find these postponed, perhaps for the sake of novelty, to some happy compositions from the sprightly pen of Sir John Davys, author of "Orchestra", 1596, and of *Nosce Teipsum*, 1599. They will also there meet with a very imperfect copy of "The Lie", which has also been called "The Soul's Errand", and attributed to Sylvester, who, though a tolerable translator, was utterly incapable of a production so striking and original. The

most complete and accurate copy of it has come down to us in MS. of the time, with Sir Walter Raleigh's name, spelt Wrawley, prefixed to it, and there can now be no doubt that he is the rightful owner of it (*Bibl. Acc.*, ii, 224). There is no name to it in the "Poetical Rhapsody".

We may suspect, though we are without any distinct evidence on the point, that at least some of the poems signed "Anomos", one of which comes third in the impression of 1602, were by William Davison, the father, who thus employed and amused his fancy while resident, in exile from Court, at Stepney; and it is known that like, at least, two of his sons, he had a turn for versification. The "Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, and Madrigals" by the two Davisons, Francis and Walter, begin on p. 48 of our reprint, and are continued until we arrive at the "Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, and other Poesies" by T. W., *i. e.*, Thomas Watson, author of the "Ekatompathia", which had been printed in or about 1581, and who is supposed to have been dead ten years before the appearance of the "Poetical Rhapsody". The sonnets, subscribed "Melo-philus", we are unable to dispose of. Most of the initials can be appropriated: H. W. is Henry Wotton; W. R. Walter Raleigh; and H. C. Henry Constable; while Sir Edward Dyer and Fulke Greville were also contributors. Th. Sp. was unquestionably one of the family of Spilman, or Spelman, into which Secretary Davison had married before 1575, when his son Francis is supposed to have been born. It has been concluded by some critics, among them Sir Harris Nicolas, that John Donne was the writer of the "Hymn in Praise of Music", and of ten

sonnets to Philomel; but unquestionably the first belongs to Sir John Davys, and possibly he was also the owner of the ten Sonnets which immediately follow the Hymn. Spenser's "Trimeter Iambics", on p. 191 of our reprint, had been published in his second letter to Gabriel Harvey, more than twenty years before they were inserted by Davison: we feel satisfied that the satirical verses on Women, which precede them, were by Raleigh, under his not unusual signature of *Ignoto*. The whole "Rhapsody" is ill arranged as to subjects, and no attempt at chronology is made, so that what comes last, viz., the two sonnets by H. C. (*i. e.*, Henry Constable) and the "Ode of Cynthia", ought to have been placed much earlier in the volume, which ends abruptly and unsatisfactorily.

Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody" concludes our series of seven early Miscellanies in verse; and no work at all resembling them, in fashion or material, made its appearance until many years afterwards. If reasonably supported, we shall hereafter apply ourselves to several rare works by separate poets, such as Turberville's "Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonnets," 1567, and Whetstone's "Rock of Regard," 1576, which include pieces by their friends and contemporaries. Of the first only one exemplar is known, and of the last, at the utmost, two perfect copies: our object is, by means of a very limited impression, to render works of such rarity and value indestructible.

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Riverside, Maidenhead,
1st August, 1867.

SONGES AND SONETTES

*written by the ryght honorable Lorde
Henry Haward late Earle of
Surrey, and other.*

Apud Richardum Tottel.

1557.

Cum priuilegio.

*The Printer to the
Reader.*

THAT to have wel written in verse, yea & in small parcelles, deserueth great praise, the workes of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue sufficiently. That our tong is able in that kynde to do as praiseworthyly as y^e rest, the honorable stile of the noble earle of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the depe-witted sir Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with severall graces in sondry good Englishe writers doe show abundantly. It resteth nowe (gentle reder) that thou thinke it not euill doon, to publish, to the honor of the Englishe tong, and for profit of the studious of Englishe eloquence, those workes which the vngentle horders vp of such treasure haue heretofore enuied thee. And for this point (good reder) thine own profit and pleasure, in these presently, and in moe hereafter, shal answere for my defence. If parhappes some mislike the statelinesse of stile remoued from the rude skill of common eares: I aske help of the learned to defend their learned frendes, the authors of this work: And I exhort the vnlearned, by reding to learne to be more skilfull, and to purge that swinelike grossenesse, that maketh the swete maierome not to smell to their delight.

SONGES AND SONETTES.

*Description of the restless state of a lover, with suite to his
ladie, to rue on his dying hart.*

THE sonne hath twise brought furth his tender grene,
And clad the earth in liuely lustinesse:
Ones haue the windes the trees despoiled clene,
And new again begins their cruelnesse,
Since I haue hid vnder my breft the harm
That neuer shall recouer healthfulnesse.
The winters hurt recouers with the warm:
The parched grene restored is with shade.
What warmth (alas) may serue for to disarm
The frosen hart that mine in flame hath made?
What colde againe is able to restore
My fresh grene yeares, that wither thus and fade?
Alas, I fe, nothing hath hurt so fore,
But time, in time reduceth a returne:
In time my harm increaseth more and more,
And semes to haue my cure alwaies in scorne.
Strange kindes of death, in life that I doe trie,
At hand to melt, farre of in flame to burne.
And like as time list to my cure aply,

So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.
All thing aliue, that seeth the heauens with eye,
With cloke of night may couer, and excuse
It self from trauail of the dayes vnrest,
Saue I, alas, against all others vse,
That then stirre vp the tormentes of my brest,
And curse eche sterre as causer of my fate.
And when the sonne hath eke the dark opprest,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The trauailes of mine endles smart and payn.
For then, as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more couertly to playn,
And me withdraw from euery haunted place,
Lest by my chere my chance appere to playn :
And in my minde I measure pace by pace,
To seke the place where I my self had lost,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,
In femyng slack that knitteth euer most:
But neuer yet the trauaile of my thought
Of better state coulde catche a cause to boost.
For if I found, sometime that I haue fought,
Those sterres by whome I trusted of the porte,
My fayles doe fall, and I aduance right nought,
As ankerd fast, my spretes doe all reforte
To stande agazed, and sinke in more and more
The deadly harme which she dothe take in sporte.
Lo, if I seke, how I doe finde my fore :
And yf I flee I carie with me still
The venomde shaft, whiche dothe his force restore
By hast of flight, and I may plaine my fill
Vnto my selfe, unlesse this carefull song

Printe in your harte some parcell of my tene
For I, alas, in silence all to long,
Of myne olde hurt yet fele the wounde but grene.
Rue on my life: or els your cruell wronge
Shall well appere, and by my death be sene.

*Description of Spring, wherein eche things renews,
saue onelie the louer.*

THE foote feason, that bud and blome furth bringes,
With grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale:
The nightingale with fethers new she finges:
The turtle to her make hath tolde her tale:
Somer is come, for every spray nowe springes,
The hart hath hong his olde hed on the pale:
The buck in brake his winter cote he flinges:
The fishes flote with newe repaired scale:
The adder all her sloughe awaye she flinges:
The swift swalow pursueth the flyes smale:
The bufy bee her honye now she minges:
Winter is worne that was the flowers bale:
And thus I see among these pleasant thinges
Eche care decayes, and yet my forow springes.

*Description of the restlesse state
of a louer.*

WHEN youth had led me halfe the race,
That Cupides scourge me caused to ronne,
I loked back to mete the place
From whence my wery course begonne.

And then I sawe how my desire
Misguiding me had led the way :
Mine eyen to gredy of their hire,
Had made me lose a better pray.

For when in fighes I spent the day,
And could not cloke my grieve with game,
The boiling smoke did still bewray
The persaunt heate of secrete flame.

And when salt teares do bayne my brest,
Where love his pleasant traines hath fowen
Her bewty hath the fruites opprest,
Ere that the buds were spronge and blowen.

And when myne eyen dyd styll pursue
The flying chace that was their quest,
Their gredy lokes dyd oft renewe
The hidden wound within my brest.

When every loke these chekes might staine,
From deadly pale to glowing red :
By outward signes appered plaine,
The woe wherein my hart was fed.

But all to late loue learneth me,
To painte all kinde of colours new,
To blinde their eyes that els shoulde see,
My speckled chekes with Cupides hewe.

And nowe the couert brest I claime,
That worshipt Cupide secretely :
And norished his sacred flame,
From whence no blasfing sparkes doe flye.

*Description of the fickle affections
panges and sleighes
of loue.*

SUCHE waiward waies hath loue, that most part in
discord

Our willes do stand, whereby our hartes but seldom doe
accord.

Disceit is his delight, and to begile and mock

The fimple hartes whom he doth strike wt froward, diuers
strok.

He makes the one to rage with golden burning dart,

And doth alay with leaden colde agayn the other hart.

Whote glemes of burnyng fire, and easie sparkes of flame

In balance of unegall weight he pondereth by aime.

From easie forde, where I might wade and passe ful wel,

He me withdrawes, and doth me driue into a depe dark
hel,

And me withholdes where I am calde and offred place,

And willes me that my mortall foe I doe beseke of grace:

He lettes me to pursue a conquest welnere wonne,

To folow where my paines were lost ere that my suite
begonne.

So by this meanes I know how soone a hart may turne

From warre to peace, from truce to strife, and so again
returne,

I know how to content my self in others lust,

Of litle stufte vnto my self to weaue a webbe of trust:

And how to hide my harmes with soft diffembling chere,
When in my face the painted thoughtes would outwardly
appere.

I know how that the blood forfakes the face for dred:
And how by fhame it ftaines again the chekes with
flaming red.

I know vnder the grene the ferpent how he lurkes.
The hammer of the reftles forge I wote eke how it wurkes.

I know and can by roate the tale that I would tel:
But oft the wordes come furth awrie of him that louethwel.

I know in heat and colde the louer how he fhakes:
In finging how he doth complain, in flepyng how he
wakes:

To languish without ache, fickleffe for to confume:
A thoufand thinges for to deuife refoluing all in fume.
And though he lift to fe his ladies grace ful fore,
Such pleasures as delight the eye doe not his health
reftore.

I know to feke the track of my defired foe,
And feare to finde that I do feke. But chiefly this I
know,

That louers muft transforme into the thing beloued,
And liue (alas who could beleue?) with fprite from life
remoued.

I know in harty fighes, and laughteres of the fplene,
At once to change my ftate, my wyll, and eke my coloure
clene.

I know how to deceaue my felf with others help:
And how the Lion chaftifed is by beating of the whelp.

In ftandyng nere my fire, I know how that I freze.
Farre of I burne, in both I waft, and fo my life I leze.

I know how loue doth rage upon a yelding mynde:
How smal a net may take and meash a hart of gentle
kinde:
Or els with feldom fwete to feason heapes of gall,
Reuiued with a glimpse of grace olde forowes to let fall.
The hidden traines I know, and secreet snares of loue:
How foone a loke will printe a thought, that neuer may
remoue.
The flipper state I know, the fodain turnes from wealth,
The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and fure despeire of
health.

*Complaint of a louer, that defied loue,
and was by loue after the
more tormented.*

WHEN Sōmer toke in hand the winter to assail,
With force of might, & vertue gret, his stormy blasts to
quail,
And when he clothed faire the earth about with grene,
And euery tree new garmented, that pleasure was to sene:
Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood dyd stir,
Me to withdraw my winter woe, that kept within the dore.
Abrode, quod my desire: assay to set thy fote,
Where thou shalt finde the fauour fwete: for sprong is
euery rote.
And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,
Nothing more good, than in the spring the aire to fele
a space.

There shalt thou here and se all kindes of birdes ywrought,
Well tune their voice w^t warble fmal, as nature hath them
tought.

Thus pricked me my lust the fluggish house to leaue :
And for my health I thought it best fuche counsaile to re-
ceae.

So on a morrow furth, unwist of any wight,
I went to proue how well it would my heauy burden light.
And when I felt the aire so pleafant round about,
Lorde, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out.
There might I se how Ver had every bloffom hent,
And eke the new betrothed birdes, ycoupled how they went.
And in their songes me thought they thanked nature much,
That by her lycence all that yere to loue their happe was
fuch,

Right as they could deuise to chose them feres throughout:
With much reioycing to their Lord, thus flew they all about.
Which when I gan resolue, and in my head conceaue,
What pleafant life, what heapes of ioy these little birdes
receaue,

And sawe in what estate I wery man was brought,
By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at nought :
Lorde how I gan in wrath unwisely me demeane.
I curffed loue, and him defied : I thought to turne the
streame.

But when I wel behelde he had me vnder awe,
I asked mercie for my fault, that so transgreft his law :
Thou blinded god (quod I) forgeue me this offense,
Vnwillingly I went about to malice thy pretense.
Wherewith he gaue a beck, and thus me thought he fwore,
Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy faulte, if it were more.

The vertue of which found mine hart did so reuiue,
That I, me thought, was made as hole as any man aliue.
But here I may perceiue mine errour all and some,
For that I thought that so it was : yet was it still vndone :
And all that was no more but mine empreffed mynde,
That fayne woulde haue some good relefe of Cupide wel
affinde.

I turned home forthwith, and might perceiue it well,
That he agreued was right fore with me for my rebell.
My harmes haue euer fince increafed more and more,
And I remaine, without his help, vndone for euer more.
A miror let me be vnto ye louers all :
Striue not with loue : for if ye do, it will ye thus befall.

*Complaint of a lover
rebuked.*

LOUE, that liueth, and reigneth in my thought,
That built his feat within my captiue brest,
Clad in the armes, wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner reft.
She, that me taught to loue, and fuffer payne,
My doutfull hope, and eke my hote defyre
With shamefast cloke to fhadowe, and refraine,
Her fmilyng grace conuerteth straight to yre.
And cowarde Loue then to the hart apace
Taketh his flight, whereas he lurkes, and plaines
His purpose loft, and dare not shewe his face.
For my lordes gilt thus faultleffe byde I paynes.
Yet from my lorde fhall not my foote remoue.
Swete is his death, that takes his end by loue.

Complaint of the louer disdained.

IN Ciprus springes (whereas dame Venus dwelt)
 A well so hote, that whoſo taſtes the ſame,
 Were he of ſtone, as thawed yſe ſhould melt,
 And kindled fynde his breſt with fired flame.
 Whoſe moyſt poyſon diſſolued hath my hate.
 This creeping fire my colde lims ſo oppreſt,
 That in the hart that harborde freedome late,
 Endleſſe deſpeyre long thraldome hath impreſt.
 An other ſo colde in frozen yſe is founde,
 Whoſe chilling venom of repugnant kynde
 The feruent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde :
 And with the ſpot of change infectes the minde :
 Whereof my dere hath taſted, to my paine.
 My ſeruice thus is growen into diſdaine.

*Description and praiſe of his loue
Geraldine.*

FROM Tuſkane came my Ladies worthy race :
 Faire Florence was ſometyme her auncient ſeate :
 The Weſtern yle, whoſe pleaſaunt ſhore dothe face
 Wilde Cambers clifs, did geve her liuely heate :
 Foſtered ſhe was with milke of Irishe breſt :
 Her fire, an Erle : her dame, of princes blood.
 From tender yeres, in Britain ſhe doth reſt,

With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food.
Honsdon did first present her to mine yien :
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight.
Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine :
And Windsor, alas, doth chafe me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind her vertues from aboue.
Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue.

The frailtie and hurtfulnes of beautie.

BRITTLE beautie, that nature made so fraile,
Wherof the gift is small, and short the season,
Flowring today, to morrowe apt to faile,
Tickell treasure abhorred of reason,
Daungerous to dele with, vaine, of none auaile,
Costly in keping, past not worthe two peason,
Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile,
Harde to attaine, once gotten not geason,
Jewel of ieopardie that perill dothe affaile,
False and vntrue, enticed oft to treason,
Enmy to youth : that moste may I bewaile.
Ah bitter swete infecting as the poyson :
Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken,
To day redy ripe, to morowe all to shaken.

A complaint by night of the louer not beloued.

ALAS so all thinges nowe doe holde their peace.
Heauen and earth disturbed in nothing :
The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their song doe cease :

The nightes chare the starres aboute dothe bring :
 Calme is the Sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse :
 So am not I, whom loue alas doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great encrease
 Of my desires, whereat I wepe and fying,
 In ioye and wo, as in a doutfull case.
 For my fwete thoughtes sometyme doe pleasure bring :
 But byandby the cause of my disease
 Geues me a pang, that inwardly dothe sting,
 When that I thinke what grieve it is againe,
 To liue and lacke the thing should ridde my paine.

*How eche thing saue the louer in spring
 reuiueth to pleasure.*

WHEN Windfor walles fusteyned my wearied arme,
 My hande my chin, to ease my restlesse hed :
 The pleafant plot reuested green with warme,
 The blossomd bowes with lusty Ver yspred,
 The flowred meades, the wedded birdes so late
 Mine eyes discouer : and to my mynde reforte
 The ioly woes, the hatelesse shorte debate,
 The rakehell lyfe that longes to loues disporte.
 Wherewith (alas) the heauy charge of care
 Heapt in my brest breakes forth against my will,
 In smoky fighes, that overcast the ayer.
 My vapord eyes fuche drery teares distill,
 The tender springe whiche quicken where they fall,
 And I halfebent to throwe me downe withall.

*Vow to loue faithfully howsoever
he be rewarded.*

SET me wheras the funne doth parche the grene,
Or where his beames do not diffolue the yfe :
In temperate heate where he is felt and fene :
In prefence preft of people, madde or wife.
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree :
In longest night, or in the shorrest daye :
In clearest skye, or where clowdes thickest be :
In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye.
Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,
In hyll, or dale, or in the fomyng flood :
Thrall, or at large, aliue where so I dwell :
Sicke, or in health : in evyll fame, or good.
Hers will I be, and onely with this thought
Content my selfe, although my chaunce be nought.

*Complaint that his ladie after she knew
of his loue kept her face alway
hidden from him.*

I NEUER sawe my Ladye laye apart
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith first she knew my grieve was growen so great,
Which other fanfies driueth from my hart
That to my selfe I do the thought referue,
The which vnwares did wounde my wofull brest :
But on her face mine eyes mought neuer rest,

Yet, firs she knew I did her loue and serue
 Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke,
 Her smilyng lokes that hid thus euermore,
 And that restraines whiche I desire so fore.
 So dothe this cornet gouerne me alacke :
 In fomer, funne, in winters breath, a frost :
 Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

Request to his loue to ioyne bountie with beautie.

THE golden gift that nature did thee geue,
 To fasten frendes, and fede them at thy wyll,
 With fourme and fauour, taught me to beleue,
 How thou art made to shew her grèatest skill.
 Whose hidden vertues are not so vnknownen,
 But liuely domes might gather at the first
 Where beautye so her perfect feede hath sownen,
 Of other graces folow nedes there must.
 Now certesse, Ladie, firs all this is true,
 That from aboue thy gyftes are thus elect :
 Do not deface them than with fanfies newe,
 Nor chaunge of mindes let not thy minde infect :
 But mercy him thy frende, that doth thee serue,
 Who seekes alway thine honour to preferue.

*Prisoned in Windsor, he recounteth his pleasure
 there passed.*

So cruell prifon how coulde betide, alas,
 As proude Windsor? where I in lust and ioye,

With a kinges fonne, my childifhe yeres did paffe,
In greater feaft than Priam's fonnes of Troy :
Where eche fwete place returns a tafte full fower,
The large grene courtes, where we were wont to houe,
With eyes caft vp into the maydens tower.
And eafie fighes, fuche as folke drawe in loue :
The ftately feates, the ladies bright of hewe :
The daunces fhorte, longe tales of great delight :
With wordes and lokes that tygers coulde but rewe,
Where eche of vs did pleade the others right :
The palme play, where defpoyled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleames of loue,
Haue mift the ball, and got fight of our dame,
To baite her eyes, whiche kept the leads aboue :
The grauell ground, with fleues tyed on the helme :
On fomyng horfe, with fwordes and frendlye hartes :
With cheare, as though one fhould another whelme :
Where we haue fought, and chafed oft with dartes,
With filuer droppes the meade yet fpred for ruthe,
In actiue games of nimblenes and ftrengh,
Where we did ftaine, trayned with fwarmes of youth,
Our tender lymmes, that yet fhote vp in length :
The fecrete groues, which oft we made refounde
Of pleafaunt playnt, and of our ladies prayfe,
Recordyng ofte what grace eche one had founde,
What hope of fpede, what dreade of long delayes :
The wilde foreft, the clothed holtes with grene :
With rayns auailed, and fwift ybreathed horfe,
With crye of houndes, and mery blaftes betwene,
Where we did chafe the fearfull harte of force,
The wide vales eke, that harborde vs ech night,

Wherwith (alas) reuiueth in my brest
 The fwete accorde : fuch flepes as yet delight,
 The pleafant dreames, the quiet bed of reft :
 The fecrete thoughtes imparted with fuch truſt :
 The wanton talke, the diuers change of play :
 The frendſhip ſworne, eche promiſe kept ſo iuſt :
 Wherwith we paſt the winter night away.
 And, with this thought, the bloud forſakes the face,
 The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe :
 The whiche as ſone as ſobbyng fighes (alas)
 Vp-fupped haue, thus I my plaint renewe :
 O place of bliſſe, renuer of my woes,
 Geue me accompt, where is my noble fere :
 Whom in thy walles thou doeſt eche night encloſe,
 To other leeſe, but vnto me moſt dere.
 Eccho (alas) that dothe my ſorow rewe,
 Returns therto a hollow founde of playnte.
 Thus I alone, where all my fredome grewe,
 In priſon pyne, with bondage and reſtrainte,
 And with remembrance of the greater greefe,
 To baniſhe the leſſe, I find my^e chief releefe.

*The louer comforteth himſelf with the worthineſſe
 of his loue.*

WHEN ragyng loue with extreme payne
 Moſt cruelly diſtrains my hart :
 When that my teares, as floudes of rayne,
 Beare witnes of my wofull ſmart :
 When fighes haue waſted ſo my breath
 That I lye at the poynte of death :

I call to minde the nauye greate
That the Grekes brought to Troye towne :
And how the boyfteous windes did beate
Their fhyps, and rente their fayles adowne,
Till Agamemnons daughters bloode
Appeafde the goddes, that them withftode.

And how that in thofe ten yeres warre,
Full many a bloudye dede was done,
And many a lord, that came full farre,
There caught his bane (alas) to fone :
And many a good knight ouerronne,
Before the Grekes had Helene wonne.

Then thinke I thus : fithe fuche repayre,
So longe time warre of valiant men,
Was all to winne a ladye fayre :
Shall I not learne to fuffer then,
And thinke my life well fpent to be,
Seruing a worthier wight than ſhe ?

Therfore I neuer will repent,
But paynes contented ftill endure.
For like as when, rough winter fpent,
The pleafant ſpring ſtraight draweth in vre :
So after ragyng ftorms of care
Joyful at length may be my fare.

*Complaint of the abſence of her louer
being vpon the ſea.*

O HAPPY dames, that may embrace
The frute of your delight,
Help to bewaile the wofull caſe,
And eke the heauy plight

Of me, that wonted to reioyce
The fortune of my pleasant choyce :
Good Ladies, help to fill my moorning voyce.

In ship, freight with remembrance
Of thoughts, and pleasures past,
He failes that hath in governance
My life, while it will last :
With scalding fighes, for lack of gale,
Furdering his hope, that is his fail
Toward me, the fwete port of his auail.

Alas, how oft in dreames I fe
Those eyes, that were my food,
Which somtime so delited me,
That yet they do me good.
Wherwith I wake with his returne,
Whose absent flame did make me burne.
But when I find the lacke, Lord how I mourne.

When other louers in armes acrosse,
Reioyce their chiefe delight :
Drowned in teares to mourne my losse,
I stand the bitter night,
In my window, where I may see,
Before the windes how the cloudes flee.
Lo, what mariner loue hath made me.

And in grene waues when the salt flood
Doth rise, by rage of winde :
A thousand fanfies in that mood
Affayle my restlesse mind.
Alas, now drencheth my fwete fo,
That with the spoyle of my hart did go,
And left me but (alas) why did he fo ?

And when the feaſ waxe calme againe,
To chafe fro me annoye,
My doutfull hope doth cauſe me plaine :
So dreade cuts of my ioye.
Thus is my wealth mingled with wo,
And of ech thought a dout doth growe,
Now he comes, will he come? alas, no, no.

*Complaint of a dying louer refused vpon
his ladies uniuſt mistaking of
his writyng.*

IN winter's iuſt returne, when Boreas gan his raigne,
And euery tree vnclouted faſt, as nature taught them plaine:
In miſty morning darke, as ſheepe are then in holde,
I hyed me faſt, it ſat me on, my ſheepe for to vnfolde.
And as it is a thing, that louers haue by fittes,
Vnder a palm I heard one crye as he had loſt hys wittes.
Whoſe voice did ring ſo ſhrill, in vttering of his plaint,
That I amazed was to hear, how loue could hym attaint.
Ah, wretched man (quod he) come death, and ridde
thys wo:

A iuſt reward, a happy end, if it may chaunce thee ſo.
Thy pleaſures paſt haue wrought thy wo, without redreſſe.
If thou hadſt neuer felt no ioy, thy ſmart had bene the leſſe.
And retchleſſe of his life, he gan both fighe and grone,
A ruſfull thing me thought, it was, to hear him make ſuch
mone.

Thou curſed pen (ſayd he) wo worth the bird thee bare;
The man, the knife, and all that made thee, wo be to their
ſhare.

Wo worth the time, and place, where I fo could endite.
And wo be it yet once agayne, the pen that fo can write.
Vnhappy hand, it had ben happy time for me,
If when to write thou learned first, unioynted hadst
thou be.

Thus curfed he himself, and euery other wight,
Saue her alone whom loue him bound to ferue both day &
night.

Which when I heard, and faw, how he himfelfe fordid,
Against the ground with bloody ftrokes, himfelfe euen there
to rid :

Had ben my heart of flint, it must haue melted tho :
For in my life I neuer faw a man fo full of wo.
With teares, for his redrefse, I rashly to him ran,
And in my armes I caught him fast, and thus I spake him
than.

What wofull wight art thou, that in fuch heauy case
Tormentes thy felfe with fuch despite, here in this desert
place ?

Wherwith, as all agast, fulfild wyth ire, and dred,
He cast on me a staring loke, with colour pale, and ded.
Nay, what art thou (quod he) that in this heauy plight
Doeft finde me here, most wofull wretch, that life hath in
despight ?

I am (quoth I) but poore, and fimple in degre :
A shepardes charge I haue in hand, vnworthy though I be.
With that he gaue a fighe, as though the fkye should fall :
And lowd (alas) he fhryked oft, and, Shepard, gan he call,
Come, hie the fast at ones, and print it in thy hart :
So thou shalt know, and I shall tell the, giltlesse how I
fmart.

His backe against the tree, fore febled all with faint,
With weary sprite he stretcht him vp : and thus hee told
his plaint.

Ones in my hart (quoth he) it chanced me to lōue
Such one, in whom hath nature wrought, her cunning for
to proue.

And fure I can not say, but many yeres were spent,
With such good will so recompent, as both we were content.
Wherto then I me bound, and she likewise also,
The sonne should runne his course awry, ere we this faith
forgo.

Who ioied then, but I ? who had this worldes blifs ?
Who might compare a life to mine, that neuer thought on
this ?

But dwelling in thys truth, amid my greatest ioy,
Is me befallen a greater losse, than Priam had of Troy.
She is reuerfed clene : and beareth me in hand,
That my desertes haue giuē her cause to break thys faith-
ful band.

And for my iust excuse auaieth no defense.
Now knowest thou all : I can no more, but, shepard, hye
thee hense,

And giue him leaue to die, that may no lenger liue:
Whose record lo I claime to haue, my death, I doe forgiue.
And eke when I am gone, be bolde to speake it plain :
Thou hast seen dye the truest man, that euer loue did pain.
Wherwith he turned him round, and gasping oft for breath,
Into his armes a tree he raught, and sayd, welcome my
death :

Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer vnto me
Than should, without her loue to liue, an emperour to be.

But ye whom loue hath bound, by ordre of desire
To loue your lords, whose good desertes none other wold
require :

Come ye yet ones again, and fet your foote by mine,
Whose wofull plight and sorrowes great, no tong may wel
define.

My loue and lord, alas, in whom consistes my wealth,
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas, in hazarde of his health.
Whome I was wont tembrace with well contented minde
Is now amidde the foming floods at pleasure of the winde.
Where God well him preferue, and sone him home me send.
Without which hope my life (alas) wer shortly at an end.
Whose absence yet, although my hope doth tell me plaine,
With short returne he comes anon, yet ceasith not my payne.
The fearfull dreames I haue oft times do greue me so :
That when I wake, I lye in doute, where they be true, or no.
Sometime the roring seas (me femes) do grow so hye,
That my dere Lord (ay me alas) me thinkes I se him die.
Another time the same doth tell me : he is cumme :
And playeng, where I shall him find with his faire little sonne.
So forth I go apace to se that leesome fight,
And with a kisse, methink, I say : welcome my lord, my
knight :

Welcome my fwete, alas, the stay of my welfare.
Thy prefence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me, & my care.
Then liuely doth he loke, and salueth me againe,
And faith : my dere, how is it now, that you haue all thys
paine ?

Wherwith the heauy cares : that heapt are in my brest,
Breake forth, and me dischargen clene of all my huge vn-
rest.

But when I me awake, and finde it but a dreme,
 The anguishe of my former wo beginneth more extreme:
 And me tormenteth so, that vnneath may I finde
 Some hidden place, wherein to flake the gnawing of my
 mind.

Thus every way you se, with absence how I burn:
 And for my wound no cure I find, but hope of good return.
 Saue whan I think, by fowre how swete is felt the more,
 It doth abate som of my paines, that I abode before.
 And then vnto my self I say: when we shal meete,
 But litle while shall seme this paine, the ioy shal be so sweete.
 Ye windes, I you coniure in chieftest of your rage,
 That ye my lord me safely fend, my forowes to affwage:
 And that I may not long abide in this exceffe,
 Do your good will, to cure a wight, that liueth in distresse.

*A praise of his loue: wherein he
 reproueth them that compare
 their Ladies with his.*

GIUE place ye louers, here before
 That spent your bostes and bragges in vaine:
 My Ladies beawtie passeth more
 The best of yours, I dare well fayen,
 Than doth the sonne, the candle light:
 Or brightest day, the darkest night.
 And thereto hath a trothe as iust,
 As had Penelope the fayre.
 For what she faith, ye may it trust,
 As it by writing sealed were.

And vertues hath she many moe
Than I with pen haue skill to shoue.

I coulde rehearse, if that I wolde,
The whole effect of nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfit mold,
The like to whom she could not paint :
With wringng handes howe she dyd cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I knowe she swore with ragyng mynd :
Her kingdom onely fet apart,
There was no losse by lawe of kind
That could have gone so nere her hart.
And this was chiefly all her payne :
She coulde not make the lyke agayne.

Sith nature thus gaue her the prayse,
To be the chieftest worke she wrought :
In faith, me thinke, some better waies
On your behalfe might well be fought,
Then to compare (as ye haue done)
To matche the candle with the sonne.

*To the Ladie that scorned
her louer.*

ALTHOUGH I had a check,
To geue the mate is hard.
For I haue found a neck,
To kepe my men in gard.
And you that hardy ar
To geue so great assay
Vnto a man of warre,
To driue his men away,

I rede you, take good hede,
 And marke this foolish verse :
 For I will so prouide,
 That I will haue your ferse.
 And when your ferse is had,
 And all your warre is done :
 Then shall your selfe be glad
 To ende that you begon.

For yf by chance I winne
 Your person in the feeld :
 To late then come you in
 Your selfe to me to yeeld.
 For I will vse my power,
 As captain full of might,
 And such I will deuour,
 As vse to shew my spight.

And for because you gaue
 Me checke in such degre,
 This vantage loe I haue :
 Now checke, and garde to the.
 Defend it, if thou may :
 Stand stiffe, in thine estate.
 For sure I will assay,
 If I can giue the mate.

*A warning to the louer how he is abused
 by his loue.*

To dearely had I bought my grene and youthfull yeres,
 If in mine age I could not finde when craft for loue apperes.
 And feldom though I come in court among the rest :
 Yet can I iudge in colours dim as depe as can the best.

Where grefe tormentes the man that fuffreth fecret fmart,
To breke it forth vnto fom frend, it eafeth well the hart.
So ftandes it now with me for my beloued frend.
This cafe is thine for whom I fele fuch torment of my minde.
And for thy fake I burne fo in my fecret brest,
That till thou know my hole diffeysfe, my hart can haue no
rest.

I fee how thine abuse hath wrested fo thy wittes,
That all it yeldes to thy defire, and folowes the by fittes.
Where thou haft loued fo long with hart and all thy
power,

I fe thee fed with fayned wordes, thy fredom to deuour:
I know, (though fhe fay nay, and would it well withstand)
When in her grace thou held the moft, fhe bare thee but
in hand.

I fee her pleafant chere in chiefest of thy fuite:
Whan thou art gone, I fe him come, that gathers vp the
fruite.

And eke in thy refpect I fe the bafe degree
Of him to whom fhe gaue the hart that promifed was to the.
I fe, (what would you more) ftode neuer man fo fure
On womans word, but wifedome would miftrust it to endure.

*The forsaken louer describeth &
forsaketh loue.*

O LOTHSOME place where I
Have fene and herd my dere,
When in my hart her eye
Hath made her thought appere,

By glimng with such grace
As fortune it ne would,
That lasten any space,
Betwene us lenger should.

As fortune did advance,
To further my desire :
Even so hath fortunes chance
Throwen all ammiddes the myre.
And that I haue deserued
With true and faithful hart,
Is to his handes referued,
That neuer felt the smart.

But happy is that man,
That scaped hath the grieve
That loue well teche him can
By wanting his reliefe.
A scourge to quiet mindes
It is, who taketh hede,
A comon plage that bindes,
A trauell without mede.

This gift it hath also,
Who so enioies it most,
A thousand troubles grow,
To vexe his weried ghost.
And last it may not long
The truest thing of all
And fure the greatest wrong
That is within this thrall.

But sins thou desert place
Canst giue me no accompt
Of my desired grace
That I to haue was wont,

Farewel thou haft me tought,
To thinke me not the furst,
That loue hath fet aloft,
And casten in the dust.

The louer describes his restlesse state.

As oft as I behold and fe
The soueraigne bewtie that me bound :
The nier my comfort is to me,
Alas the fresher is my wound.

As flame doth quenche by rage of fire,
And running stremes consume by raine :
So doth the fight, that I desire,
Appease my grief, and deadely paine.

First when I saw those cristall streames,
Whose bewtie made my mortall wound :
I little thought within their beames
So swete a venom to haue found.

But wilfull will did prick me forth,
Blind Cupide did whippe and guide :
Force made me take my griefe in worth :
My fruitles hope my harme did hide.

As cruell waues full oft be found
Against the rockes to rore and cry :
So doth my hart full oft rebound
Against my brest full bitterly.

I fall, and see mine own decay,
As on that beares flame in hys brest,
Forgets in paine to put away
The thing that bredeth mine unrest.

The louer excuseth himself of suspected change.

THOUGH I regarded not
The promise made by me,
Or passed not to spot
My faith and honeste :
Yet were my fancie strange,
And wilfull will to wite,
If I fought now to change
A falkon for a kite.

All men might well dispraise
My wit and enterprife,
If I esteemed a pefe
Aboue a pearl in price :
Or iudged the oule in fight
The sparehauke to excell,
Which flieth but in the night,
As all men know right well :

Or if I fought to faile
Into the brittle port,
Where anker hold doth faile
To such as doe resort,
And leaue the hauen sure,
Where blowes no blustring winde,
Nor ficklenefs in vre
So farforth as I finde.

No, thinke me not so light,
Nor of so chorlish kinde,
Though it lay in my might
My bondage to vnbinde,
That I would leue the hinde
To hunt the ganders so.
No no I haue no minde
To make exchanges so :

Nor yet to change at all.
For think it may not be
That I should feke to fall
From my felicite,
Defyrous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin :
How may all this be so ?

The fire it can not freze :
For it is not his kinde,
Nor true loue cannot lese
The constance of the minde.
Yet as sone shall the fire
Want heat to blaze and burn,
As I in such desyre,
Haue once a thought to turne.

*A carelesse man, scorning and describing, the futtle
vsage of women towarde their louers.*

WRAPT in my carelesse cloke, as I walke to and fro :
I fe, how loue cā shew, what force there reigneth in his
bow

And how he shoteth eke, a hardy hart to wound :
And where he glanceth by agayne, that litle hurt is found.
For feldom is it fene he woundeth hartes alike.
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to
feke.

All this I fe, with more : and wonder thinketh me :
Howe he can strike the one so fore, and leaue the other fre.
I fe, that wounded wight, that suffreth all this wrong :
How he is fed with yeas and naves, and liueth all to long.
In silence though I kepe such secretes to my self :
Yet do I fe, how she fomtime doth yeld a loke by stelh :
As though it seemd, ywys I will not lose the so.
When in her hart so swete a thought did neuer truly go.
Then say I thus : alas, that man is farre from blisse :
That doth receiue for his relief none other gayn, but this.
And she, that fedes him so, I fele and finde it plain :
Is but to glory in her power, that ouer such can reign.
Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinkes, that he,
A weried man is fully bent such fantasies to let flie :
Then to retain him stil she wraisteth new her grace,
And smileth lo, as though she would forthwith the man
embrace.

But when the prooffe is made to try fuch lokes withall,
He findeth then the place all voyde, and fraighted full of
gall.

Lorde what abuse is this? who can fuch women praise?
That for their glory do deuife to vse fuch crafty wayes.
I, that among the reft do fit, and mark the row,
Fynde that in her is greater craft, then is in twenty mo.
Whose tender yeres, alas, with wyles so well are fpedde:
What will she do, when hory heares are powdred in her
hedde?

The meanes to attain happy life.

MARTIALl, the thinges that do attayn
The happy life, be thefe, I finde.
The richesse left, not got with pain:
The frutefull ground: the quiet mynde:
The egall frend, no grudge, no strife:
No charge of rule, nor governance:
Without difeafe the healthfull lyfe:
The household of continuance:
The meane diet, no delicate fare:
Trew wifdom ioyned with simplenefse:
The night difcharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not opprefse:
The faithful wife, without debate:
Such fleepes, as may begyle the night:
Contented with thine owne eftate,
Ne wifh for death, ne feare his might.

Praise of mean and constant estate.

OF thy lyfe, Thomas, this compasse well mark :
Not aye with full sayles the hye seas to beat :
Ne by coward dred, in shonning stormes dark,
On shalow shores thy keel in perill freat.

Who so gladly halfeth the golden meane,
Voyde of dangers aduifdly hath his home
Not with lothfom muck, as a den vncleane :
Nor palacelyke, wherat difdayn may glome.

The lofty pyne the great winde often riues :
With violenter fwey falne turrets stepe :
Lightninges assault the hye mountains, and cliues,
A hart well stayd, in ouerthwartes depe,

Hopeth amendes : in fwete, doth feare the fowre.
God that fendeth, withdraweth winter sharp.
Now ill, not aye thus : once Phebus to lowre,
With bow vnbent shall cefse, and frame to harp,

His voyce. In straite estate appere thou stout :
And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde
All thy pufte failes shall fil, loke well about :
Take in a ryft : haft is wast, profe doth finde.

*Praise of certain psalmes of Dauid, translated by
sir T. W. the elder.*

THE great Macedon, that out of Persie chafed
Darius, of whose huge power all Asie rong,
In the rich ark dan Homers rimes he placed,
Who fayned gestes of heathen princes song.
What holy graue? what worthy sepulture
To Wyattes Psalmes should Christians then purchase?
Where he doth paint the liuely faith, and pure,
The stedfast hope, the swete returne to grace
Of iust Dauid, by perfite penitence.
Where rulers may se in a mirrour clere
The bitter frute of false concupiscence:
How Jewry bought Urias death full dere.
In princes hartes gods scourge imprinted depe,
Ought them awake, out of their sinfull slepe.

Of the death of the same sir T. W.

DYUERS thy death doe diuersely bemone.
Some, that in presence of thy liuelyhed
Lurked, whose brestes enuy with hate had swolne,
Yeld Cæsars teares vpon Pompeius hed.
Some, that watched with the murdrers knife,
With egre thirst to drink thy giltlesse blood,
Whose practise brake by happy ende of lyfe,
Wepe enuious teares to heare thy fame so good.

But I, that knew what harbred in that hed :
What vertues rare were temperd in that brest :
Honour the place, that such a iewell bred,
And kisse the ground, whereas the corse doth rest,
With vapord eyes : from whence such streames awayl,
As Pyramus dyd on Thisbes brest bewail.

Of the same.

W. resteth here, that quick could neuer rest :
Whose heauenly giftes encreased by disdayn,
And vertue sank the deper in his brest.
Such profit he by enuy could obtain.

A hed, where wisdom misteries did frame :
Whose hammers bet styll in that liuely brayn,
As on a stithe : where that some work of fame
Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gayn.

A visage stern, and myld : where bothe did grow,
Vice to contemne, in vertue to reioyce :
Amid great stormes, whom grace assured so,
To lyue vpright, and smile at fortune's choyce.

A hand, that taught what might be fayd in ryme :
That rest Chaucer the glory of his wit :
A mark, the which (vnparfited for time)
Some may approche, but neuer none shall hit.

A toung, that serued in forein realmes his king :
Whose courteous talke to vertue did enflame.
Eche noble hart : a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth, by trauail, vnto fame.

An eye, whose iudgement none affect could blinde,
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile :
Whose perſing loke did repreſent a mynde
With vertue fraught, repoled, voyd of gyle.

A hart, where drede was neuer ſo impreſt,
To hyde the thought, that might the trouth auance :
In neyther fortune loſt, nor yet repreſt,
To ſwell in wealth, or yeld vnto miſchance.

A valiant corps, where force and beawty met :
Happy, alas, to happy, but for foes :
Liued, and ran the race, that nature ſet :
Of manhodes ſhape, where ſhe the molde did loſe.

But to the heauens that ſimple foule is fled :
Which left with ſuch, as couet Chriſt to know,
Witneſſe of faith, that neuer ſhall be ded :
Sent for our helth, but not receiued ſo.

Thus, for our gilte this iewel haue we loſt :

The earth his bones, the heauens poſſeſſe his goſt.

*Of Sardinapalus diſhonorable life,
and miſerable death.*

THASSYRIAN king in peace, with foule deſire,
And filthy luſtes, that ſtaynd his regall hart
In warre that ſhould ſet princely hartes on fire :
Did yeld, vanquiſht for want of marciall art.
The dint of ſwordes from kiſſes ſemed ſtrange :
And harder, than his ladies fyde, his targe :
From glutton feaſtes to ſouldiars fare, a change :
His helmet, farre aboue a garlands charge.

Who scape the name of manhode did retayn,
 Drenched in flouth and womanish delight,
 Feble of spirte, impacient of pain :
 When he had lost his honor, and his right :
 Proud, time of wealth, in stormes appalled with drede,
 Murthered himself, to shew some manful dede.

*How no age is content with his own estate, & how
 the age of children is the happiest, if they
 had skill to vnderstand it.*

LAYD in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
 I saw within my troubled head, a heape of thoughtes
 appere :
 And euery thought did shew so liuely in myne eyes,
 That now I fighed, & thē I smilde, as cause of thought
 doth ryse.
 I saw the lytle boy in thought, how oft that he
 Did wish of god, to scape the rod, a tall yongman to be.
 The yongman eke that feles, his bones with paines op-
 prest,
 How he would be a rich olde man, to lyue and lye at rest.
 The rich oldman that fees his end draw on so fore,
 How he would be a boy agayn, to liue somuch the more.
 Wherat full oft I smilde, to se, how all these three,
 From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop & change
 degree.
 And musyng thus I thynk, the case is very strange,
 That man from welth, to lyue in wo, doth euer feke to
 change.

Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I saw my wytherd skyn,
How it doth show my dented chewes, the flesh was worne
so thyn :

And eke my toothlesse chaps, the gates of my rightway,
That opes and shuts, as I do speake, doe thus vnto me
say :

Thy white and hoarish heares, the messengers of age,
That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life doth
affwage,

Byds thee lay hand, and fele them hanging on thy chin :
The whiche do write two ages past, the third now comming
in.

Hang vp therfore the bit of thy yong wanton tyme :
And thou that therin beaten art, the happiest life define.
Wherat I fighed, and sayd, farewell, my wonted ioy :
Trusse vp thy pack, and trudge from me to euery litle
boy :

And tell them thus from me, theyr tyme most happy is :
If, to their time, they reason had to know the trueth of
this.

Bonum est mihi quod humiliasti me.

THE stormes are past these cloudes are overblowne,
And humble chere great rygour hath represt :
For the defaute is set a paine foreknowne,
And pacience graft in a determed brest.
And in the hart where heapes of griefes were growne,
The swete revenge hath planted mirth and rest,
No company so pleasant as myne owne.

Thraldom at large hath made this prifon fre,
 Danger well pafte, remembred, workes delight :
 Of lingring doutes fuch hope is fprong pardie,
 That nought I finde difpleafaunt in my fight :
 But when my glaffe presented vnto me.
 The curelefs wound that bledeth day and nyght,
 To think (alas) fuch hap fhould graunted be
 Vnto a wretch that hath no hart to fight,
 To spill that blood that hath fo oft bene fhed,
 For Britannes fake (alas) and now is ded.

*Exhortacion to learne by others
 trouble.*

MY RATCLIF, when thy rechleffe youth offendes :
 Receue thy fcouge by others chaftifement.
 For fuch callyng, when it workes none amendes :
 Then plages are fent without aduertifement.
 Yet Salomon fayd, the wronged fhall recure :
 But Wiat faid true, the fcarre doth aye endure.

The fanfie of a wueried louer.

THE fanfy, which that I haue ferued long,
 That hath alway bene enmy to myne eafe,
 Semed of late to rue vpon my wrong,
 And bad me flye the caufe of my mifeafe.
 And I forthwith dyd preafe out of the throng,
 That thought by flight my painfull hart to pleafe
 Som other way : tyll I faw faith more ftrong :
 And to my felf I fayd : Alas, thofe dayes

In vayn were spent, to runne the race so long.
And with that thought, I met my guyde, that playn,
Out of the way wherin I wandred wrong,
Brought me amiddes the hylles, in base Bullayn :
Where I am now, as restlesse to remayn
Against my will, full pleased with my payn.

SURREY.

SONGES AND SONETTES.

*The louer for shamefastnesse hideth
his desire within his
faithfull hart.*

THE longe loue, that in my thought I harber,
And in my hart doth kepe his residence,
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth displaying his banner.
She that me learns to loue and to suffer,
And willes that my trust, and lustes negligence
Be reined by reason, fhame, and reverence,
With his hardinesse takes displeasure.
Wherwith loue to the hartes forest he fleeth,
Leauing his enterprife with paine and crye,
And there him hideth, and not appeareth.
What may I do? when my maister feareth,
But in the field with him to liue and dye,
For good is the life, endyng faithfully.

*The louer waxeth wiser, and will not
die for affection.*

YET was I neuer of your loue agreued,
Nor neuer shall, while that my life doth last:

But of hatyng my felf, that date is past,
And teares continual fore haue me wried.
I will not yet in my graue be buried,
Nor on my tombe your name haue fixed fast,
As cruel cause, that did the sprite fone haft.
From thunhappy boones by great fighes stirred.
Then if an hart of amorous fayth and will
Content your minde withouten doyng grief :
Please it you so to this, to do relief :
If otherwise you feke for to fulfill
Your wrath : you erre, and shal not as you wene,
And you your felf the cause therof haue bene.

*The abused louer seeth his foly, and entendeth
to trust no more.*

WAS neuer file yet half so well yfiled,
To file a file for any smithes intent,
As I was made a flyng instrument,
To frame other, while that I was begiled.
But reason, loe, hath at my foly smiled,
And pardoned me, sins that I me repent
Of my lost yeres, and of my time mispent.
For youth led me, and falthod me misguided.
Yet, this trust I haue of great apparence :
Sins that disceit is ay returnable,
Of verye force it is agreable,
That therwithall be done the recompense.
Then gile begiled playnd should be neuer,
And the reward is little trust for euer.

*The louer describeth his being stricken
with sight of his loue.*

THE liuely sparkes, that issue from those eyes,
Against the which there vaileth no defence,
Have perft my hart, and done it none offence,
With quakyng pleasure, more then once or twise.
Was neuer man could any thing deuise,
Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence
To dase mans sight, as by their bright prefence
Dased am I, much like vnto the gife
Of on stricken with dint of lightenyng,
Blind with the stroke, and erryng here and there.
So call I for helpe, I not when, nor where,
The payne of my fall patiently bearyng.
For streight after the blafe (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyse heare I the fearfull thunder.

*The waueryng louer wylleth, and dreadeth,
to moue his desire.*

SUCH vain thought, as wonted to mislead me
In desert hope by well assured mone,
Makes me from company to liue alone,
In followyng her whom reason bids me fle.
And after her my hart would faine be gone :
But armed fighes my way do stop anone,

Twixt hope and dread lockyng my libertie.
So fleeth she by gentle crueltie.
Yet as I gesse vnder disdainfull brow
One beame of ruth is in her cloudy loke :
Which comfortes the mind, that erst for fear fhoke.
That bolded straight the way then seke I how
To vtter forth the smart I bide within :
But such it is, I not how to begyn.

*The louer hauing dreamed enioying of his
loue, complaineth that the dreame
is not either longer or truer.*

UNSTABLE dreame, accordyng to the place,
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true.
By tasted swetenesse, make me not to rew
The soden losse of thy false fained grace.
By good respect in such a dangerous case
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas,
But madest my sprite to liue my care tencease,
My body in tempest her delight tembrace.
The body dead, the sprite had his desire,
Painlesse was thone, the other in delight.
Why then alas did it not kepe it right,
But thus return to leape into the fire :
And where it was at wishe, could not remayne ?
Such mockes of dreames do turne to deadly payne.

*The louer unhappy biddeth happy louers reioice
in May, while he waileth that moneth
to him most unlucky.*

YE that in loue finde luck and fwete abundance,
And lyue in lust of ioyful iolitie,
Aryfe for shame, do way your fluggardy :
Arise I fay, do May some obseruance :
Let me in bed lye, dreamyng in mischance.
Let me remember my missehappes vnhappy,
That me betide in May most commonly :
As one whom loue list little to aduance.
Stephan said true, that my nativitie
Mischanced was with the ruler of May.
He gest (I proue) of that the veritie.
In May my wealth, and eke my wittes, I fay,
Haue stand so oft in such perplexitie :
Joye : let me dreame of your felicitie.

The louer confesseth him in loue with Phillis.

IF waker care : if sodayn pale colour :
If many fighes, with litle speach to plaine :
Now ioye, now wo : if they my chere distayne :
For hope of small, if much to fear therefore,
To haste, or slack : my pace to lesse, or more :
Be signe of loue : then do I loue agayne.
If thou aske whom : fure fins I did refrayne
Brunet, that set my welth in such a rore,

Thunfayned chere of Phillis hath the place,
That Brunet had : she hath, and euer shall :
She from my self now hath me in her grace :
She hath in hand my wit, my will, and all :
My hart alone welworthy she doth stay,
Without whose helpe skant do I liue a day.

*Of others fained sorrow, and the louers
fained mirth.*

CESAR, when that the traitour of Egypt
With thonorable hed did him present,
Coueryng his harts gladnesse, did represent
Plaint with his teares outward, as it is writ.
Eke Hannibal, when fortune him outshyt
Clene from his reigne, and from all his entent,
Laught to his folke, whom sorow did torment,
His cruel despite for to disgorge and quit.
So chanceth me, that euery passion
The minde hideth by colour contrary,
With fayned visage, now sad, now mery.
Wherby, if that I laugh at any season :
It is because I haue none other way
To cloke my care, but vnder sport and play.

Of change in minde.

ECHE man me telth, I change most my deuise :
And, on my faith, me thinke it good reason
To change purpose, like after the season.
For in ech case to kepe still one guise,

Is mete for them, that would be taken wife.
And I am not of such maner condicion :
But treated after a diuers fashion :
And therupon my diuersfenesse doth rise.
But you, this diuersfenesse that blamen most,
Change you no more, but still after one rate
Treat you me well : and kepe you in that state.
And while with me doth dwell this weried goft,
My word nor I shall not be variable,
But alwaies one, your owne both firme and stable.

*How the louer perisheth in his delight, as
the flie in the fire.*

SOME fowles there be, that haue so perfit fight
Against the funne their eies for to defend :
And some, because the light doth them offend,
Neuer appeare, but in the darke, or night.
Other reioyce, to se the fire so bryght,
And wene to play in it, as they pretend :
But find contrary of it, that they intend.
Alas, of that fort may I be, by right.
For to withstand her loke I am not able :
Yet can I not hide me in no dark place :
So foloweth me remembrance of that face :
That with my teary eyn, fwolne, and vnstable,
My desteny to beholde her doth me lead :
And yet I knowe, I runne into the glead.

*Against his tong that failed
to utter his futes.*

BECAUSE I ftill kept thee fro lyes, and blame,
And to my power alwayes thee honoured,
Vnkind tongue, to yll haft thou me rendred,
For fuch desert to do me wreke and fhame.
In nede of fuccour moft when that I am,
To afke reward : thou ftandft like one afraied,
Alway moft cold : and if one word be fayd,
As in a dreame, vnperfit is the fame.
And ye falt teares, agaynft my wyll eche nyght,
That are wyth me, when I would be alone :
Then are ye gone, when I fhould make my mone.
And ye fo ready fighes, to make me fhright,
Then are ye flacke, when that ye fhould outfart,
And onely doth my loke declare my hart.

*Description of the contrarious passions
in a louer.*

I FIND no peace, and all my warre is done :
I fear, and hope : I burne, and frefe like yfe :
I flye aloft, yet can I not arife :
And nought I haue, and all the worlde I feafon.
That lockes nor lofeth, holdeth me in pryfon,
And holdes me not, yet can I fcape no wife :
Nor lettes me liue, nor dye, at my deuife,
And yet of death it geueth me occafion.

Without eye I fe, without tong I playne :
 I wish to perysh, yet I aske for helth :
 I loue another, and thus I hate my selfe.
 I fede me in forow, and laugh in all my payne.
 Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,
 And my delight is causer of this strife.

*The louer compareth his state to a shippe in
 perilous storme tossed on the sea.*

MY galley charged with forgetfulnesse,
 Through sharpe seas, in winter nightes doth passe,
 Twene rocke and rocke : and eke my fo (alas)
 That is my lord, stereth with cruelnesse :
 And euery houre, a thought in readinesse,
 As though that death were light, in such a case.
 An endlesse wynd doth teare the fayle apace
 Of forced sighes, and trusty fearfulnesse.
 A rayn of teares, a clowde of darke disdayne
 Haue done the weried coardes great hinderance,
 Wrethed with errour, and wyth ignorance.
 The starres be hidde that leade me to this payne :
 Drownde is reason that should be my comfort :
 And I remayne, despearyng of the port.

Of douteous loue.

AUISYNG the bright beames of those fayre eyes,
 Where he abides that mine oft moistes and washeth :
 The weried mynd streight from the hart departeth,

To rest within hys worldly Paradife,
And bitter findes the swete, vnder this gyfe.
What webbes there he hath wrought, well he perceaueth
Wherby then with him self on loue he playneth,
That spurs wyth fire, and brydleth eke with yfe.
In such extremity thus is he brought :
Froren now cold, and now he standes in flame :
Twixt wo, and welth : betwixt earnest, and game,
With feldome glad, and many a diuers thought :
In fore repentance of hys hardinesse.
Of such a roote lo cometh frute frutelesse.

*The louer sheweth how he is forsaken of
such as he somtime
enioyed.*

THEY flee from me, that somtime did me feke,
With naked fote stalkyng within my chamber.
Once haue I seen them gentle, tame, and meke,
That now are wild, and do not once remember
That sometyme they haue put them selues in danger,
To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
Busily fekyng in continuall change.

Thanked be fortune, it hath bene otherwise
Twenty tymes better : but once especiall,
In thinne aray, after a pleasant gyfe,
When her loose gowne did from her shoulders fall,
And she me caught in her armes long and small,
And therwithal, so swetely did me kyffe,
And softly sayd : deare hart, how like you this ?

It was no dreame : for I lay broade awakyng.
 But all is turnde now through my gentlenesse,
 Into a bitter fashion of forsakyng :
 And I haue leaue to go of her goodnesse,
 And she also to vse newfanglenesse.
 But, fins that I vnkindly so am serued :
 How like you this, what hath she now deserued ?

*To a ladie to answere directly
 with yea or nay.*

MADAME, withouten many wordes :
 Once I am sure you will or no.
 And if you will, then leaue your boordes,
 And vse your wit, and shew it so :
 For with a beck you shall me call.
 And if of one, that burns alway,
 Ye haue pity or ruth at all :
 Answer hym fayer with yea or nay.
 If it be yea : I shall be faine.
 Yf it be nay : frendes, as before.
 You shall another man obtayn :
 And I mine owne, and yours nomore.

*To his loue whom he had kissed
 against her will.*

ALAS, Madame, for stealing of a kisse,
 Haue I so much your mynde therin offended ?

Or haue I done so greuoufly amisse :
That by no meanes, it may not be amended ?
Reuenge you then, the rediest way is this :
An other kisse my life it shall haue ended.
For, to my mouth the first my hart did suck :
The next shall clene out of my brest it pluck.

*Of the ielous man that loued the same woman
and espied this other sitting with her.*

THE wandring gadling, in the sommer tyde,
That findes the Adder with his rechlesse foote
Startes not dismaid so sodeinly aside,
As iealous despite did, though there were no boote,
When that he saw me sitting by her fyde,
That of my health is very crop, and roote.
It pleased me then to haue so fayre a grace,
To styng the hart, that would haue had my place.

To his loue from whom he hadd her gloues.

WHAT nedes these threatnyng woordes and wasted wynd ?
All this can not make me restore my pray,
To robbe your good, ywis is not my minde :
Nor causelesse your faire hand did I display.
Let loue be iudge : or els whom next we finde :
That may both hear, what you and I can say.
She reft my heart : and I a gloue from her :
Let vs se then if one be worth the other.

Of the fained frend.

RIGHT true it is, and sayd full yore ago :
Take hede of him, that by the backe thee claweth :
For, none is worfe, then is a frendly fo.
Thought he feme good, all thing that thee deliteth,
Yet know it well, that in thy bosome crepeth.
For many a man such fire oftentimes he kindleth :
That with the blafe his berd him self he singeth.

*The louer taught, mistrusteth
allurementes.*

IT may be good like it who list :
But I do dout, who can me blame ?
For oft assured, yet haue I mist :
And now againe I fear the same,
The wordes, that from your mouth last came,
Of fodayn change make me agast.
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

Alas I tread an endlesse mase :
That feke taccord two contraries :
And hope thus styll, and nothing hafe
Imprisoned in liberties,
As one vnheard, and styll that cries :
Alwayes thirsty, and naught doth taste,
For dreade to fall, I stand not fast.

Affured I dout I be not fure,
Should I then trust vnto such furetie?
That oft haue put the proufe in vre,
And neuer yet haue found it trustie?
Nay fyr in fayth, it were great folly.
And yet my life thus do I waste,
For dreade to fall I stand not fast.

*The lover complayneth that his loue
doth not pitie him.*

RESOWNDE my voyce ye woodes, that heare me plaine :
Both hilles and vales caufyng reflexion,
And riuers eke, record ye of my paine :
Which haue oft forced ye by compassion,
As iudges lo to heare my exclamacion.
Amonge whom, such (I finde) yet doth remaine.
Where I it feke, alas, there is disdaine.

Oft ye riuers, to hear my wofull founde,
Haue stopt your cours, and plainly to expresse,
Many a teare by moifture of the grounde
The earth hath wept to hear my heauinesse :
Which causeleffe I endure without redresse.
The huggy okes have rored in the winde,
Ech thing methought complayning in their kinde.

Why then alas doth not she on me rew,
Or is her hart so hard that no pitie
May in it sinke, my ioye for to renew?

O stony heart who hath thus framed thee
So cruell: that art cloked with beauty,
That from thee may no grace to me procede,
But as reward death for to be my mede.

*The louer reioyseth against fortune that by
hindering his fute had happily made
him forsake his folly.*

IN fayth I wot not what to fay,
Thy chaunces ben so wonderous,
Thou fortune with thy diuers play
That makst the ioyful dolourous,
And eke the same right ioyous.
Yet though thy chayne hath me enwrapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

Though thou hast fet me for a wonder,
And sekest by change to do me payne:
Mens mindes yet mayst thou not so order,
For honestie, if it remayne,
Shall shine for all thy cloudy rayne.
In vayne thou sekest to haue me trappt;
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

In hindryng me, me didst thou further,
And made a gap where was a stile.
Cruell willes ben oft put vnder;
Wenyng to lower, then didst thou smile.
Lord, how thy selfe thou didst begyle,
That in thy cares wouldst me haue wrapt?
But spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

*A renouncing of hardly
escaped loue.*

FAREWELL the hart of crueltie.
Though that with payne my libertie
Deare haue I bought, and wofully
Finisht my fearfull tragedy.
Of force I must forsake fuch pleasure :
A good cause iust, fins I endure
Therby my wo, whiche be ye fure,
Shall therwith go me to recure.

I fare as one escapt that fleeth,
Glad he is gone, and yet styll feareth
Spied to be caught, and so dredeth
That he for nought his paine leseth.
In ioyfull payne reioyce my hart,
Thus to sustaine of ech a part.
Let not this song from thee astart.
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

*The louer to his bed, with describing
of his unquiet state.*

THE restful place, renewer of my smart :
The labours falve, encreasing my sorow :
The bodyes ease, and troubler of my hart :
Quieter of minde, myne unquiet fo :
Forgetter of payne, remembrer of my wo :

The place of flepe, wherin I do but wake :
Besprent with teares, my bed, I thee forfake.

The frosty snowes may not redresse my heat :
Nor heat of funne abate my feruent cold.
I know nothing to ease my paynes so great.
Ech cure causeth encrease by twenty fold,
Renewyng cares vpon my sorowes old.
Such overthwart effectes in me they make.
Besprent with teares, my bedde for to forfake.

But all for nought : I finde no better ease
In bed, or out. This most causeth my paine :
Where I do seke how best that I may please,
My lost labour (alas) is all in vaine.
My hart once set, I can not it refrayne.
No place from me my grief away can take.
Wherefore with teares, my bed, I thee forfake.

*Comparison of loue to a streame
falling from the Alpes.*

FROM these hie hilles as when a spring doth fall,
It trilleth downe with still and futtle course,
Of this and that it gathers ay and shall,
Till it haue iust downflowed to streame and force :
Then at the fote it rageth ouer all.
So fareth loue, when he hath tane a source.
Rage is his raine. Resistance vayleth none,
The first eschue is remedy alone.

*Wyates complaint upon Loue, to Reason :
with Loues answer.*

MYNE olde dere enmy, my froward maister,
Afore that Quene, I causde to be accited,
Which holdeth the diuine part of our nature,
That, like as golde in fire he mought be tryed.
Charged with dolour, there I me presented
With horrible feare, as one that greatly dredeth
A wrongfull death, and iustice alway seketh.

And thus I sayd : once my left foote, Madame,
When I was yong, I set within his reigne :
Wherby other than fierly burning flame
I neuer felt, but many a greuous pain.
Torment I suffred, angre, and disdaine :
That mine oppressed pacience was past,
And I mine owne life hated, at the last.

Thus hitherto haue I my time passed
In pain and smart. What wayes profitable :
How many pleasant dayes haue me escaped,
In seruing this false lyer so deceauable ?
What wit haue wordes so prest, and forceable,
That may conteyn my great mishappinesse,
And iust complaintes of his vngentlenesse ?

So small hony, much aloes, and gall,
In bitternesse, my blinde life hath ytasted.
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball :

With fair and amorous daunce, made me be traced,
And where I had my thought, and mynde araced,
From earthly frailnesse, and from vayn pleasure,
Me from my rest he toke, and fet in errour.

God made he me regardlesse, than I ought,
And to my self to take right litle hede :
And for a woman have I fet at nought
All other thoughtes : in this onely to spede.
And he was onely counseler of this dede :
Whettyng alwayes my youthly frayle desire
On cruell whetston, tempered with fire.

But (Oh, alas) where, had I euer wit ?
Or other gift, geuen to me of nature ?
That sooner shalbe changed my weried sprite :
Then the obstinate wyll, that is my ruler.
So robbeth he my fredom with displeasure,
This wicked traytour, whom I thus accuse :
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant vse.

He hath me hasted, thorough diuers regions :
Through defert wodes, and sharp hye mountaines :
Through froward people, and through bitter passions :
Through rocky seas, and over hills and plains :
With weary trauel, and with laborous paynes :
Alwayes in trouble and in tediousnesse :
All in errour, and dangerous distresse.

But nether he, nor she, my tother fo,
For all my flight, did euer me forsake :
That though my timely death hath been to flow
That me as yet, it hath not overtake :
The heauenly goddes of pity doe it flake.
And, note they this his cruell tyranny,
That fedes him, with my care, and misery.

Since I was his, hower rested I neuer,
Nor loke to do: and eke the waky nightes
The banished slepe may in no wise recouer.
By guile, and force, ouer my thralled sprites,
He is ruler: since which bel neuer strikes,
That I heare not as sounding to renue
My plaintes. Himself, he knoweth, that I say true.

For neuer wormes olde rotten stocke haue eaten:
As he my hart, where he is resident,
And doth the same with death dayly threaten.
Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment:
The fighes, the wordes, and eke the languishment:
That anoy both me, and peraduenture other.
Iudge thou: that knowest the one, and eke the tother.

Mine aduerfair, with such greuous reproofe,
Thus he began. Heare, Lady, thother part:
That the plain troth, from which he draweth aloofe:
This vnkinde man may shew, ere that I part.
In his yong age, I toke him from that art,
That selleth wordes, and makes a clatterying Knight:
And of my wealth I gaue him the delight.

Now shames he not on me for to complain,
That held him euermore in pleasant gain,
From his defyre, that might haue been his payn.
Yet therby alone I brought him to some frame:
Which now, as wretchednes, he doth so blame:
And towarde honor quickned I his wit:
Where: as a daskard els he mought have fit.

He knoweth, how grete Atride that made Troy freat,
And Hanniball, to Rome so troubelous:
Whom Homer honored, Achilles that great,

And thafricane Scipion the famous :
And many other, by much honour glorious :
Whose fame, and honor did bring them aboue :
I did let fall in base dishonest loue.

And vnto him, though he vnworthy were :
I chose the best of many a Million :
That, vnder sonne yet neuer was her pere,
Of wisdom, womanhod, and of discrecion :
And of my grace I gaue her such a facion,
And eke such way I taught her for to teache,
That neuer base thought his hart so hye might reche.

Euermore thus to content his maistresse,
That was his onely frame of honesty,
I stirred him still, toward gentlenesse :
And caused him to regard fidelity.
Pacience I taught him in aduersity.
Such vertues learned, he in my great schole :
Wherof repenteth, now the ignorant foole.

These, were the same deceites, and bitter gall,
That I haue vsed, the torment and the anger :
Sweeter, than euer dyd to other fall,
Of right good fede yll frute loe thus I gather,
And so shall he, that the vnkinde dothe further.
A Serpent nourish I vnder my wing :
And now of nature, ginneth he to styng.

And for to tell, at last, my great seruise.
From thousand dishonesties haue I him drawn :
That by my means, him in no maner wyse,
Neuer vile pleasure once hath ouerthrowen.
Where, in his dede, shame hath him alwaies gnawen :
Doubtyng report, that should come to her eare :
Whom now he blames, her wanted he to feare.

What euer he hath of any honest custome :
Of her, and me : that holdes he euery whit,
But, lo, yet neuer was there nightly fantome
So farre in errour, as he is from his wit.
To plain on vs, he striueth with the bit,
Which may rule him, and do him ease, and pain :
And in one hower, make all his grief his gayn.

But, one thing yet there is, aboue all other :
I gaue him winges, wherwith he might vpflie
To honor, and fame : and if he would to higher
Than mortall thinges, aboue the starry skie :
Confidering the pleasure, that an eye
Might geue in earth, by reason of the loue :
What should that be that lasteth still aboue ?

And he the same himself hath sayd ere this.
But, now, forgotten is both that and I,
That gaue her him, his onely wealth and blisse.
And at this word, with dedly shreke and cry :
Thou gave her once : quod I, but by and by,
Thou toke her ayen from me : that wo worth the.
Not I but price : more worth than thou (quod he).

At last : eche other for himself, concluded :
I trembling still : but he, with small reverence.
Lo, thus, as we eche other haue accused :
Dere Lady : now we waite thyne onely sentence.
She smiling, at the whifted audience :
It liketh me (quod she) to haue hard your question :
But, lenger time doth ask a resolucion.

*The louers sorowfull state maketh him
write sorowfull songes, but Souche
his loue may change the same.*

MARUELL no more altho
The songes, I sing do mone :
For other lyfe then wo,
I neuer proued none.

And in my hart, also,
Is grauen with letters depe
A thousand fighes and mo :
A flood of teares to wepe.

How may a man in smart
Finde matter to reioyce ?
How may a moornyng hart
Set foorth a pleasant voyce.

Play who so can, that part :
Nedes must in me appere :
How fortune overthwart
Doth cause my moorning chere.

Perdie there is no man,
If he saw neuer fight :
That perfitly tell can
The nature of the light.

Alas : how should I than,
That neuer taste but fowre :
But do, as I began,
Continually to lowre.

But yet, perchance some chance
May chance to change my tune :
And when (Souch) chance doth chance :
Then, shall I thank fortune ?

And if I have (Souch) chance :
Perchance ere it be long :
For (Souch) a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

*The lover complaineth himself
forsaken.*

WHERE shall I haue, at myne own will,
Teares to complain ? where shall I fet
Such sighes ? that I may sigh my fyll :
And then agayne my plaintes repete.
For, though my plaint shall have none end :
My teares cannot suffice my wo.
To mone my harm, haue I no frend,
For fortunes frend is mishaps fo.
Comfort (God wot) els haue I none :
But in the winde to waft my wordes.
Nought moueth you my dedly mone :
But still you turne it into bordes.
I speake not now, to moue your hart,
That you should rue vpon my payn ;
The sentence geuen may not revert :
I know, such labour were but vayn.
But since that I for you (my derè)
Have lost that thyng, that was my best :

A right small losse it must appere,
To lese these wordes, and all the rest.
But, though they sparcle in the winde :
Yet, shall they shew your falsed faith :
Which is returned to his kynde :
For lyke to like : the proverb sayeth.
Fortune, and you did me auance :
Me thought, I swam, and could not drowne :
Happiest of all, but my mischance
Did lift me vp, to throw me downe.
And you, with her, of cruelnesse
Dyd fet your foote vpon my neck,
Me, and my welfare, to oppresse :
Without offence, your hart to wreck.
Where are your pleasant wordes ? alas :
Where is your faith ? your stedfastnesse ?
There is no more : but all doth passe :
And I am left all comfortlesse :
But since so much it doth you greue,
And also me my wretched life :
Haue here my troth : Nought shall releue,
But death alone, my wretched strife.
Therefore farewell, my life, my death,
My gayn, my losse : my salue, my fore :
Farewell also, with you my breath :
For, I am gone for euermore.

*Of his loue that pricked her finger
with a nedle.*

SHE fat, and fowed : that hath done me the wrong :
Wherof I plain, and haue done many a day :
And, whilst she herd my plaint, in piteous song :
She wisht my hart the samplar, that it lay.
The blinde maister, whom I haue serued so long :
Grudgyng to heare, that he did heare her say :
Made her owne weapon do her finger blede :
To fele, if pricking wer so good in dede.

Of the same.

WHAT man hath hard such cruelty before ?
That, when my plaint remembred her my wo,
That caused it : she cruell more and more,
Wished eche stitche, as she did fit, and fow,
Had prickt my hart, for to encrease my fore.
And, as I think, she thought, it had bene so.
For as she thought, this is hart indede :
She pricked hard : and made her self to blede.

*Request to Cupide for reuenge of
his vnkinde loue.*

BEHOLD, Love, thy power how she despiseth :
My grievous payn how litle she regardeth,

The folemne othe, wherof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath : and yet, she bideth sure,
Right at her ease, and litle thee she dredeth.

Weaponed thou art, and she vnarmed fitteth :
To the disdainful, all her life she leadeth :
To me spitefull, without iust cause, or measure.
Behold, Love, how proudly she triumpheth.

I am in hold, but if thee pity meveth :
Go, bend thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh :
And with some stroke reuenge the great displeasure
Of thee, and him that forow doth endure,
And as his Lord thee lowly here entreateth.

Complaint for true loue vnrequited.

WHAT vaileth troth ? or by it, to take payn ?
To striue by stedfastnesse for to attayn
How to be iust, and flee from doublenesse ?
Since all alyke, where ruleth craftinesse,
Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.

Soonest he spedes, that most can lye and fayn.
True meaning hart is had in hye disdain.
Against deceyt, and cloked doublenesse,
What vaileth troth, or parfit stedfastnesse.

Deceavd is he, by false and crafty trayn,
That meanes no gyle, and faithfull doth remayn,
Within the trap, without help or redresse.
But for to love (lo) such a sterne mistresse,
Where cruelty dwelles, alas it were in vain.

*The lover that fled loue now folowes it
with his harme.*

SOMTIME I fled the fire, that me so brent,
By fea, by land, by water, and by wynde :
But now, the coales I folow, that be quent,
From Douer to Calais, with willing minde,
Lo, how desire is both furth sprong, and spent :
And he may see, that whilom was so blinde :
And all his labour, laughes he now to scorne,
Meashed in the breers, that erst was onely torne.

The lover hopeth of better chance.

HE is not dead that fomtime had a fall.
The sonne returnes, that hid was vnder clowd,
And when Fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I trust good luck to me shall be allowd.
For I have seen a ship in hauen fall,
After a storme hath broke both maske and shroud.
The willowe eke, that stoupeth with the winde,
Doth rise againe, and greater wood doth binde.

*The lover compareth his hart to the
ouercharged gonne.*

THE furious goonne, in his most raging yre,
When that the boule is rammed in to fore :

And that the flame can not part from the fire,
 Crackes in funder : and in the ayer doe rore
 The sheuered peces. So doth my defyre,
 Whose flame encreafeth ay from more to more.
 Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speake :
 So inward force my heart doth all to breake.

*The louer suspected of change praieth that
 it be not beleued against him.*

ACCUSED though I be, without desert :
 Sith none can proue, beleue it not for true.
 For neuer yet, since that you had my hart,
 Intended I to false, or be untrue.
 Sooner I would of death fustayn the smart,
 Than breake one word of that I promised you.
 Accept therfore my seruice in good part.
 None is alyue, that can yll tonges eschew.
 Hold them as false : and let not vs depart
 Our frendship olde in hope of any new.
 Put not thy trust in such as vse to fayn,
 Except thou mynde to put thy frend to payn.

The louer abused renowns feth loue.

MY loue to fkorne, my seruice to retayne,
 Therin (me thought) you vsed crueltie.
 Since with good will I lost my libertie,
 Might neuer wo yet cause me to refrain,
 But onely this, which is extremitie,

To geue me nought (alas) nor to agree
That as I was, your man I might remain.
But fynce that thus ye list to order me,
That would haue bene your seruant true, and fast :
Displease you not : my doting time is past,
And with my losse to leaue I must agree.
For as there is a certayn time to rage :
So is there time fuch madnes to aswage.

*The louer professeth himself
constant.*

WITHIN my brest I neuer thought it gain,
Of gentle mynde the fredom for to lose.
Nor in my hart fanck neuer fuch disdaine,
To be a forger, faultes for to disclose.
Nor can I not endure the truth to glose,
To set a glosse vpon an earnest pain,
Nor am I not in nomber one of those
That list to blow retrete to euery train.

*The louer sendeth his complaintes and
teares to sue for grace.*

PASSE forth my wonted cryes,
Those cruell ears to pearce,
Which in most hatefull wyse
Doe styll my plaintes reuerse.
Doe you, my teares, also
So wet her barreine hart :
That pitye there may grow,
And crueltie depart.

For though hard rockes among
She femes to have bene bred :
And of the Tigre long
Bene nourished, and fed.
Yet shall that nature change,
If pitie once win place.
Whom as unknowen, and strange,
She now away doth chafe.

And as the water soft,
Without forcyng or strength,
Where that it falleth oft,
Hard stoncs doth perse at length :
So in her stony hart
My plaintes at last shall graue,
And, rigour set apart,
Winne grant of that I craue.

Wherefore my plaints, present
Styll so to her my sute,
As ye, through her assent,
May bring to me some frute.
And as she shall me proue,
So bid her me regarde,
And render loue for loue ;
Which is a iust reward.

*The louers case can not be hidden
how euer he dissemble.*

YOUR lokes so often cast,
Your eyes so frendly rolde,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Alwayes one to behold.

Though hyde it fayn ye would :
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye bare.

Fayn would ye finde a cloke
Your brennyng fire to hyde :
Yet both the flame, and smoke
Breakes out on euery fyde.
Ye can not loue so guide,
That it no issue winne.
Abrode nedes must it glide,
That brens so hote within.

For cause your self do wink,
Ye iudge all other blinde :
And secreet it you think,
Which euery man doth finde.
In waft oft spend ye winde,
Your self in loue to quit :
For agues of that kinde
Will show, who hath the fit.

Your sighes you fet from farre,
And all to wry your wo :
Yet are ye nere the narre,
Men are not blinded so.
Depely oft fwere ye no :
But all those othes are vaine.
So well your eye doth showe,
Who puttes your hart to paine.

Thinke not therfore to hide,
That still it selfe betrayes :
Nor feke meanes to prouide
To darke the funny daies.

Forget those wonted waies :
Leaue of fuch frowning chere :
There will be found no stayes,
To stoppe a thing so clere.

*The lower praieth not to be disdained,
refused, mistrusted, nor forsaken.*

DISDAINE me not without desert :
Nor leaue me not so sodenly :
Sins well ye wot, that in my hart
I meane ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without cause why :
Nor think me not to be vniust :
Sins that by lotte of fantasy,
This carefull knot nedes knit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be,
That faine would spot my stedfastnesse :
Beleue them not, sins that ye se,
The profe is not, as they expresse.

Forfake me not, till I deferue :
Nor hate me not, tyll I offend.
Destroy me not, tyll that I swerue.
But sins ye know what I intend :

Disdaine me not that am your owne :
Refuse me not, that am so true :
Mistrust me not till all be knowne :
Forfake me not, ne for no new.

*The louer lamenteth his estate with
fute for grace.*

FOR want of will, in wo I playne :
Vnder colour of sobernesse.
Renewyng with my fute my payne,
My wanhope with your stedfastnesse.
Awake therfore of gentlenesse,
Regard at length, I you require,
My sweltyng paynes of my desire.

Betimes who geueth willingly,
Redoubled thanks aye doth deferue.
And I that sue unfaynedly,
In frutelesse hope (alas) do sterue.
How great my cause is for to fwerue :
And yet how stedfast is my fute :
Lo, here ye see, where is the frute ?

As hounde that hath is keper lost,
Seke I your prefence to obtayne :
In which my hart deliteth most,
And shall delight though I be slayne.
You may release my band of payne.
Lose then the care that makes me crye
For want of helpe, or els I dye.

I dye, though not incontinent,
By proceffe yet consumingly
As waste of fire, which doth relent.

If you as wilfull wyll denye.
Wherfore cease of fuch crueltye :
And take me wholly in your grace :
Which lacketh will to change his place.

The louer wailleth his changed ioyes.

If euer man might him auaunt
Of fortunes frendly chere :
It was my felfe, I muft it graunt,
For I haue bought it dere.
And derely haue I helde alfo
The glory of her name :
In yelding her fuch tribute, lo,
As did fet forth her fame.

Sometyme I ftode fo in her grace :
That as I would require,
Ech ioy I thought did me imbrace,
That fundered my defire.
And all thofe pleafures (lo) had I,
That fanfy might fupport :
And nothing fhe did me denye,
That was to my comfort.

I had (what would you more, perdie ?)
Ech grace that I did craue.
Thus fortunes will was vnto me
All thing that I would haue :
But all to rathe alas the while,
She built on fuch a ground :
In little fpace, to great a gyle
In her now haue I found.

For she hath turned fo her whele,
That I vnhappy man
May waile the time that I did fele,
Wherwith she fedde me than.
For broken now are her behestes :
And pleasant lokes she gaue,
And therefore now all my requestes
From perill can not faue.

Yet would I well it might appere
To her my chiefe regard :
Though my desertes haue ben to dere
To merite such reward.
Sith fortunes will is now so bent
To plage me thus pore man :
I must my selfe therwith content :
And beare it as I can.

*The louer lamenteth other to haue
the frutes of his seruice.*

SOME men would thinke of right to haue
For their true meaning some reward.
But while that I do crye and craue :
I fe that other be preferd.
I gape for that I am debard.
I fare as doth the hounde at hatch :
The worse I spede, the lenger I watch.

My wastefull will is tried by trust :
My fond fansie is mine abuse.
For that I would refrayne my lust :
For mine auayle I can not chuse,
A will and yet no power to vse.

A will, no will by reafon iuft,
Sins my will is at others luft.

They eat the hony, I hold the hyue.
I fowe the fede, they reape the corne.
I wafte, they winne, I draw, they driue.
Theirs is the thanke, mine is the fkorne.
I feke, they fpede, in wafte my winde is worne.
I gape, they get, and gredely I fnatch :
Till wurfe I fpede, the lenger I watch.

I faft, they fede : they drynke, I thurft.
They laugh, I wayle : they ioye, I mourne.
They gayne, I lofe : I haue the worft.
They whole, I ficke : they cold, I burne.
They leape, I lye : they flepe, I toffe and turne,
I would, they may : I craue, they haue at will.
That helpeth them, lo, cruelty doth me kyll.

*To his loue that hath geuen him
anfwere of refusell.*

THE anfwere that ye made to me my deare,
When I did fue for my pore harts redrefse :
Hath fo appalde my countenance and my chere :
That in this cafe, I am all comfortlefse :
Sins I of blame no caufe can well exprefse.

I haue no wrong, where I can clayme no right,
Nought tane me fro, where I haue nothing had.
Yet of my wo I can not fo be quite.
Namely, fins that another may be glad
With that, that thus in sorow makes me fad,

Yet none can claime (I faie) by former graunt,
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.
And by desert, I dare well make auaunt
Of faithful will, there is no where that shall
Bear you more trouth, more ready at your call.

Now good then, call againe that bitter word :
That toucht your frende so nere with panges of paine :
And faie, my dere that it was fayd in bord.
Late, or to sone, let it not rule the gaine,
Wherwith free will doth true desert retayne.

To his ladie, cruel ouer her yelden louer.

SUCH is the course, that natures kinde hath wrought,
That snakes haue time to cast away their stynges.
Ainst chaine prisoners what nede defence be fought :
The fierce lyon will hurt no yelden thinges :
Why shoulde such spite be nurfed then by thought ?
Sith all these powers are prest vnder thy winges :
And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught :
What mischief malice many waies it bringes.
Consider eke, that spight auaieth naught,
Therefore this song thy fault to thee it singes :
Displease thee not, for faiyng thus (me thought).
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springes,
For furies, that in hell be execrable,
For that they hate, are made most miserable.

*The louer complaineth that deadlie sicknesse
can not helpe his affection.*

THE enemy of life, decayer of all kinde,
That with his cold wythers away the grene :
This other night, me in my bed did finde :
And offerd me to ryd my feuer clene.
And I did graunt : so did dispayre me blinde.
He drew his bow, with arrowes sharpe and kene :
And strake the place, where loue had hit before :
And draue the first dart deper more, and more.

The louer reioiceth the enioying of his loue.

ONCE as me thought, fortune me kift :
And bade me aske, what I thought best :
And I should haue it as me list,
Therewith to fet my hart in rest.

I asked but my ladies hart,
To haue for euermore myne owne :
Then at an end were all my smart :
Then should I nede no more to mone.

Yet for all that a stormy blast
Had ouerturnde this goodly nay :
And fortune semed at the last,
That to her promise she said nay.

But like as one out of dispayre
To sodain hope reuiued I.
Now fortune sheweth her felse so fayre,
That I content me wonderfly.

My most desire my hand may reach :
My will is alway at my hand
Me nede not long for to beseche
Her that hath power me to commaunde.

What earthly thing more can I craue ?
What would I wishe more at my will ?
Nothing on earth more would I haue,
Saue that I haue, to haue it styll.

For fortune hath kept her promesse
In grauntyng me my most desire.
Of my foueraigne I haue redresse
And I content me with my hire.

*The louer complayneth the vnkindnes
of his loue.*

My lute awake performe the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste :
And end that I haue now begonne :
And when this song is song and past :
My lute be styll for I haue done.

As to be heard where eare is none :
As lead to graue in marble stone :
My song may pearse her hart as fone.
Should we then sigh ? or finge, or mone ?
No, no, my lute for I haue done.

The rockes do not so cruelly
Repulse the waues continually,
As she my fute and affection :
So that I am past remedy,
Wherby my lute and I haue done.

Proude of the spoile that thou hast gotte
Of simple hartes through loues shot :
By whom vnkinde thou hast them wonne,
Thinke not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I haue done.

Vengeaunce shall fall on thy disdaine,
That makest but game on earnest payne.
Thinke not alone vnder the sunne
Vnquit to cause thy louers plaine :
Although my lute and I haue done.

May chance thee lie witherd and olde,
In winter nightes, that are so colde,
Playning in vaine vnto the mone :
Thy wishe then dare not be tolde,
Care then who list, for I haue done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy louers fighe and swowne.
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I haue done.

Now cease, my lute this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waft,
And ended is that we begonne.
Now is this song both song and past,
My lute be still for I haue done.

*How by a kisse he found both his
life and death.*

NATURE that gaue the Bee so feat a grace,
To finde hony of so wondrous fashion :
Hath taught the spider out of the same place
To fetch poyson by strange alteration.
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,
With one kisse by secrete operacion,
Both these at once in those your lippes to finde,
In change wherof, I leaue my hart behinde.

*The louer describeth his being taken
with sight of his loue.*

VNWARELY so was neuer no man caught,
With stedfast loke vpon a goodly face :
As I of late : for sodainely me thought,
My hart was torne out of his proper place.
Thorow mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,
Directly downe into my hart it ranne :
In helpe wherof the blood therto did glide,
And left my face both pale and wanne.
Then was I like a man for wo amased :
Or like the fowle that fleeth into the fire.
For while that I vpon her beauty gased :
The more I burnde in my desire.

Anone the bloud start in my face agayne,
 Inflamde with heat, that it had at my hart.
 And brought therwith through out in euery vaine,
 A quakyng heat with pleasant smart.

Then was I like the straw, when that the flame
 Is driuen therin, by force, and rage of winde.
 I can not tell, alas, what I shall blame :
 Nor what to feke, nor what to finde.

But well I wot : the grieve doth hold me fore
 In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and drede :
 That but her helpe to health do me restore :
 This restlesse life I may not lead.

To his louer to look vpon him.

AL in thy loke my life doth whole depende.
 Thou hydest thy self, and I must dye therefore.
 But fins thou mayst so easly helpe thy frend :
 Why doest thou stick to salue that thou madest fore ?
 Why do I dye ? fins thou mayst me defend ?
 And if I dye, thy life may last no more.

For ech by other doth liue and haue reliefe,
 I in thy loke, and thou most in my grieve.

*The louer excuseth him of wordes, wherewith
 he was vniustly charged.*

PERDY I sayd it not :
 Nor neuer thought to do.
 As well as I ye wot :
 I haue no power thereto,

And if I did, the lot,
That first did me enchayne,
May neuer flake the knot,
But strayght it to my payne.

And if I did ech thing,
That may do harme or wo :
Continually may wring
My hart where so I go.
Report may alwayes ring
Of shame on me for aye :
If in my hart did spring
The wordes that you do fay.

And if I did ech starre,
That is in heauen aboue,
May frowne on me to marre
The hope I haue in loue.
And if I did such warre
As they brought vnto Troye,
Bring all my life as farre
From all his lust and ioye.

And if I did so fay :
The beautie that me bounde,
Encrease from day to day
More cruell to my wounde :
With all the mone that may,
To plaint may turne my song :
My life may sone decay,
Without redresse by wrong,

If I be cleare from thought,
Why do you then complayne ?
Then is this thing but fought,
To turne my hart to payne.

Then this that you haue wrought,
 You must it now redresse,
 Of right therfore you ought
 Such rigour to repress.

And as I haue deserued,
 So graunt me now my hire :
 You know I neuer fwerued,
 You neuer founde me lyer.
 For Rachel haue I serued,
 For Lea cared I neuer :
 And her I haue referued
 Within my hart for euer.

Of such as had forsaken him.

LUX, my faire fawlcon, and thy felowes all :
 How wel pleasant it were your libertie :
 Ye not forsake me, that faire mought you fall.
 But they that sometime liked my company :
 Like lice away from dead bodies they crall.
 Loe, what a proufe in light aduersitie ?
 But ye my birdes, I fweare by all your belles,
 Ye be my frendes, and very few elles.

*A description of such a one as he
 would loue.*

A FACE that should content me wonderous well,
 Should not be faire, but louely to behold :
 Of liuely loke, all grieve for to repell :
 With right good grace, so would I that it should

Speake without word, such wordes as none can tell.
Her tresse also should be of crisped gold.
With wit, and these perchance I might be tryde,
And knit againe with knot, that should not slide.

*How vnpossible it is to finde
quiet in his loue.*

EUER my hap is slack and flowe in commyng,
Desire encreasynge ay my hope vncertaine :
That loue or wait it, alike doth me payne.
And Tygre like so swift it is in partyng.
Alas the snow black shal it be and scalding,
The sea waterles, and fishe vpon the mountaine :
The Temis shal backe returne vnto his fountaine :
And where he rose the funne shall take his lodgyng,
Ere I in this finde peace or quietnesse.
Or that loue or my lady rightwisely
Leaue to conspire against me wrongfully.
And if I haue after such bitternesse,
Any thing swete, my mouth is out of taste :
That all my trust and trauell is but waste.

Of Loue, Fortune, and the louers minde.

LOUE, Fortune, and my minde which do remember
Eke that is now, and that that once hath bene :
Torment my hart so fore, that very often
I hate and enuy them beyonde all measure.

Loue fleeth my hart while Fortune is depriuer
Of all my comfort : the foolishe minde than :
Burneth and playneth : as one that fildam
Liueth in rest. Still in displeasure
My pleasant daies they flete and passe.
And dayly doth myne yll change to the worse.
While more then halfe is runne now of my course.
Alas not of stele, but of brittle glasse,
I fe that from my hand falleth my trust :
And all my thoughtes are dasshed into dust.

*The louer prayeth his offred hart
to be receiued.*

How oft haue I, my deare and cruell fo :
With my great pain to get som peace or truce,
Geuen you my hart ? but you do not vse
In so hie thinges, to cast your minde so low.
If any other loke for it, as you trow,
Their vaine weake hope doth greatly them abuse,
And that thus I disdaine, that you refuse.
It was once mine, it can no more be fo.
If you it chafe, that it in you can finde,
In this exile, no maner of comfort :
Nor liue alone, nor where he is calde, refort,
He may wander from his naturall kinde.
So shall it be great hurt vnto vs twayne,
And yours the losse, and mine the deadly payne.

The louers life compared to the Alpes.

LYKE vnto these vnmesurable mountaines,
So is my painefull life, the burden of yre.
For hye be they, and hye is my desire.
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines.
Vnder craggy rockes they haue barren plaines,
Hard thoughtes in me my wofull minde doth tyre.
Small frute and many leaues their toppes do attire,
With small effect great trust in me remaines.
The boyftous windes oft their hye boughes do blaft :
Hote fighes in me continually be fhed.
Wilde beastes in them, fierce loue in me is fed.
Vnmoueable am I : and they stedfast.
Of finging birdes they haue the tune and note :
And I alwaies plaintes passing through my throte.

*Charging of his loue as vnpiteous and
louing other.*

IF amorous fayth, or if a hart vnfained
A fwete languor, a great louely desire :
If honest will, kindled in gentle fire :
If long error, in a blinde mase chained,
If in my visage ech thought distayned :
Or if my sparkelyng voyce, lower, or hier,
Which fear and shame, so wofully doth tyre :
If pale colour, which loue alas hath stayned :

If to haue another then my felf more dere,
 If wailyng or fighyng continually,
 With forowfull anger fedyng busily,
 If burnyng a farre of, and fresyng nere,
 Are cause that by loue my felfe I stroy:
 Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

A renouncing of loue.

FAREWELL, Loue, and all thy lawes for euer.
 Thy bayted hokes shall tangle me no more.
 Senec, and Plato call me from thy lore:
 To parfit wealth my wit for to endeuer.
 In blinde errour when I dyd parseuer:
 Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so fore:
 Taught me in trifles that I fet no store:
 But scape forth thence: since libertie is leuer.
 Therefore, farewell: go trouble yonger hartes:
 And in me claime no more auctoritie.
 With ydle youth go vse thy propartie:
 And theron spend thy many brittle dartes.
 For hytherto though I have lost my tyme:
 Me lyft no lenger rotten bowes to clime.

The louer forsaketh his vnkind loue.

MY hart I gaue thee, not to do it pain:
 But, to preferue, lo it to thee was taken.
 I ferued thee not that I should be forsaken:
 But, that I should receiue reward again,

I was content thy seruant to remain :
And not to be repayd after this fashion.
Now, since in thee there is none nother reason :
Displease thee not, if that I do refrain.
Vnfaciat of my wo, and thy desyre.
Affured by craft for to excuse thy fault.
But, since it pleaseth thee to fain default :
Farewell, I say, departing from the fire.
For, he, that doth beleue bearyng in hand :
Ploweth in the water : and foweth in the sand.

The louer describeth his restlesse state.

THE flaming fighes that boyle within my brest
Sometime breake forth and they can well declare
The hartes vnrest and how that it doth fare,
The pain therof, the grief and all the rest.
The watred eyen from whence the teares doe fall.
Do fele some force or els they would be drye :
The waisted flesh of colour ded can trye,
And something tell what swetenesse is in gall.
And he that lust to see, and to disarne,
How care can force within a wried minde :
Come he to me I am that place affinde.
But for all this no force it doth no harme.
The wound alas happe in some other place :
From whence no toole away the skar can race.

But you that of such like haue had your part,
Can best be iudge wherfore, my frend so deare :
I thought it good my state should now appeare,
To you and that there is no great defart.

And wheras you in weighty matters great :
Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,
For trifling thinges I now am stricken so
That though I fele my hart doth wound and beat :
I fit alone faue on the second day :
My feuer comes with whom I spend my time,
In burning heat while that she list assigne.
And who hath helth and libertie alway :
Let him thank god and let him not prouoke,
To haue the like of this my painfull stroke.

The louer lamentes the death of his loue.

THE piller perisht is wherto I lent,
The strongest stay of mine vnquiet minde :
The like of it no man again can finde :
From East to West still seeking though he went.
To mine unhappe for happe away hath rent,
Of all my ioy the very bark and rinde :
And I (alas) by chance am thus affinde.
Daily to moorne till death do it relent.
But since that thus it is by destiny,
What can I more but haue a wofull hart,
My penne, in plaint, my voyce in carefull crye :
My minde in wo, my body full of smart.
And I my self, my selfe alwayes to hate,
Till dreadfull death do ease my dolefull state.

*The louer sendeth fighes to
mone his fute.*

GO burning fighes vnto the frofen hart,
Go breake the yfe which pities painfull dart,
Myght neuer perce and yf that mortall prayer,
In heauen be herd, at lest yet I desire,
That death or mercy end my wofull smart.
Take with thee payn, wherof I haue my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot start,
And leaue me then in rest, I you require :
Go burning fighes fulfil that I desire.
I must go worke I fee by craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart :
Alas, I can not therfore affaile her,
With pitefull complaint and scalding fier,
That from my breft disceiuably doth start.

Complaint of the absence of his love.

So feble is the threde, that doth the burden stay
Of my poore life : in heauy plight, that falleth in decaye :
That, but it haue elswhere some ayde or some succours :
The running spindle of my fate anone shall end his course.
For since thunhappy hower, that dyd me to depart,
From my fwete weale : one only hope hath stayed my life,
apart :

Which doth perfwade fuch wordes vnto my fored minde :
Maintain thy felf, O wofull wight, fome better luck to
finde.

For though thou be depriued from thy defired fight :
Who can thee tell, if thy returne be for thy more delight ?
Or, who can tell, thy losse if thou mayft once recouer ?
Some pleafant hower thy wo may wrappe: and thee defend,
& couer.

Thus in this truſt as yet it hath my life fuſtained :
But now (alas) I fee it faint: and I, by truſt, am trayned.
The tyme doth flete, and I fe how the howers do bend
So faſt: that I haue ſcant the ſpace to mark my commyng
end.

Westward the ſonne from out the Eaſt ſcant ſhewes his
light :

When in the Weſt he hides him ſtrayt, within the dark of
nyght.

And comes as faſt, where he began, his path awry.
From Eaſt to Weſt, from Weſt to Eaſt ſo doth his iourney ly.
The life ſo ſhort, ſo fraile, that mortall men liue here :
So great a weight, ſo heauy charge the bodies, that we
bere :

That, when I think vpon the diſtaunce, and the ſpace :
That doth ſo farre deuide me from my dere defired face :
I know not, how tattain the winges, that I require,
To liſt me vp: that I might flie, to folow my deſyre.
Thus of that hope, that doth my life ſomethyng fuſtayne,
Alas: I feare, and partly fele, full litle doth remain.
Ech place doth bring me grieve: where I do not behold
Thoſe liuely eyes: which of my thoughts wer wont y^e keys
to hold

Those thoughtes were pleasāt fwete : whilst I enioyed that
grace :

My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might well
embrace.

And, for because my want should more my wo encrease :
In watch, and slepe, both day, and night, my will doth
neuer cease

That thing to wish : whereof since I did leese the sight :
Was neuer thing that mought in ought my woful hart
delight,

Thunefy lyfe I lead, doth teach me for to mete
The floodes, the seas, the land, the hylles : that doth thē
entermete

Twene me, and those shene lightes : that wonted for to clere
My darked panges of cloudy thoughts, as bright as Phebus
spere,

It teacheth me, also, what was my pleasant state :
The more to fele, by such record, how that my wealth doth
bate.

If such record (alas) prouoke thenflamed mynde :
Which sprong that day, that I did leaue the best of me
behynde :

If loue forget himself, by length of absence, let :
Who doth me guyde (O wofull wretch) vnto this bayted net ?
Where doth encrease my care : much better wer for me,
As dumme as stone, all thyng forgot, still absent for to be.
Alas : the clere cristall, the bright transplendant glasse
Doth not bewray the colours hidde, which vnderneath it hase :
As doth thaccumbred sprite the thoughtfull throwes dif-
couer,

Of feares delite, of feruent loue : that in our hartes we couer.

Out by these eyes, it sheweth that euermore delight.
In plaint, and teares to feke redresse: and eke both day and
night.

These kindes of pleasures most wherein men so reioyce,
To me they do redubbe still of stormy sighes the voyce.
For, I am one of them, whom playnt doth well content:
It fits me well: myne absent wealth me femes for to lament:
And with my teares, taffay to charge myne eies twayn:
Lyke as my hart aboue the brink is fraughted full of payn.
And for because therto, of those fair eyes to treate
Do me prouoke: I wyll returne, my plaint thus to repeate.
For, there is nothing els, that toucheth me so within:
Where they rule all: and I alone nought but the case, or
fkin.

Wherefore, I shall returne to them, as well, or spring:
From whom descendes my mortall wo, aboue all other thing.
So shall myne eyes in pain accompany my hart:
That were the guides, that did it lead of loue to fele the smart.
The crisped golde, that doth furmount Apollos pride:
The liuely streames of pleasant starres that vnder it doth
glyde:

Wherein the beames of loue do styll encrease theyr heate:
Which yet so farre touch me so nere, in colde to make me
fweate.

The wyse and pleasant talk, so rare, or els alone:
That gaue to me the courteis gift, that erst had neuer none:
Be farre from me, alas: and euery other thyng
I might forbear with better wyll: then this that dyd me
bryng

With pleasant worde and chere, redresse of lingred pain.
And wonted oft in kindled will to vertue me to trayn.

Thus, am I forst to heare, and harken after newes.
My comfort scant my large desire in doutfull trust renewes.
And yet with more delite to mone my wofull case,
I must complain those handes, those armes: yt firmly do
embrace

Me from my self, and rule the sterne of my poore lyfe:
The swete disdaines, the pleasant wrathes, and eke ye louely
strife:

That wonted well to tune in temper iust, and mete,
The rage: that oft dyd make me erre, by furour vndiscrete.
All this is hydde me fro, with sharp, and ragged hylles:
At others will, my long abode my depe dispaire fullfils.
And if my hope sometime ryse vp, by some redresse:
It stumpleth straite, for feble faint: my feare hath such
excesse.

Such is the fort of hope: the lesse for more desyre:
And yet I trust ere that I dye to see that I require:
The restyng place of loue where vertue dwelles and growes:
There I desire, my wery life, somtime, may take repose.
My song: thou shalt attain to finde that pleasant place:
Where she doth lyue, by whō I liue: may chance, to haue
this grace

When she hath red, and sene the grief, wherein I serue:
Betwene her brestes she shall thee put: there shall she thee
referue

Then, tell her, that I cumme: she shall me shortly see:
And if for waighte the body fayle, the soule shall to her flee.

*The louer blameth his loue for renting
of the letter he sent her.*

SUFFISED not (madame) that you did teare,
My wofull hart, but thus also to rent :
The weping paper that to you I sent.
Wherof eche letter was written with a teare.
Could not my present paines, alas fuffise,
Your gredy hart ? and that my hart doth fele,
Tormentes that prick more sharper then the stele,
But new and new must to my lot arise.
Vse then my death. So shal your cruelty :
Spite of your spite rid me from all my smart,
And I no more such tormentes of the hart :
Fele as I do. This shalt thou gain thereby.

*The louer curseth the tyme when
first he fell in loue.*

WHEN first mine eyes did view, and marke,
Thy faire beawtie to beholde :
And when mine eares listned to hark :
The pleasant wordes, that thou me tolde :
I would as then, I had been free,
From eares to heare, and eyes to see.
And when my lips gan first to mone,
Wherby my hart to thee was knowne :
And when my tong did talk of loue,
To thee that hast true loue down throwne :

I would, my lips and tong also:
Had then bene dum, no deale to go.
And when my handes haue handled ought,
That thee hath kept in memorie:
And when my fete haue gone, and fought
To finde and geat thy company:
I would, eche hand a foote had bene,
And I eche foote a hand had fene.
And when in mynde I did consent
To folow this my fanfies will:
And when my hart did first relent,
To tast such bayt, my life to spyll:
I would, my hart had bene as thyne:
Orels thy hart had bene, as mine.

*The louer determineth to serue
faithfully.*

SYNCE loue wyll nedes that I shall loue:
Of very force I must agree.
And since no chance may it remove:
In welth and in aduersitie,
I shall alway my self apply
To serue, and suffer patiently.

Though for good will I finde but hate:
And cruelty my life to waft:
And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my dayes vnto the last:
Yet I professe it willingly.
To serue, and suffer patiently.

For since my hart is bound to serue :
And I not ruler of mine owne :
What so befall, tyll that I sterue,
By prooffe full well it shall be knowne :
That I shall still my selfe apply
To serue, and suffer patiently.

Yea though my grief finde no redresse :
But still increase before mine eyes :
Though my reward be cruelnesse,
With all the harme, happe can deuise :
Yet I professe it willingly
To serue, and suffer patiently.

Yea though fortune her pleasant face
Should shew, to set me vp a loft :
And streight, my wealth for to deface,
Should writhe away, as she doth oft :
Yet would I styll my self apply
To serue and suffer patiently.

There is no grief, no smart, no wo :
That yet I fele, or after shall :
That from this mynde may make me go,
And whatsoeuer me befall :
I do professe it willingly
To serue and suffer patiently.

The louer suspected blameth yll tonges.

MYSTRUSTFULL mindes be moued
To haue me in suspect.
The troth it shalbe proued :
Which time shall once detect.

Though falshed go about
Of crime me to accuse :
At length I do not doute
But truth shall me excuse.

Such fawce, as they haue ferued
To me without defart :
Euen as they have deserued :
Therof god fend them part.

*The louer complaineth and his
lady comforteth.*

LOVER. IT burneth yet, alas, my hartes desire.

LADY. What is the thing, that hath inflamde thy hart ?

LO. A certain point, as feruent as the fire.

LA. The heate shall cease, if that thou wilt conuert.

LO. I cannot stoppe the feruent raging yre.

LA. What may I do, if thy self cause thy smart ?

LO. Heare my request, alas, with weping chere.

LA. With right good wyll, say on : lo, I thee here.

LO. That thing would I, that maketh two content.

LA. Thou sekest, perchance, of me, that I may not.

LO. Would god, thou wouldst, as thou maist, well assent.

LA. That I may not, thy grief is mine : God wot.

LO. But I it fele, what so thy wordes haue ment.

LA. Suspect me not : my wordes be not forgot.

LO. Then say, alas : shall I haue help ? or no.

LA. I see no time to answer, yea, but no.

LO. Say ye, dere hart : and stand no more in dout.

LA. I may not grant a thing, that is so dere.

- LOVER. Lo, with delayes thou drieues me still about.
 LADY. Thou wouldest my death : it plainly doth appere.
 LO. Firft, may my hart his bloode, and life blede out.
 LA. Then for my sake, alas, thy will forbere.
 LO. From day to day, thus wastes my life away.
 LA. Yet, for the best, suffer some small delay.
 LO. Now, good, say yea : do once so good a dede.
 LA. If I sayd yea : what should therof ensue ?
 LO. An hart in pain of succour so should spede,
 Twixt yea, and nay, my doute shall styll renew.
 My fwete, say yea : and do away this drede.
 LA. Thou wilt nedes so : be it so : but then be trew.
 LO. Nought would I els, nor other treasure none.
 Thus hartes be wonne, by loue, request and mone.

Why loue is blinde.

OF purpose, loue chose first for to be blinde :
 For, he with sight of that, that I beholde,
 Vanquisht had been, against all godly kinde.
 His bow your hand, and trusse should haue vnfolde.
 And he with me to ferue had bene affinde.
 But, for he blinde, and recklesse would him holde :
 And still, by chance, his dedly strokes bestowe :
 With such, as see, I ferue, and suffer wo.

To his vnkinde loue.

WHAT rage is this ? what furor ? of what kinde ?
 What power, what plage doth wery thus my minde :
 Within my bones to rankle is affinde
 What poyson pleasant fwete ?

Lo, fee, myne eyes flow with continuall teares :
The body still away sleepleffe it weares :
My foode nothing my fainting strength repayres,
Nor doth my limmes sustaine.

In depe wide wound, the dedly stroke doth turne
To cureles scarre that neuer shall returne.
Go to : triumph : reioyce thy goodly turne :
Thy frend thou doest oppresse.

Oppresse thou doest : and hast of him no cure :
Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure.
Fierce Tigre, fell, hard rock without recure :
Cruell rebell to Loue,

Once may thou loue, neuer beloued again :
So loue thou styll, and not thy loue obtain :
So wrathfull love, with spites of iust disdain,
May thret thy cruell hart.

The louer blameth his instant desyre.

DESIRE (alas) my master, and my fo :
So fore altred thy self how mayst thou see ?
Sometime thou sekest, and drieues me to and fro
Sometime, thou leadst, that leadeth thee, and me.
What reason is to rule thy subiectes so ?
By forced law, and mutabilitie.

For where by thee I doutd to haue blame :
Euen now by hate again I dout thefame.

The louer complayneth his estate.

I SEE, that chance hath chofen me
Thus fecretely to liue in paine :
And, to an other geuen the fee
Of all my losse to haue the gayn.
By chance affinde thus do I ferue :
And other haue, that I deferue.

Vnto my felf fometime alone
I do lament my wofull case.
But what auaieth me to mone ?
Since troth and pitie hath no place
In them : to whom I fue and ferue :
And other haue, that I deferue.

To feke by meane to change this minde :
Alas, I proue, it will not be,
For in my hart I cannot finde
Once to refrain, but still agree,
As bounde by force, alway to ferue :
And other haue, that I deferue.

Such is the fortune, that I haue
To loue them most, that loue me left :
And to my pain to feke, and craue
The thing, that other haue poffest.
So thus in vain alway I ferue,
And other haue, that I deferue.

And till I may apease the heate :
If that my happe will happe so well :
To waile my wo my hart shall freate :
Whose penfif pain my tong can tell.
Yet thus vnhappy must I ferue :
And other haue, that I deferue.

Against houlders of money.

FOR shamefast harm of great, and hatefull nede :
In depe despayre, as did a wretch go,
With ready corde, out of his life to spede :
His stumbling foote did finde an hoorde, lo,
Of golde, I fay : where he preparde this dede :
And in eschange, he left the corde, tho.
He, that had hidde the golde, and founde it not :
Of that, he founde, he shapte his neck a knot.

Discription of a gonne.

VULCANE begat me : Minerua me taught :
Nature, my mother : Craft nourisht me yere by yere :
Three bodyes are my foode : my strength is in naught :
Angre, wrath, waft, and noyce are my children dere.
Gesse, frend, what I am : and how I am wraught :
Monfter of sea, or of land, or of els where.
Know me, and vse me : and I may thee defend :
And if I be thine enmy, I may thy life end.

*Wiat being in prison, to
Brian.*

SYGHES are my foode : my drink are my teares.
Clinkyng of fetrers would fuch Mufick craue,
Stink, and clofe ayer away my life it weares.
Pore innocence is all the hope, I haue.
Rayn, winde, or wether iudge I by mine eares.
Malice affaultes, that righteoufneffe should haue.
Sure am I, Brian, this wound shall heale again :
But yet alas, the skarre shall still remayn.

Of difsembling wordes.

THROUGH OUT the world if it wer fought,
Faire wordes ynough a man shall finde :
They be good chepe they coft right nought.
Their fubftance is but onely winde :
But well to fay and fo to mene,
That fwete acord is feldom fene.

*Of the meane and fure
estate.*

STOND who fo lift vpon the flipper whele,
Of hye aftate and let me here reioyce.
And vfe my life in quietneffe eche dele,
Vnknownen in court that hath the wanton toyces.

In hidden place my time shall flowly passe
And when my yeres be past withouten noyce
Let me dye olde after the common trace
For gripes of death doth he to hardly passe
That knowen is to all: but to him selfe alas,
He dyeth vnknown, dased with dreadfull face.

The courtiers life.

IN court to serue decked with freshe aray,
Of sugred meates felyng the fwete repast:
The life in bankets, and fundry kindes of play,
Amid the presse of lordly lokes to waste,
Hath with it ioynde oft times such bitter taste.
That who so ioyes such kinde of life to holde,
In prizon ioyes fettred with cheines of gold.

*Of disapointed purpose by
negligence.*

OF Carthage he that worthy warriour
Could ouercome. but could not vse his chaunce
And I likewise of all my long endeuour
The sharpe conquest though fortune did aduance,
Ne could I vse. The holde that is geuen ouer,
I vnpossfest, so hangeth in balance
Of warre, my peace, reward of all my paine,
At Mountzon thus I restlesse rest in Spaine.

Of his returne from Spaine.

TAGUS farewell that westward with thy streames
Turnes vp the graines of gold already tried,
For I with spurre and faile go feke the temmes,
Gaineward the funne that sheweth her welthy pride,
And to the towne that Brutus fought by dreames,
Like bended mone that leanes her lusty side.
My king, my countrey, I feke for whom I liue,
O mighty Joue the windes for this me geue.

Of sodaine trustyng.

DRIVEN by desire I did this dede
To danger my self without cause why :
To trust thuntrue not like to spede,
To speake and promise faythfully :
But now the proufe doth verifie,
That who so trusteth ere he know,
Doth hurt him self and please his foe.

*Of the mother that eat her childe at
the siege of Ierusalem.*

IN doubtfull breast whiles motherly pity
With furious famine standeth at debate,
The mother fayth : O childe vnhappy
Returne thy blood where thou hadst milke of late
Yeld me those lymmes that I made vnto thee,
And enter there where thou were generate.
For of one body agaynst all nature,
To an other must I make sepulture.

*Of the meane and sure estate written
to Iohn Poins.*

MY mothers maides when they do fowe and spinne :
They sing a song made of the feldishe moufe :
That forbicause her liuelod was but thinne,
Would nedes go se her townish sisters house,
She thought, her selfe endured to grievous payne,
The stormy blastes her caue so fore did fowse :
That when the furrowes swimm'd with the rayne :
She must lie colde, and wet in fory plight.
And worse then that, bare meat there did remaine
To comfort her, when she her house had dight :
Sometime a barley corne : sometime a beane :
For which she laboured hard both day and night,
In haruest tyme, while she might go and gleane.
And when her store was stroyed with the floode :
Then weleaway for she vndone was cleane.
Then was she faine to take in stede of fode,
Slepe if she might, her hunger to begyle.
My sister (quod she) hath a liuyng good :
And hence from me she dwelleth not a myle.
In colde and storme, she lieth warme and dry,
In bed of downe : the durt doth not defile
Her tender fote, she labours not as I,
Richely she fedes, and at the richemans cost :
And for her meat she nedes not craue nor cry.
By sea, by land, of delicates the most,

Her cater fokes, and spareth for no perill :
She fedes on boyle meat, bake meat, and on roft :
And hath therfore no whit of charge nor trauell.
And when she lift the licour of the grape
Doth glad her hart, till that her belly swell.
And at this iourney makes she but a iape :
So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth,
With her sifter her part so for to shape :
That if she might there kepe her self in health :
To liue a Lady while her life doth last.
And to the dore now is she come by stealth :
And with her fote anone she scrapes full fast.
Thother for fear, durst not well scarfe appere :
Of euery noyse so was the wretch agast.
At last, she asked softly who was there.
And in her language as well as she could,
Pepe (quod the other) sifter, I am here.
Peace (quod the towne mouse) why speakest thou so loude?
And by the hand she toke her fayre and well.
Welcome (quod she) my sifter by the rode.
She feasted her, that ioye it was to tell
The fare they hadde, they dranke the wine so clere :
And as to purpose now and then it fell :
So chered her, with how sifter what chere ?
Amid this ioye be fell a fory chance :
That (wele away) the stranger bought full dere
The fare she had. For as she lookt a scance :
Vnder a stole she spied two stemyng eyes.
In a rounde head, with sharpe eares : in Fraunce
Was neuer mouse so ferde, for the vnwife
Had not yfene such a beast before.
Yet had nature taught her after her gife,

To know her fo : and dread him euermore.
The townemouse fled : she knew whither to go :
The other had no shift, but wonders fore
Ferde of her life, at home she wisht her tho :
And to the dore (alas) as she did skippe :
The heauen it would, lo : and eke her chance was fo :
At the threshold her fely fote did trippe :
And ere she might recouer it agayne :
The traytour cat had caught her by the hippe :
And made her there against hir will remayne :
That had forgot her power, surety, and rest,
For femyng welth, wherin she thought to raine.
Alas (my Poyns) how men do feke the best,
And finde the worst, by errour as they stray,
And no maruel, when fight is so opprest,
And blindes the guide, anone out of the way
Goeth guide and all in feking quiet life.
O wretched mindes, there is no golde that may
Graunt that you feke, no warre, no peace, no strife.
No, no, although thy head were hoopt with golde,
Sergeant with mace, with hawbart, sword, nor knife,
Can not repulse the care that folow should.
Ech kinde of life hath with him his diseafe.
Liue in delite, euen as thy lust would :
And thou shalt finde, when lust doth most thee please :
It irketh straight, and by it selfe doth fade.
A small thing is it, that may thy minde appease.
None of you al there is, that is so madde,
To feke for grapes on brambles, or on bryers :
Nor none I trow that hath a witte so badde,
To fet his haye for conies ouer riuers :

Nor ye fet not a dragge net for an hare.
 And yet the thing, that most is your desire,
 You do misseke, with more trauell and care.
 Make plaine thine hart, that it be not knotted
 With hope or dreade, and fe thy will be bare
 From all affectes, whom vice hath euer spotted.
 Thy selfe content with that is thee assinde :
 And vse it well that is to thee alotted.
 Then seke no more out of thy selfe to finde
 The thing that thou hast fought so long before.
 For thou shalt feele it stickeyng in thy minde,
 Madde if ye list to continue your fore.
 Let present passe, and gape on time to come :
 And depe yourselfe in trauell more and more.
 Henceforth (my Pains) this shalbe all and summe
 These wretched foles shall haue nought els of me :
 But, to the great God and to his dome,
 None other paine pray I for them to be :
 But when the rage doth leade them from the right :
 That loking backward, Vertue they may se,
 Euen as she is, so goodly fayre and bright.
 And whilst they claspe their lustes in armes a croffe :
 Graunt them good Lord, as thou maist of thy might,
 To freate inward, for losyng such a losse.

*Of the Courtiers life written to
 John Pains.*

MYNE owne John Poyns : sins ye delite to know
 The causes why that homeward I me draw,
 And flie the prease of courtes, where so they go :
 Rather then to liue thrall vnder the awe,

Of lordly lokes, wrapped within my cloke,
To will and lust learnyng to fet a law :
It is not, because I scorne or mocke
The power of them : whom fortune here hath lent
Charge over vs, of ryght to strike the stroke.
But true it is that I haue alwayes ment
Lesse to esteeme them, then the common fort,
Of outward thinges : that iudge in their intent,
Without regard, what inward doth resort.
I graunt, sometime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my hart. Me list not to report
Blame by honour, and honour to desire.
But how may I this honour now attaine ?
That can not dye the colour blacke a lyer.
My Poyns, I can not frame my tune to fayne :
To cloke the truth, for prayse without desert,
Of them that list all nice for to retaine.
I can not honour them, that set their part
With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long :
Nor holde my peace of them, although I smart.
I can not crouch nor knele to such a wrong :
To worship them like God on earth alone :
That are as wolues these sely lambes among.
I can not with my wordes complaine and mone,
And suffer nought : nor smart without complaynt :
Nor turne the worde that from my mouth is gone.
I can not speake and loke like as a faynt :
Vse wiles for wit, and make deceyt a pleasure :
Call craft counsaile, for lucre still to paint.
I can not wrest the law to fill the coffer :
With innocent bloud to fede my selfe fatte :
And do most hurt : where that most helpe I offer.

I am not he, that can alowe the state
Of hye Ceasar, and damne Cato to dye :
That with his death did scape out of the gate,
From Ceasars handes, if Liuye doth not lye :
And would not live, where libertie was lost,
So did his hart the common wealth apply.
I am not he, such eloquence to boist :
To make the crow in singyng, as the swanne :
Nor call the lyon of coward beastes the most.
That can not take a mouse, as the cat can.
And he that dieth for hunger of the golde,
Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
Passeth Apollo in musike manifold :
Praise fyr Topas for a noble tale,
And scorne the story that the knight tolde :
Prayse him for counsell, that is dronke of ale :
Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the fway :
Frowne, when he frownes : and grone when he is pale :
On others lust to hang both night and day.
None of these poyntes would euer frame in me.
My wit is nought, I can not learne the way.
And much the lesse of thinges that greater be,
That asken helpe of colours to deuise
To ioyne the meane with ech extremitie :
With nearest vertue ay to cloke the vice.
And as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
To presse the vertue that it may not rise.
And as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
To presse the vertue that it may not rise.
As dronkenesse good fellowship to call :
The frendly foe, with his faire double face,

Say he is gentle and curties therewithal.
Affirme that favell hath a goodly grace,
In eloquence: And cruelty to name
Zeale of Justice: And change in time and place.
And he that suffreth offence withoutt blame:
Call him pitifull, and him true and plaine,
That rayleth rechlesse vnto ech mans shame.
Say he is rude, that can not lye and faine:
The letcher a loue, and tyranny
To be the right of a Prynces rayghne.
I can not, I no, no, it will not be.
This is the cause that I could neuer yet
Hang on their sleues, that weygh (as thou mayst fe)
A chippe of chance more then a pounce of wit.
This maketh me at home to hunt and hauke:
And in fowle wether at my booke to sit:
In frost and snow, then with my bow to stalke.
No man doth marke where so I ride or go.
In lusty leas at libertie I walke:
And of these newes I fele nor weale nor wo:
Saue that a clogge doth hang yet at my heele.
No force for that, for it is ordred so:
That I may leape both hedge and dike full wele,
I am not now in Fraunce, to iudge the wine:
With favry fauce those delicacies to fele.
Nor yet in Spaine where one must him incline,
Rather then to be, outwardly to seme.
I meddle not with wittes that be so fine,
Nor Flaunders chere lettes not my fyght to deme
Of blacke, and white, nor takes my wittes away
With beastlineffe: such do those beastes esteeme.
Nor I am not, where truth is geuen in pray,

For money, poyson, and treason : of some
 A common practice, vsed nyght and day.
 But I am here in Kent and christendome :
 Among the Muses, where I reade and ryme,
 Where if thou list myne owne John Poyns to come :
 Thou shalt be iudge, how I do spende my time.

*How to vse the court and him
 selfe therin, written to syr
 Fraunces Bryan.*

A SPENDYNG hand that alway powreth out,
 Had nede to haue a bringer in as fast.
 And on the stone that styll doth turne about,
 There groweth no mosse. These prouerbes yet do last :
 Reason hath set them in so sure a place :
 That length of yeres their force can neuer waste.
 When I remember this, and eke the case,
 Wherin thou standst : I thought forthwith to write,
 (Brian) to thee ? who knowes how great a grace
 In writyng is to counsaile man the right.
 To thee therefore that trottes still vp and downe :
 And neuer restes, but runnyng day and night,
 From realme to realme, from citye, strete, and towne.
 Why doest thou weare thy body to the bones ?
 And mightest at home slepe in thy bedde of downe :
 And drinke good ale so noppie for the nones :
 Fede thy selfe fatte, and heape vp pounce by pounce.
 Likest thou not this ? No. Why ? For swine so gromes
 In sty, and chaw dung moulded on the ground.

And driuel on pearles, with head styll in the manger,
So of the harpe the affe doth heare the found.
So sackes of durt be filde. The neate courtier
So serues for leffe, then do these fatted fwine.
Though I seme leane and drye, withouten moysture :
Yet will I serue my prince, my lord and thine.
And let them liue to fede the paunch that lyst :
So I may liue to fede both me and myne.
By God well said. But what and if thou wist
How to bring in, as fast as thou doest spend.
That would I learne. And it shall not be mist,
To tell thee how. Now harke what I intende.
Thou knowest well first, who so can seke to please,
Shall purchase frendes : where trouth, shall but offend.
Flee therefore truth, it is both welth and ease.
For though that trouth of euery man hath prayse :
Full neare that winde goeth trouth in great misease.
Vse vertue, as it goeth now a dayes :
In worde alone to make thy language swete :
And of the dede yet do not as thou saies.
Els be thou sure : thou shalt be farre unmete
To get thy bread, ech thing is now so skant.
Seke still thy profite vpon thy bare fete.
Lende in no wise : for feare that thou do want :
Unlesse it be, as to a calfe a chese :
By which returne be sure to winne a cant
Of halfe at least. It is not good to leese.
Learne at the ladde, that in a long white cote,
From vnder the stall, withouten landes or feese,
Hath lept into the shoppe : who knowes by rote
This rule that I haue told thee here before.
Sometime also riche age beginnes to dote,

See thou when there thy gaine may be the more.
Stay him by the arme, wherefo he walke or go :
Be nere alway, and if he coughe to fore :
What he hath spit treade out, and please him fo.
A diligent knaue that pikes his masters purse,
May please him fo, that he withouten mo
Executour is. And what is he the wurs ?
But if so chance, thou get nought of the man :
The wydow may for all thy charge deburs.
A riueled skynne, a stinkyng breath, what than ?
A tothelesse mouth shall do thy lippes no harme.
The golde is good, and though she curse or banne :
Yet where thee list, thou mayest lye good and warme.
Let the olde mule bite vpon the bridle :
Whilst there do lye a fweter in thy arme.
In this also see thou be not idle :
Thy nece, thy cosyn, thy sifter, or thy daughter,
If she bee faire : if handsome be her middle :
If thy better hath her loue befought her :
Auaunce his cause, and he shall helpe thy nede.
It is but loue, turne it to a laughter.
But ware I say, so gold thee helpe and spede :
That in this case thou be not so vnwise
As Pandar was in such a like dede.
For he the sole of conscience was so nice :
That he no gaine would haue for all his payne.
Be next thy selfe for frendshyp beares no price.
Laughest thou at me, why ? do I speake in vaine ?
No not at thee, but at thy thrifty iest.
Wouldest thou, I should for any losse or gayne,
Change that for golde that I haue tane for best
Next godly thinges : to haue an honest name ?

Should I leaue that? then take me for a beast.
Nay then farewell, and if thou care for fhame :
Content thee then with honest povertie :
With free tong, what thee mislikes, to blame,
And for thy trouth sometime aduersitie.
And therewithal this thing I shall thee giue,
In this world now little prosperitie :
And coyne to kepe, as water in a fiue.

The song of Iopas, vnfinished.

WHEN Dido feasted the wanderyng Troian knight :
Whō Junos wrath w fformes did force in Libyk fāds to light
That mighty Atlas taught, the supper laftyng long,
With crisped lockes on golden harpe, Iopas sang in song.
That fame (quod he) that we the world do call and name :
Of heauen and earth with all contents, it is the very frame.
Or thus, of heauenly powers by more power kept in one
Repungnant kindes, in mids of whō the earth hath place
alone :

Firme, round, of liuing thinges, the mother place and nourse :
Without the which the egal weight, this heuen doth hold
his course

And it is callde by name, the first and mouyng heauen,
The firmament is placed next, conteinyng other seuen,
Of heauenly powers that fame is planted full and thicke :
As fhinyng lightes which we call stars, that therin cleue
and sticke.

With great swift fway, the first, & with his restlesse fours,
Carieth it felf, and al those eyght, in euen continuall cours.

And of this world so round within that rolling case,
Two points there be that neuer moue, but firmly kepe their
place

The tone we see alway, the tother standes obiect
Against the same, deuidyng iust the grounde by line direct.
Which by imaginacion drawn from the one to thother
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other.
And these be callde the Poles, discryde by starres not bright.
Artike the one northward we see: Antartike thother hyght.
The line, that we deuise from thone to thother so:
As axel is, vpon the which the heauens about do go
Which of water nor earth, of ayre nor fire, haue kinde.
Therefore the substance of those same were harde for man to
finde.

But they bene vncorrupt, simple and pure vnmixt:
And so we say been all those starres, that in those same be fixt.
And eke those erryng feuen, in circle as they stray:
So calld, because agaynst that first they haue repungnant
way:

And smaller bywayes to, skant sensible to man:
To busy worke for my pore harpe: let sing them he, that can.
The wydest faue the first, of all these nine aboue,
One hundred yere doth aske of space, for one degree to moue.
Of which degrees we make, in the first moouyng heauen,
Three hundred and threscore in partes iustly deuided euen.
And yet there is another betwene those heauens two:
Whose mouyng is so fly so slack: I name it not for now.
The feuenth heauen or the shell, next to the starry sky,
All those degrees that gatherth vp, with aged pace so fly:
And doth performe the same, as elders count hath bene,
In nine and twenty yeres complete, and daies almost fixtene:

Doth cary in his bowt the starre of Saturne old :
A threatner of all liuyng things, with drought & with his
cold.

The fixt whom this conteyns, doth stalke with yoonger pafe :
And in twelue yere doth fomwhat more than thothers viage
was.

And this in it doth bear the starre of Joue benigne,
Twene Saturns malice and vs men, frendly defendyng signe.
The fift bears bloudy Mars, that in three hundred daies
And twife eleuen with one full yere, hath finisht all those
wayes.

A yere doth aske the fourth, and howers therto fixe,
And in the fame the dayes eie the funne, therin her styckes.
The third, that gouernd is by that, that gouerns mee :
And loue for loue, and for no love prouokes : as oft we see :
In like space doth performe that course, that did the tother.
So dothe the next vnto the fame, that second is in order.
But it doth bear the starre, that call'd is Mercury :
That many a crafty secrete steppe doth tread, as Calcars try.
That sky is laft, and fixt next vs, those wayes hath gone,
In feuen and twenty comon dayes, and eke the third of one :
And beareth with his fway, the diuers Moone about :
Now bright, now brown, now bēt, now ful, & now her light
is out

Thus haue they of their owne two mouynges al these feuen
One, wherein they be caried still, ech in his feveral heuen.
An other of them felues, where their bodyes be layed
In bywayes, and in leffer rowndes, as I afore haue fayd.
Saue of them all the funne doth stray left from the streight,
The starry sky hath but one cours, that we haue calde the
eight.

And all these moouynges eight are ment from west to the
east :

Although they seme to clime aloft, I say from east to west.

But that is but by force of their first mouyng fky :

In twise twelue houres frō east to east y^tcarieth thē by and by.

But marke we well also, these mouinges of these feuen,

Be not about the axell tree of the first mouyng heuen.

For they haue their two poles directly tone to the tother, &c.

T. WYATE the elder.

SONGES WRITTEN BY NICOLAS
GRIMALD.

A trueloue.

WHAT sweet releef the fhowers to thirftie plants we fee :
What dere delite, the blooms to beez : my trueloue' is
to mee.
As frefh, and lufly vere foule winter doth exceed :
As morning bright, with fcarlet fky, doth paffe the
euenings weed :
As melow peares aboue the crabs efteemed be :
So doth my loue furmount them all, whom yet I hap to fe.
The oke fhall oliues bear : the lamb, the lion fray :
The owle fhall match the nightingale, in tuning of
her lay :
Or I my loue let flip out of mine entiere hert :
So deep repofed in my brest is fhe, for her defert.
For many blessed giftes, O happy, happy land :
Where Mars, and Pallas ftriue to make their glory moft
to ftand
Yet land, more is thy bliffe : that in this cruell age,
A Venus ymp, thou haft brought forth, fo ftedefaft and fo
fage.
Among the Mufes nyne, a tenth yf Joue would make :
And to the Graces three, a fourth : her would Apollo take
Let fome for honour hoont, and hourd the maffy golde :
With her fo I may liue, and dye, my weale cannot be tolde.

*The louer to his dear, of his
exceding loue.*

PHEBE twise took her horns, twise layd them by :
I, all the while, on thee could set no yie.
Yet doo I liue : if life you may it call,
Which onely holds my heauy hert, as thrall.
Certesse for death doo I ful often pray,
To rid my wo, and pull these pangs away.
So plaines Prometh, his womb no time to faile :
And, ayelife left, had leeper, he might quaille.
I erre, orels who this deuise first found,
By that gripes name he cleped loue vnfound.
In all the town, what streat haue I not seen ?
In all the town, yet hath not Carie been.
Eyther thy fier restraines thy free outgate,
O woman, worthy of farre better state :
Or peeplepesterd London lykes thee nought,
But pleasant ayr, in quiet countrie sought.
Perchaunce in olds our loue thou doest repeat,
And in sure place woldst euery thing retreat.
Forth shall I go, ne will I stay for none,
Vntyll I may somewhere finde thee alone.
Therwhile, keep you of hands, and neck the heew :
Let not your cheeks becomm or black, or bleew
Go with welcouerd hed : for you in case
Apollo spied, burn wold he on your face.

Daphne, in groue, clad with the bark of bay tree :
 Ay mee, if fuch a tale fould ryfe of thee.
 Calisto found, in woods, Joues force to fell :
 I pray you, let him not like you fo well.
 Eigh, how much dreed ? Here lurks of theeus a haunt :
 Whofo thou beeft, preyfeeker prowde, auaunt.
 Acteon may teach thee Dictynnaes ire :
 Of trouth, this goddeffe hath as fiers a fire.
 What doo I fpeak ? O chief part of my minde,
 Vnto your eares thefe woords no way doo finde.
 Wold god, when you read this, obferue I might
 Your voyce, and of your countinaunce haue fight,
 Then, for our loue, good hope were not to feek :
 I mought fay with myfelf, fhe will be meek.
 Doutleffe I coom, what euer town you keep,
 Or where you woon, in woods, or mountanes fteep.
 I coom, and if all pear not in my face,
 Myfelf will meffenger be of my cafe.
 If to my prayer all deaf, you dare fay, no :
 Streight of my death agilted fhall you go.
 Yet in mid death, this fame fhall eafe my hart :
 That Carie, thou wert caufe of all the fmart.

*The louer asketh pardon of his dere,
 for fleeyng from her.*

LOUERS men warn the corps beloued to flee,
 From the blinde fire in cafe they wold liue free.
 Aye me, how oft haue I fled thee, my Day ?
 I flee, but loue bides in my brest alway.

Lo yet agayn, I graunt I can remoue :
But both I could, and can fay still, I loue.
If woods I seek, cooms to my thought Adone :
And well the woods do know my heauy mone.
In gardens if I walk : Narcissus there
I spy, and Hyacints with weeping chere.
If meads I tred, O what a fyre I feel ?
In flames of loue I burn from hed to heel.
Here I behold dame Ceres ymp in flight :
Here see, methynk, black Plutoes steeds in fight.
Stronds if I look vpon, the Nymphs I mynde :
And, in mid sea, oft feruent powrs I fynde.
The hyer that that I clyme, in mountanes wyld,
The neerer mee approchet Venus chylde.
Towns if I haunt : in short shall I all fay ?
There foondry fourms I view, none to my pay.
Her fauour now I note, and now her yies :
Her hed, amisse : her foot, her cheeks, her guyfe.
In fyne, where mater wants, defautes I fayn :
Whom other, fayr : I deem she hath soom stayn.
What boots it then to flee, fythe in nightyde,
And daytyme to, my Day is at my side ?
A shade therefore mayst thou be calld, by ryght :
But shadowes derk, thou, Day, art euer bright.
Nay rather, worldly name is not for thee :
Sithe thou at once can in twoo places bee.
Forgeue me, goddesse, and becom my sheeld :
Euen Venus to Anchise herself dyd yeeld.
Lo, I confesse my flight : bee good therefore :
Joue, oftentimes, hath pardond mee for more.
Next day, my Day, to you I coom by way :
And, yf you suffer mee, due payns wyll pay.

*N. Vincent to G. Blackwood,
agaynst wedding.*

SYTHE, Blackwood, you haue mynde to wed a wife :
I pray you, tell, wherefore you like that life.
What? that henceforth you may liue more in blisse?
I am beguylde, but you take mark amisse.
Either your fere shall be defourmd: (and can
You blisful be, with flower of frying pan?
Orels of face indifferent: (they fay,
Face but indifferent will soone decay.)
Or faire: who, then, for many men femes fine:
Ne can you fay, she is all holly mine.
And be she chaste (if noman chaunce to sew)
A fort of brats she bringes, and troubles new :
Or frutelesse will so passe long yeres with thee,
That scant one day shall voyd of brawlyng bee.
Hereto heap vp vndaunted hed, stif hart,
And all the rest: eche spouse can tell a part.
Leaue then, this way, to hope for happy life:
Rather be your bed sole, and free from strife.
Of blessed state if any path be here:
It lurketh not, where women wonne so nere.

*G. Blackwood to N. Vincent,
with weddyng.*

SYTHE, Vincent, I haue minde to wed a wife:
You bid me tell, wherefore I like that life.
Foule will I not, faire I desire: content,
If faire me fayle, with one indifferent.

Fair, you alledge, a thousand will applie:
 But, nere so oft requirde, she will denie.
 Meane beautie doth soone fade: therof playn hee,
 Who nothing loues in woman but her blee.
 Frute if she bring, of frute is ioyfull fight:
 If none, what then? our burden is but light.
 The rest, you ming, certesse, we graunt, be great:
 Stif hert, vndaunted hed cause foom to treat.
 But, in all thinges, inborne displeasures be:
 Yea pleasure we, full of displeasure, se.
 And maruail you, I looke to good estate,
 Hereafter if a woman be my mate?
 Oh straight is vertues path, if sooth men say:
 And likewise, that I seek, straight is the way.

The Muses.

I MYS of king Joue, and quene Remembrance lo,
 The sisters nyne, the poets pleasant feres.
 Calliope doth stately style bestow,
 And worthy prayfes payntes of princely yeres.
 Clio in solem songes, reneweth old day,
 With present yeres conioynyng age bypast.
 Delitefull talke loues Comicall Thaley:
 In fresh green youth, who dothe like laurell last.
 With voyces Tragicall fowndes Melpomen,
 And, as with cheyns, thallured eare shee bindes.
 Her stringes when Terpsichor doth touche, euen then
 Shee toucheth hartes, and raigneth in mens mindes.

Fine Erato, whose look a liuely chere
Presents, in dauncyng keeps a comely grace.
With femely gesture doth Polymnie stere :
Whose wordes holle routes of renkes doo rule in place,
Uranie, her globes to view all bent,
The nine folde heauen obserues with fixed face.
The blastes Euterpe tunes of instrument,
With solace sweet hence heauie dumps to chase.
Lord Phebus in the mids (whose heauenly sprite
These ladies doth inspire) embraceth all.
The graces in the Muses weed, delite
To lead them forth, that men in maze they fall.

*Musonius the Philosophers
saiyng.*

IN workyng well, if trauell you sustaine :
Into the winde shall lightly passe the payne :
But of the deed the glory shall remaine,
And cause your name with worthy wightes to raigne.
In workyng wrong, if pleasure you attaine :
The pleasure soon shall vade, and uoyde as vaine :
But of the deed, throughout the life, the shame
Endures, defacyng you with fowl defame :
And stil torments the minde, both night and daye :
Scant length of time the spot can wash awaye.
Flee then ylfwading pleasures baits vntreew :
And noble vertues fayr renown purseew.

*Marcus Catoes comparifon of mans
life with yron.*

WHO wold beleeeue mans life like yron to bee,
 But proof had been, great Cato, made by thee?
 For if long time, one put this yron in vre,
 Folowing ech day his woork, with byfye cure:
 With dayly vfe, hee may the metall wear,
 And bothe the ftrength, and hardneffe eke impaire.
 Again, in cafe his yron bee caft afide,
 And careleffe long let it vntoucht abide:
 Sythe, cankerd ruft inuades the mettall fore,
 And her fowl teeth there faftneth more and more.
 So man, in cafe his corps hee tyre, and faint
 With labor long: his ftrength it fhall attain.
 But in fluggard flothe, the fame dothe lye:
 That manly might will fall away, and dye:
 That bodies ftrength, that force of wit remooue:
 Hee fhall, for man, a weaklyng woman prooue.
 Wherefore, my childe, holde twene thefe twaine the waye:
 Nother with to much toyl thy lym decaye,
 In idle eafe nor giue to vices place:
 In bothe who meafure, keeps, hee hath good grace.

*Cleobulus the Lydians
riddle.*

ONE is my fire: my foons, twife fix they bee:
 Of daughters ech of them begets, you fee,

Thrise ten : wherof one fort be fayr of face,
The oother doth vnseemly black disgrace.
Nor this holl rout is thrall vnto deathdaye,
Nor worn with wastful time, but liue alwaye :
And yet the same alwaies (straunge case) do dye.
The fire, the daughters, and the soons diftry.
Incase you can so hard a knot vnknit :
You shall I count an Edipus in wit.

Concerning Virgils Eneids.

By heauens hye gift, incase reuiued were
Lysip, Apelles, and Homer the great :
The moste renownd, and ech of them sance pere,
In grauyng, paintyng, and the Poets feat :
Yet could they not, for all their vein diuine,
In marble, table, paper more, or lesse,
With cheezil, pencil, or with poyntel fyne,
So graue, so paynt, or so by stile expresse
(Though they beheld of euery age, and land
The fayrest books, in euery tounge contriued,
To frame a fourm, and to direct their hand)
Of noble prince the liuely shape descriued :
As, in the famous woork, that Eneids hight,
The naamkouth Virgil hath set forth in sight.

Of mirth.

A heauy hart, with wo encreaseth euery smart :
A mirthfull minde in time of need, defendeth sorowes dart.

The sprite of quicneffe seems, by drery fadneffe flayn :
By mirth, a man to liuely plight, reuiued is agayn.
Dolour dryeth vp the bones : the sad shall sone be sick :
Mirth can preferue the kyndly helth, mirth makes the body
quick.

Depe dumps do nought, but dull, not meet for man but
beast :

A mery hart sage Salomon countes his continuall feast.
Sad foll, before thy time, brings thee vnto deaths dore :
That fond condicions haue bereft, late daye can not restore.
As, when the couered heauen, shoves forth a lowryng face,
Fayr Titan, with his leam of light, returns a goodly grace :
So, when our burdened breft is whelmd with cloudy thought,
A pleasant calm throughout the corps, by chereful hart is
brought.

Enioye we then our ioyes, and in the lorde reioyce :
Faith makyng fast eternall ioye, of ioyes while wee haue
choyce.

To L. I. S.

CHARIS the fourth, Pieris the tenth, the second Cypris Jane,
One to assemblies thre adioynd: whom Phebus fere, Diane,
Among the Nymphes Orcades, might wel vouchsafe to
place :

But you as great a goddesse ferue, the quenes most noble
grace :

Allhayle, and while, like Terpsichor, much melody you
make :

Which if the field, as doth the court, enioyd, the trees wold
shake :

While latine you, and french frequent : while Englifh tales
you tel :

Italian whiles, and Spanifh you do hear, and know full well :
Amid fuch peares, and folemne fightes, in cafe conuenient
tyme

You can (good Lady) fpare to read a rurall poets ryme :
Take here his fimple fawes, in briefe : wherin no need to
moue

Your Ladifhyp, but thus lo fpeakes thabundance of his loue.
The worthy feates that now fo much fet forth your noble
name,

So haue in vre, they ftill encreaft, may more encreafe your
fame.

For though diuine your doings be, yet thews wt yeres may
grow :

And if you ftay, ftreight now adayes fresh wits will ouergo.
Wherefore the glory got maintayne, maintayne the honour
great.

So fhall the world my doome approue, and fet you in that
feat,

Where Graces, Mufes, and Joues ymp, the ioyfull Venus,
raigne :

So fhall the bachelor blessed bee, can fuch a Nymph obtaine.

To maiftres D. A.

WHAT caufe, what reafō moueth me : that fanfy filis my
brains

That you I minde of virgins al, whō Britan foile fufstains.
Bothe when to lady Mnemofynes dere daughters I refort,
And eke whē I ye feafon flow deceaue, wt glad difport?

What force, what power haue you so great, what charms
haue you late foūd,
To pluck, to draw, to rauish hartes, & sterre out of ther
ftownd?

To you, I trow, Joues daughter hath the louely gyrdle lent,
That Cestos hight: wherin there bee all maner graces blent,
Allurementes of conceits, of wordes the pleasurable taste:
That fame, I gesse, hath giuen you, and girt about your waste
Beset with fute of precious pearl, as bright as sunny day.
But what? I am beguilde, and gone (I wene) out of the way.
These causes lo do not so much present your image preft,
That will I, nill I, night and day, you lodge within this brest:
Those gifts of your right worthy minde, those goldē gifts of
mind

Of my fast fixed fansiefourm first moouing cause I finde:
Loue of the one, and threefold powr: faith sacred, found,
sincere:

A modest maydens mood: an hert, from clowd of enuy
clere:

Wit, fed with Pallas food diuine: will, led with louely lore:
Memorie, conteining lessons great of ladies fiue and fowr:
Woords, sweeter, than the sugar sweet, with heauenly nectar
drest:

Nothing but coomly can they carp, and wonders well
exprest.

Such damfels did the auncient world, for Poets penns,
suffise:

Which, now a dayes, welnye as rare, as Poets fyne, aryse.
Wherefore, by gracious gifts of god, you more than thrife
yblest:

And I welblest myself suppose: whom chaste full loue imprest,

In frendships lace, with fuch a lasse, doth knit, and fast
combine :
Which lace no threatning fortune fhall, no length of tyme
vntwine :
And I that daye, with gem fnowwhite, will mark, & eke
depaynt
With pricely pen : which, Awdley, firft gan mee with you
acquaint.

Of m. D. A.

D ESSERTS of Nymphs, that auncient Poets showe,
A r not fo kouth, as hers : whose present face
M ore than my Muse, may cause the world to knowe
A nature nobly giuen : of woorthy race :
S o trayned vp, as honour did bestowe.
C yllene, in fugerd speech, gaue her a grace.
E xcell in fong Apollo made his dere.
N o fingerfeat Minerue hid from her fight.
E xprest in look, she hath so fouerain chere.
A s Cyprian once breathed on the Spartan bright.
W it, wisdom, will, woord, woork, and all, I ween,
D are nomans pen presume to paint outright.
L o luyfterand light : which if old tyme had seen,
E ntroned, shyne she should, with goddesse Fame.
Y eeld, Enuie, these due prayfes to this dame.

*A new yeres gift, to
the l. M. S.*

Now flaming Phebus, passing through his heauenly regiō
hye,
The vttrest Ethiopian folk with feruent beams doth frye :

And with the foon, the yere also his fecret race doth roon :
 And Janus, with his double face, hath it again begoon.
 O thou, that art the hed of all, whom mooneths, and yeres
 obey :

At whose commaund bee bothe the sterres, and farges of
 the fea :

By powr diuine, now prosper vs this yere with good successe :
 This well to lead, and many mo, vs with thy fauour bleffe.
 Graunt, with found foll in body found that here we dayly
 go :

And, after, in that countrey lyue, whence bannisht is all wo:
 Where hoonger, thirst, and fory age, and sickneffe may not
 mell :

No fense perceius, no hert bethinks the ioyes, that there do
 dwel.

An other to l. M. S.

So happy bee the course of your long life :
 So roon the yere intoo his circle ryfe :
 That nothyng hynder your welmeanynge minde :
 Sharp wit may you, remembrans redy fynde,
 Perfect intelligence, all help at hand :
 Styll stayd your thought in frutefull studies stand.
 Hed framed thus may thother parts well frame,
 Diuine demeanour wyn a noble name :
 By payzed doom with leasure, and good heed :
 By vpright dole, and much auayling deed :
 By hert vnthirld, by vndiscomfite chere,
 And breft discharged quite of coward fere :

By fobermood, and orders coomly rate :
In weal and wo, by holdyng one estate.
And to that beauties grace, kynde hath you lent,
Of bodies helth a perfite plight be blent.
Dame fortunes gifts may so stand you in sted,
That well, and wealfully your lyfe be led.
And hee, who giues these graces not in vayn,
Direct your deeds, his honour to maintain.

To l. K. S.

To you, madame, I wish, bothe now, and eke from yere to
yere,
Strēgth wt Debore, wt Judith faith, wt Maudlē zeal, Anns
chere
With blessed Mary modest moode: like Sibill, life full long:
A mynde with sacred sprite enspired, wit fresh, and body
strong:
And, when of your forepointed fate you haue outroon the
race:
Emong all these, in Joues hye raygn of bliffes full, a place.

To l. E. S.

As this first daye of Janus youthe restores vnto the yere:
So bee your minde in coorage good reuiued, and herty chere.
And as dame Tellus labreth now her frutes conceiued to
breed:
Rightso of your most forward wit may great auail proceed.

So lucky bee the yere, the mooneths, the weeks, ye dayes,
ye howrs
That them, with long recours, you may enioy in blisfull
bowrs.

To m. D. A.

GORGEOUS attire, by art made trym, and clene,
Cheyn, bracelet, perl, or gem of Indian riuer,
To you I nil, ne can (good Damascene)
This time of Janus Calends, here deliuer.
But what? My hert: which, though long fins certain
Your own it was, aye present at your heft:
Yet here itself doth it resigne agayn,
Within these noombers clofde. Where, think you best
This to repose? There, I suppose, where free
Minerue you place. For it hath you embraste,
As thHeliconian Nymphs: with whom, euen hee,
That burn for foom, Apollo liueth chaste.
Presents in case by raarneffe you esteem:
O Lord, how great a gift shall this you seem?

To m. S. H.

To you this present yere full fayre and fortunate fall,
Returning now to his prime part, good luck therwithall,
May it proceed: and end, and oft return, to glad your
hert:
O Sufan, whom among my frendes I count, by your
desert.

Joy may your heauenly sprite : endure fresh wit in ye fyne
brayn :
Your knowledge of good things encreas : your body, safe
remain :
A body, of such shape, as sheweth a worthy wight by kynde :
A closet, fit for to contain the vertues of that minde.
What shall I yet moreouer add ? God graunt, w^t pleasant
mate
A pleasant life you lead. Well may that man reioyse his
fate.

To his familiar friend.

No image carued with connyng hand, no cloth of purple
dye,
No precious weight of metall bright, no siluer plate gyue I:
Such gear allures not heuēly herts : such gifts no grace they
bring :
I lo, y^t know your minde, will fend none such. what then?
nothing.

Description of Vertue.

WHAT one art thou, thus in torn weed yclad ?
Vertue, in price whom auncient fages had.
Why poorly rayd ? For fadyng goodes past care.
Why doublefaced ? I mark ech fortunes fare.
This bridle what ? Mindes rages to restrain.
Tooles why beare you ? I loue to take great pain.
Why winges ? I teach aboue the starres to flye.
Why tread you death ? I onely cannot dye.

Prayse of measure-kepyng.

THE auncient time commended, not for nought,
The mean : what better thing can ther be fought ?
In mean, is vertue placed : on either side,
Bothe right and left, amisse a man shall slide.
Icar, with fire hadst thou the mid way flown,
Icarian beck by name had no man known.
If middle path kept had proud Phaeton,
No burning brand this erth had falln vpon.
Ne cruell powr, ne none so soft can raign :
That keeps the mean, the same shall styll remain.
Thee, Julie, once did toomuch mercy spill :
Thee, Nero stern, rigor extreem did kill.
How could August so many yeres well passe ?
Nor ouermeek, nor ouerferse he was.
Worship not Joue with curious fanfies vain,
Nor him despise : hold right atween these twayn.
No wastefull wight, no greedy goom is prayzd.
Stands largeffe iust, in egall balance payzd.
So Catoes meal furmoutes Antonius chere,
And better fame his sober fare hath here.
To slender buildyng, bad : as bad, to grosse :
One, an eyefore, the tother falls to losse.
As medcines help, in measure : so (God wot)
By ouermuch, the sick their bane haue got.
Vnmeet mee seems to vtter this, mo wayes :
Measure forbids vnmeasurable prayse.

*Mans life after Possidonius,
or Crates.*

WHAT path list you to tred ? what trade will you assaye ?
The courts of plea, by braul, & bate, driue gentle peace
away.

In house, for wife, and childe, there is but cark, and care :
With trauail, and with toyl ynough, in feelds wee vse to
fare.

Vpon the seas lieth dreed : the riche, in foraine land,
Doo feare the losse: and there, the poore, like misers poorly
stand.

Strife, with a wife, without, your thrift full hard to see :
Yong brats, a trouble: none at all, a maym it seems to bee:
Youth, fond : age hath no hert, and pincheth all to nye.
Chooße then the leeper of these twoo, no life, or foon to dye.

*Metrodorus minde to the
contrarie.*

WHAT race of life ronne you ? what trade will you assaye ?
In courts, is glory gott, and witt encreased daye by daye.
At home, wee take our ease, and beak our selues in rest :
The feelds our nature doo refresh with pleasures of the best.
On seas, is gayn to gett : the straunger, hee shall bee
Esteemed, hauing much: if not, none knoweth his lack, but
hee.

A wife will trym thy house : no wife ? then art thou free.
 Brood is a louely thing : without, thy life is loose to thee.
 Yong bloods be strong : old fires in double honour dwell.
 Doo waye that choys, no life, or foon to dye : for all is well.

Of lawes.

WHEN princes lawes, wt reuerend right, do keep y^e co^mons
 vnder

As meek as lābes, thei do their charge, & scatter not afunder.
 But if they raife their heades aloft, and lawe her brydle flake:
 Then, like a tyger fell, they fare, and lust for law they take.
 Where water dothe preuail, and fire, no mercy they expresse:
 But yet the rage of that rude rout is much more mercileffe.

Of frendship.

OF all the heauenly gifts, that mortall men commend,
 What trusty treasure in the world can co^uteruail a frend ?
 Our helth is foon decayd : goodes, casuall, light, and vain :
 Broke haue we seen the force of powr, and honour suffer stain.
 In bodies lust, man doth resemble but base brute :
 True vertue gets, and keeps a frend, good guide of our
 pursute :

Whose harty zeal with ours accords, in euery case :
 No terme of time, no space of place, no storme can it deface.
 When fickle fortune fayls, this knot endureth still :
 Thy kin out of their kinde may swarue, when frēds owe
 thee good wil.

What sweeter folace fhall befall, than one to finde,
Vpon whose brest thou mayft repose the secrets of thy
minde?

Hee wayleth at thy wo, his tears with thine be shed :
With thee dothe hee all ioyes enioye : fo leef a life is led.
Behold thy frend, and of thy self the pattern see :
One foull, a wonder fhall it seem, in bodies twain to bee.
In absence, present, riche in want, in sickenefse fownd,
Yea, after death aliue, mayft thou by thy fure frend be
found.

Ech house, ech towne, ech realm by stedfast loue dothe stand :
Where fowl debate breeds bitter bale, in eche diuided land.
O frendship, flowr of flowrs : O liuely sprite of life,
O sacred bond of blisfull peace, the stalworth staunch of
strife :

Scipio with Lelius didst thou conioyn in care,
At home, in warrs, for weal and wo, with egall faith to fare :
Gesippus eke with Tite, Damon with Pythias,
And with Menetus sonne Achill, by thee combined was.
Euryalus, and Nifus gaue Virgil caufe to sing :
Of Pylades doo many rymes, and of Orestes ring.
Down Theseus went to hell, Pirith, his frend to finde :
O y^t the wiues, in these our dayes, were to their mates fo
kinde.

Cicero, the frendly man, to Atticus, his frend,
Of frendship wrote : such couples lo dothe lott but feeldom
lend.

Recount thy race, now ronne : how few shalt thou there see,
Of whome to faye : This fame is hee, that neuer fayled mee.
So rare a iewel then must nedes be holden dere :
And as thou wilt esteem thyself, so take thy chofen fere.

The tyrant, in dispayre, no lack of gold bewayls :
But, Out I am vndoon (fayth hee) for all my frendship fayls.
Wherefore fins nothing is more kindly for our kinde :
Next wifdome, thus that teacheth vs, loue we the frendful
minde.

The Garden.

THE issue of great Joue, draw nere you, Muses nine :
Help vs to praise the blisfull plott of garden ground so fine.
The garden giues good food, and ayd for leaches cure :
The garden, full of great delite, his master dothe allure.
Sweet fallet herbs bee here, and herbes of euery kinde :
The ruddy grapes, the seemly frutes bee here at hand to
finde.

Here pleafans wanteth not, to make a man full fayn :
Here marueilous the mixture is of folace, and of gain.
To water fondry feeds, the forow by the waye
A ronning riuer, trilling downe with liquor, can conuay.
Beholde, with liuely heew, fayr flowrs that shyne so bright :
With riches, like the orient gems, they paynt the molde in
fight.

Beez, humming with soft found, (their murmur is so small)
Of blooms and bloffoms suck the topps, on dewed leaues they
fall.

The creping vine holds down her own bedewed elms :
And wādering out w^t branches thick, reeds folded ouer-
whelms.

Trees fpred their couerts wyde, with fhadows fresh and gaye :
Full well their branched bowz defend the feruent sonne
awaye.

Birds chatter, and some chirp, and some sweet tunes doo
yeeld :

All mirthfull, w^t their songs so blithe, they make both ayre,
& feeld.

The garden, it allures, it feeds, it glads the sprite :
Frō heauy harts all doolfull dumps the garden chafeth quite.
Stength it restores to luns, drawes, and fulfils the fight :
With chere reuiues the senses all, and maketh labour light.
O, what delites to vs the garden ground dothe bring ?
Seed, leaf, flowr, frute, herb, bee, and tree, & more, then
I may fing.

*An epitaph of sir Iames
Wilford knight.*

THE worthy Wilfords body, which alyue,
Made both the Scot, and Frenchman fore adrad :
A body, shapte of stomake stout to striue
With forein fors : a corps, that coorage had
So full of force, the like nowhere was ryfe :
With hert, as free, as ere had gentle knight :
Now here in graue (thus chaungeth ay, this lyfe)
Refts, with vnrest to many a wofull wight.
Of largesse great, of manhod, of forecast
Can ech good English souldiour bear record.
Speak Laundersey, tell Muttrell maruails past :
Trye Muffelborough : prayse Haddington thy lord,
From thee that held both Scots, and frekes of Fraunce :
Farewel, may England say, hard is my chaunce.

*An other, of the same
knightes death.*

FOR Wilford wept first men, then ayr also,
 For Wilford felt the wayters wayfull wo.
 The men so wept : that bookes, abroad which bee,
 Of moornyng meeters full a man may fee.
 So wayld the ayr : that clowds confumde, remaynd
 No dropes, but drouth the parched erth fustaynd.
 So greeted floods : that, where ther rode before
 A ship, a car may go safe on the shore.
 Left were nomo, but heauen, and erth, to make,
 Throughout the world, this greef his rigor take.
 But fins the heauen this Wilfords goste dothe keep,
 And earth, his corps : faye mee, why shold they weep ?

*An epitaph of the ladye
Margaret Lee.*

1555.

MAN, by a woman lern, this life what we may call :
 Blod, frēdship, beauty, youth, attire, welth, worship, helth & al
 Take not for thine : nor yet thy self as thine beknow.
 For hauing these, with full great prayse, this lady did but
 flow
 Her self vnto the world : and in prime yeres (bee ware)
 Sleeps doolfull sifter, who is wont for no respect to spare,

Alas, withdreew her hence : or rather softly led :
For with good will I dare well faye, her waye to him fhee
 fped :
Who claymed, that he bought : and took that erft hee gaue :
More meet than any worldly wight, fuch heauenly gems to
 haue.
Now wold fhee not return, in earth a queen to dwell.
As fhee hathe doon to you, good frend, bid lady Lee, farewell.

Vpon the tomb of A. W.

MYRROUR of matrones, flowr of fpouflike loue,
Of fayr brood frutefull norffe, poor peoples ftay,
Neybours delite, true hert to him aboue,
In yeelding worlds encreas took her decaye :
Who printed liues yet in our hertes alway :
Whofe clofet of good thews, layd here a fpace,
Shall fhortly with the foull in heauen haue place.

Vpon the deceas of W. Ch.

Now, blythe Thaley, thy feaftfull layes lay by :
And to refound thefe doolfull tunes apply.
Caufe of great greef the tyrant death imports :
Whofe vgfoom idoll to my brayns reforts.
A gracefull ymp, a flowr of youth, away
Hath fhe bereft (alas) before his daye.
Chambers, this lyfe to leaue, and thy dear mates,
So foon doo thee conftreyn enuyous fates ?

Oh, with what wit, those maners, that good hert,
Woorthy to lyue olde Nestors yeres thou wert.
You wanted outward yies : and yet aryght
In stories, Poets, oratours had fight.
Whatso you herd, by liuely voyce, exprest,
Was soon reposde within that mindefull brest.
To mee more pleafant Plautus neuer was,
Than those conceits, that from your mouth did passe.
Our studiemes great hope did hold alway,
You wold be our schooles ornament, one day.
Your parents then, that thus haue you forgone,
Your brethren eke must make theyr heauy mone :
Your louyng feres cannot theyr teares restrayn :
But I, before them all, haue cause to playn :
Who in pure loue was so conioynd with thee,
An other Grimald didst thou seem to bee.
Ha lord, how oft wisht you, with all your hart,
That vs no chaunce a fonder might depart ?
Happy were I, if this your prayer tooke place :
Ay mee, that it dothe cruell death deface.
Ah lord, how oft your sweet woords I repeat,
And in my mynde your woonted lyfe retreat :
O Chambers, O thy Grimalds mate moste dere :
Why hath fell fate tane thee, and left him here ?
But wherto these complaintes in vain make wee ?
Such woords in wyndes to waste, what mooueth mee ?
Thou holdst the hauen of helth, with blisfull Joue :
Through many waues, and seas, yet must I roue.
Not woorthy I, so soon with thee to go :
Mee styll my fates reteyn, bewrapt in wo.
Liue, our companion once, now lyue for aye :
Heauens ioyes enioy, whyle wee dye day by daye.

You, that of faith so sure signes here exprest,
Do triumph now, nodout, among the blest :
Haue changed sea for porte, darknesse for light,
An inn for home, exile for countrey right,
Trauail for rest, straunge way for citie glad,
Battail for peas, free raign for bondage bad.
These wretched erthly stounds who can compare
To heauenly feats, and those delites moste rare?
We frayl, you firm: we with great trouble toft,
You bathe in blisse, that neuer shall be loft.
Wherefore, Thaley, renew thy feastfull layes:
Her doolfull tunes my chered Muse now stayes.

Of N. Ch.

WHY, Nicolas, why doest thou make such haste
After thy brother? Why goest thou so? To taste
Of changed lyfe with hym the better state?
Better? yea best of all, that thought can rate.
Or, did the dread of wretched world driue thee
Leste thou this afterfall should hap to see:
Mauortian moods, Saturnian furies fell,
Of tragicall turmoys the haynous hell?
O, whose good thews in brief cannot be told,
The hartiest mate, that euer trod the mold,
If our farewell, that here liue in distresse,
Auayl, farewell: the rest teares do suppress.

*A funerall song, vpon the
deceas of Annes his
moother.*

YEA, and a good caufe why thus fhould I playn.
For what is hee, can quietly fustayn
So great a grief, with mouth as ftyll, as ftone?
My loue, my lyfe, of ioye my ieewell is gone.
This harty zeale if any wight difprooue,
As womans work, whom feeble minde doth mooue:
Hee neither knowes the mighty natures laws,
Nor touching elders deeds hath feen old faws.
Martius, to vanquish Rome, was fet on fire:
But vanquishd fell, at moothers boon, his ire.
Into Hesperian land Sertorius fled,
Of parent aye cheef care had in his hed.
Dear weight on fhoulders Sicil brethren bore,
While Etnaes gyant fpouted flames full fore.
Not more of Tyndars ymps hath Sparta spoke,
Than Arge of charged necks with parents yoke.
Nor onely them thus dyd foretyme entreat:
Then, was the noorffe alfo in honour great.
Caiet the Phrygian from amid fireflame
Refcued, who gaue to Latine ftronds the name.
Acca, in dubble fenfe Lupa ycleaped,
To Romane Calendars a feaft hath heaped.
His Capra Joue among the fterres hath pight:
In welkin clere yet lo fhe fhineth bryght.

Hyades as gratefully Lyai did place,
Whom, in primetide, supports the Bulls fayr face.
And should not I expresse my inward wo,
When you, most louyng dam, so soon hence go?
I, in your frutefull woomb conceyued, born was,
Whyle wanderyng moon ten moonths did ouerpasse.
Mee, brought to light, your tender arms sustaynd:
And, with my lips, your milky paps I straynd.
You mee embraced, in bosom soft you mee
Cherished, as I your onely chylde had bee.
Of yssue fayr with noomers were you blest:
Yet I, the bestbeloued of all the rest.
Good luck, certayn forereadyng moothers haue,
And you of mee a speciall iudgement gaue.
Then, when firm pafe I fixed on the ground:
When tounge gan cease to break the lispyng sound:
You mee streightway did too the Muses send,
Ne suffered long a loytering lyfe to spend.
What gayn the wooll, what gayn the wed had braught,
It was his meed, that me then dayly taught.
When with Minerue I had acquaintance woon:
And Phebus seemd to loue mee, as his soon:
Browns hold I bad at parents heft, farewell:
And gladly then in schools I gan to dwell:
Where Granta giues the ladies nyne such place,
That they reioyse to see theyr blisfull case.
With ioyes at hert in this pernasse I bode,
Whyle, through his signes, fye tymes great Titan glode:
And twyfe as long, by that fayr foord, whereas
Swanfeeder Temms no furdur course can passe.
O what desire had you, therwhile of mee?
Mid doutfull dreeds, what ioyes were wont to bee?

Now linnen clothes, wrought with those fyngers fyne,
Now other thynges of yours dyd you make myne :
Tyll your last thredes gan Clotho to vntwyne,
And of your dayes the date extreem affygne.
Hearyng the chaunce, your neybour made much mone :
A dearworth dame, they thought theyr coomfort gone.
Kins woomen wept : your charge, the maydens wept :
Your daughters wept, whom you so well had kept :
But my good fyre gaue, with soft woords, releef :
And clokes, with outward chere, his inward greef :
Leste, by his care, your sicknes should augment,
And on his case your thoughtfull hert be bent.
You, not forgetting yet a moothers mood,
When at the dore dartthirling death there stood,
Did saye : Adeew, dear spoufe, my race is roon :
Wher so he bee, I haue left you a foon,
And Nicolas you naamd, and naamd agayn :
With other speech, aspiring heauenly raighn :
When into ayre your sprite departed fled,
And left the corps a cold in lukewarm bed.
Ah, could you thus, deare mother, leaue vs all ?
Now, should you liue : that yet, before your fall,
My fongs you might haue foong, haue heard my voyce,
And in commodities of your own reioyce.
My sisters yet vnwedded who shall guide ?
With whose good lessons shall they bee applyed ?
Haue, mother, monumentes of our fore smart :
No costly tomb, areard with curious art :
Nor Mausolean masse, hoong in the ayre :
Nor loftie steeples, that will once appayre :
But waylful verse, and doolfull song accept.
By verse, the names of auncient peres be kept :

By verſe, liues Hercules: by verſe, Achil:
Hector, Ene, by verſe, be famous ſtill.
Such former yeres, ſuch death hath chaūced thee:
Cloſde, with good end, good life is woont to bee.
But now, my ſacred parent, fare you well:
God ſhall cauſe vs agayn together dwell,
What time this vniuerſall globe ſhall hear
Of the laſt troomp the rynging voyce: great fear
To ſoom, to ſuch as you a heauenly chear.
Til then reſoſde reſt you in gentle ſleep:
While hee, whom to you are bequeathd, you keep.

*Vpon the death of the lord Mautra-
uers, out of doctōr Haddons
latine.*

THE noble Henry, he, that was the lord Mautrauers named:
Heyr to the houſe of thArundels, ſo long a time now famed:
Who from Fitzalens doth recount diſcent of worthy race,
Fitzalens, earls of hye eſtate, men of a goodly grace:
Whom his renowned father had ſeen flouriſh, and excell,
In arms, in arts, in witt, in ſkill in ſpeaking wonders well:
Whoſe yeres, to timely vertue had, and manly grauenefſe
caught:
With foden ruine is downfalln, and into aſhes braught:
While glory his coragious hert enflames to trauail great:
And, in his youthly breſt ther rains an ouerferuent heat.
The pereleſſe princeſſe, Mary quene, her meſſage to preſent,
This Britan lord, as one moſte meet, to Cefars broother ſent.

On coursing steeds hee rides the waye: in ship hee fleeteth
fast:

To royall Cefars court he comes, the payns, and perils past:
His charge enioynd perfourmeth hee, attaind exceeding
prayse:

His name, and fame so fully spred, it dures for afterdayes.
But lo, a feruent feeuer doth, amid his triumphs fall:
And, with hertgripyng greef, consumes his tender lymes
and all.

O rufull youth, thy helth toofar forgot, and toomuch heed
To countrie and too parent yeuen: why makest thou such
speed?

O, staye your self: your country so to serue dothe right
require,

That often serue you may: and then, at length, succeed your
fire.

But thee purchaunce it likes, thy life the price of praise to
paye,

Nor deth doest dread, where honor shines, as bright, as sonny
day.

Certeffe no greater glory could, than this, to thee betide:
Though Joue, six hundred yeres, had made thy fatall thread
abide.

Of iourneys, and of trauails huge the cause thy country was:
Thy funerall to honour, forth great Cefars court gan passe.
And, thus, O thus (good lord) this ymp, of heuē most worthy
wight

His happy life with blisfull death concluded hath aright:
When, in fourt yere, quene Maries reign proceeded: & what
day,

Was last of Julie moneth, the same his last took him awaye.

From yeres twife ten if you in count wil but one yere abate:
The very age then fhall you finde of lord Mautrauers fate.
Likewife, was Titus Cefar hence withdrawn, in his prime
yeres :

Likewife, the yong prince Edward went : and diuers other
peres.

Father, forbear thy wofull teares, ceafe, England, too lament:
Fates fauour none, the enmie death to all alike is bent.

The onely mean, that now remains, with eloquence full fine,
Hath Shelley vfed, in fetting forth this barons name diuine.
Your Haddon eke, who erft in your life time, bore you good
hart,

Presenteth you this monument, of woonted zeal fome part.
And now farewell : of Englifh youth moft chofen gem,
farewell :

A worthyer wight, faue Edward, did in England neuer dwell.

*Vpon the fayd lord Mautra-
uers death.*

MEE thought, of late when lord Mautrauers dyed,
Our common weal, thus, by her felf fhee cryed :
Oft haue I wept for mine, fo layd a fleep,
Yet neuer had I iufte caufe to weep.

*The death of Zoroas, an Egiptian Astronomer,
in the firft fight, that Alexander
had with the Perfians.*

Now clattering arms, now ragyng broyls of warr
Gan paffe the noyes of taratantars clang :

Shrowded with shafts, the heuen : with clowd of darts,
Couered, the ayre : against fulfatted bulls,
As forceth kindled ire the Lions keen :
Whose greedy gutts the gnawing hoonger pricks :
So Macedoins against the Perfians fare.
Now corpes hide the purpurde foyl with blood :
Large slaughter, on ech side : but Perfes more
Moyft feelds bebledd : their herts, and noombers bate.
Fainted while they giue back, and fall to flight :
The lightning Macedon, by swoords, by gleaus,
By bands, and trowps, of fotemen with his garde,
Speeds to Darie : but him, his nearest kyn,
Oxate preferues, with horsemen on a plump
Before his carr : that none the charge could giue.
Here grunts, here grones, echwhere strong youth is spent :
Shaking her bloody hands, Bellone, among
The Perfes, soweth all kindes of cruel death.
With throte ycutt, hee roores : hee lyeth along,
His entrails with a launce through girded quite :
Him down the club, him beats farstryking bowe,
And him the slyng, and him the shinand swoord :
Hee dieth, hee is all dedd, hee pants, hee rests.
Right ouer stood, in snowwhite armour braue,
The Memphite, Zoroas, a cooning clerk :
To whom the heauen lay open, as his book :
And in celestiaall bodyes hee could tell
The moouyng, meetyng, light, aspect, eclyps,
And influence, and constellations all :
What earthly chaunces wold betide : what yere
Of plenty storde, what signe forwarned derth :
How winter gendreth snow : what temperature

In the primetide dothe feafon well the foyl :
Why foomer burns : why autum hath ripe grapes :
Whether the circle, quadrate may becoom :
Whether our tunes heauens harmony can yeeld :
Of fowr begynns, among them felues how great
Proportion is : what fwaye the erring lightes
Dothe fend in courfe gayn that firft moouing heauen :
What grees, one from an other diftant bee :
What fterr dothe lett the hurtfull fire to rage,
Or him more mylde what opposition makes :
What fire dothe qualifie Mauorfes fire :
What houle echone doth feek : what planet raigns
Within this hemifphere, or that : fmall things
I fpeak : holi heauen hee clofeth in his brest.
This fage then, in the ftarrs had fpied : the fates
Threatned him death, without delaye, and fithe
Hee faw, hee could not fatall order change :
Forward hee preaft, in battayl that hee might
Meet with the ruler of the Macedoins :
Of his right hand defirous to be flayn,
The boldeft beurn, and worthieft in the feeld :
And, as a wight now weary of his life,
And seeking death : in firft front of his rage,
Cooms desperatly to Alifanders face :
At him, with darts, one after other, throwes :
With reckles woords, and clamour him prouokes :
And fayth, Neetanabs bastard, fhameful ftain
Of mothers bed : why lofeft thou thy ftrokes,
Cowards among ? Turn thee to mee, in cafe
Manhod ther bee fo much left in thy hert :
Coom fight with mee : that on my helmet wear

Apolloes laurel, bothe for learnings laude,
And eke for Martiall prayse : that, in my shield,
The feuenfold sophie of Minerue contain :
A match, more meet, fir king, than any here.
The noble prince amoued, takes ruthe vpon
The wilfull wight : and, with soft woords, ayen,
O monstrous man (quod he) whatso thou art,
I praye thee, lyue : ne do not, with thy death,
This lodge of lore, the Muses mansion marr.
That treasure house this hand shall neuer spoyl :
My swoord shall neuer bruze that skylfull brayn,
Longgathered heapes of science soon to spyll.
O, how faire frutes may you to mortall men
From wifdoms garden, giue ? How many may,
By you, the wyser, and the better proue ?
What error, what mad moode, what phrenzey thee
Persuades to bee downsent to deep Auern :
Where no artes flourish, nor no knowledge vails ?
For all these sawes, when thus the fouerein sayde,
Alighted Zoroas : with swoord vnsheathed,
The carelesse king there smote, aboue the greaue,
At thopening of his quifhes : wounded him
So, that the blood down reyled on the ground.
The Macedon, perceyuing hurt, gan gnash :
But yet his minde he bent, in any wyse,
Hym to forbear : fet spurrs vnto his steed,
And turnd away : lest anger of the smart
Should cause reuenger hand deal balefull blowes.
But of the Macedonian chieftanes knights
One, Meleager, could not bear this fight :
But ran vpon the sayd Egyptian reuk :

And cut him in both kneez : hee fell to ground :
Wherwith a hole route came of fouldiours stern,
And all in peeces hewed the filly feg.
But happily the foll fled to the sterres :
Where, vnder him, he hath full fight of all,
Wherat hee gazed here, with reaching looke.
The Perfians wayld fuch fapience to forgo :
The very fone, the Macedonians wifht,
Hee wold haue lyued : kyng Alifander felf
Deemd him a man, vnmeet to dye at all :
Who woon lyke prayfe, for conquest of his ire,
As for ftout men in feeld that daye fubdeewd :
Who princes taught, how to difcern a man,
That in his hed fo rare a iewell beares.
But ouer all, thofe fame Camenes, thofe fame
Diuine Camenes, whose honour he procurde,
As tender parent dothe his daughters weal :
Lamented : and, for thanks, all that they can,
Do cherifh him deceaft, and fet hym free
From derk obliuion of deuouryng death.

Marcus Tullius Ciceroes death.

THEREFORE, when reftleffe rage of wynde, and waue
Hee faw : By fates, alas calld for (quod hee)
Is hapleffe Cicero : fayle on, fhape courfe
To the next fhore, and bryng me to my death.
Perdie thefe thanks, refkued from ciuil fwoord,
Wilt thou, my countrey, paye ? I fee mine end :
So powrs diuine, fo bid the gods aboue,

In citie faued that Consul Marcus shend.
Spekyng no more, but drawyng from deep hert
Great grones, euen at the name of Room reherft :
His yies, and cheeks, with showrs of teares, hee washt.
And (though a route in dayly daungers worn)
With forced face, the shipmen held theyr teares :
And, striuyng long the seas rough floods to passe,
In angry wyndes, and stormy stowrs made waye :
And at the last, safe anchord in the rode.
Came heauy Cicero a land : with payn,
His faynted lym the aged fire dothe draw :
And, round about their master, stood his band :
Nor greatly with theyr own hard hap dismayd,
Nor plighted fayth, prone in sharp time to break :
Soom swoords prepare : soom theyr deare lord affist :
In littour layd, they lead hym vnkouth wayes :
If so deceaue Antonius cruell gleaus
They might, and threats of folowing routs escape.
Thus lo, that Tullie, went, that Tullius,
Of royall robe, and sacred Senate prince :
When hee afar the men approche espyeth,
And of his fone the enignes dothe aknow :
And, with drawn swoord, Popilius threatnyng death :
Whose life, and holl estate, in hazard once,
Hee had preferud : when Room as yet to free
Herd hym, and at his thundryng voyce amazde.
Herennius eek, more eyger than the rest,
Present enflamde with furie, him purseews.
What might hee doo ? Should hee vse in defense
Disarmed hands ? or pardon ask, for meed ?
Should hee with woords attempt to turn the wrath

Of tharmed knyght, whose safegard hee had wrought?
No, age, forbids, and fixt within deep brest
His countreys loue, and falling Rooms image.
The charret turn, fayth hee, let loose the rayns:
Roon to the vnderued death: mee, lo,
Hath Phebus fowl, as messanger, forwarnd:
And Joue desires a neew heauensman to make.
Brutus, and Cassius fouls, liue you in blisse:
In case yet all the fates gaynstriue vs not,
Neyther shall wee perchaunce dye vnrevenged.
Now haue I liued, O Room, ynough for mee:
My passed lyfe nought suffreth mee to dout
Noyfom obliuion of the lothesom death.
Slea mee: yet all thofspring to coom shall knowe
And this deceas shall bring eternall lyfe.
Yea and (onlesse I fayl, and all in vain
Room, I foontyme thy Augur chosen was)
Not euermore shall frendly fortune thee
Fauour, Antonius: once the day shall coom:
When her deare wights, by cruell spight, thus slayn,
Victorious Room shall at thy hands require.
Mee likes, therwhyle, go see the hoped heauen.
Speech had he left: and therwith hee, good man,
His throte preparte, and held his hed vnmoued.
His hastyng too those fates the very knights
Be lothe to see: and, rage rebated, when
They his bare neck beheld, and his hore heyres:
Scant could they hold the teares, that forth gan burst:
And almost fell from bloody hands the fwoords.
Onely the stern Herennius, with grym look.
Daftards, why stand you styll: he sayth: and streight,

Swaps of the hed, with his presumptuous yron.
 Ne with that slaughter yet is hee not fild:
 Fowl shame on shame to heap, is his delyte.
 Wherefore the hands also doth hee of fmyte,
 Which durst Antonius life so liuely paynt.
 Him, yeldyng strayed goste from welkin hye,
 With lothly chere, lord Phebus gan behold:
 And in black clowd, they saye, long hid his hed,
 The latine Muses and the Grayes, they wept:
 And, for his fall, eternally shall weep.
 And lo, hertperfyng Pitho (straunge to tell)
 Who had to him suffilde bothe sence and woords,
 When so he spake: and drest, with nectar foote,
 That flowyng tounge: when his wyndpype disclosde,
 Fled with her fleeyng frend: and (out alas)
 Hath left the erth, ne wil nomore return.
 Popilius flyeth, therwhyle: and, leauyng there
 The senslesse stock, a gryzely fight doth bear
 Vnto Antonius boord, with mischief fed.

Of M. T. Cicero.

FOR Tullie late, a toomb I gan prepare:
 When Cynthie, thus, bad mee my labour spare:
 Such maner things becom the ded, quoth hee:
 But Tullie liues, and styll alyue shall bee.

N. G.

VNCERTAIN AUCTOURS.

*The complaint of a louer
with sute to his loue
for pitye.*

IF euer wofull man might moue your hartes to ruthe,
Good ladies here his woful plaint, whose deth shall try his
truth

And rightfull iudges be on this his true report :

If he deserue a louers name among the faithfull fort.

Fiue hundred times the sonne hath lodged him in the
West :

Since in my hart I harbred first of all the goodlyest gest.

Whose worthinesse to shew my wittes are all to faint.

And I lack cunnyng of the scoles in colours her to paynt.

But this I briefly say in wordes of egall weight.

So void of vice was neuer none, nor with such vertues freyght.

And for her beauties prayse, no wight, that with her warres.

For, where she comes, she shewes her self as sonne amōg
ye starres.

But Lord, thou wast to blame, to frame such parfiteneffe:

And puttes no pitie in her hart, my forowes to redresse.

For yf ye knew the paynes, and panges, that I haue past:

I wonder would it be to you, how that my life hath last.

When all the Goddes agreed, that Cupide with his bow
Should fhote his arrowes frō her eies, on me his might to
fhow

I knew it was in vain my force to trust vpon :
And well I wift, it was no fhame, to yelde to fuch a one.

Then did I me submit with humble hart, and minde,
To be her man for euermore : as by the Goddes affinde.

And fince that day, no wo, wherwith loue might torment,
Could moue me frō this faithfull band : or make me once
repent,

Yet haue I felt full oft the hottest of his fire :
The bitter teares, the fcaling fighes, the burning hote
defyre.

And with a fodain fight the trembling of the hart :
And how the blood doth come, and go, to fuccour euery
part.

When that a pleafant loke hath lift me in the ayer :
A frowne hath made me fall as faft into a depe defpayer.

And when that I, er this, my tale could well by hart :
And that my tong had learned it, fo that no worde might
ftart :

The fight of her hath fet my wittes in fuch a ftay :
That to be lord of all the world, one word I could not fay.

And many a fodayn cramp my hart hath pinched fo :
That for the time my fenfes all felt neither weale, nor wo.

Yet faw I neuer thing, that might my minde content :
But wifht it hers, and at her will, if fhe could fo confent.

Nor neuer heard of wo : that did her will difpleafe :
But wifht the fame vnto my felf, fo it might do her eafe.

Nor neuer thought that fayre, nor neuer liked face :
Vnleffe it did refemble her, or fome part of her grace.

No diſtance yet of place could vs ſo farre deuide :
But that my hert, and my good will did ſtill with her abide.

Nor yet it neuer lay in any fortunes powre,
To put, that ſwete out of my thought, one minute of an houre.

No rage of drenching ſea, nor woodeneſſe of the winde,
Nor cannōs wt their thundryng cracks could put her frō
my minde.

For when bothe ſea and land afunder had vs ſet :
My hole delite was onely then, my ſelf alone to get.

And thitherward to loke, as nere as I could geſſe :
When as I thought, that ſhee was then, yt might my wo
redreſſe,

Full oft it did me good, that waies to take my winde :
So pleaſant ayre in no place els, me thought I could not finde.

I faying to my ſelf, my life is yonder waye :
And by the winde I haue here ſent, a thouſand ſighes a daye.

And ſayd vnto the ſunne, great gifts are geuen thee :
For thou mayſt ſee mine earthly bliſſe, where euer that ſhe
bee.

Thou ſeeſt in euery place, wold God I had thy might :
And I the ruler of my ſelf, then ſhould ſhe know no night.

And thus from wiſh to wiſhe my wits have been at ſtrife :
And wantyng all that I haue wiſht, thus haue I led my life.

But long it can not laſt, that in ſuch wo remaines.
No force for that : for death is ſwete to him, that feles ſuch
paines.

Yet moſt of all me greues : when I am in my graue,
That ſhe ſhall purchaſe by my death a cruell name to haue.

Wherefore all you that heare this plaint, or ſhall it ſee :
Wiſh, that it may ſo perce her hert, that ſhe may pitie mee.

For and it were her will : for bothe it were the beſt,
To ſaue my life, to kepe her name, and ſet my hert at reſt.

*Of the death of maſter Deuerox
the lord Ferres ſonne.*

WHO iuſtly may reioyce in ought vnder the ſkye?
 As life, or lands: as friends, or frutes: which only liue to dye:
 Or who dothe not well know all worldly works are vaine?
 And geueth nought but to the lendes, to take the ſame againe.
 For though it liſt ſome vp, as wee long vpward all:
 Such is the fort of flipper welth: all things do riſe to fall.
 Thuncertentie is ſuch: experience teacheth ſo:
 That what things men do couet moſt, them ſoneſt they forgo.
 Lo Deuerox where he lieth: whoſe life men heeld ſo deare
 That now his death is ſorowed ſo, that pitie it is to heare.
 His birth of auncient blood: his parents of great fame:
 And yet in vertue farre before the formeſt of the ſame.
 His king, and countrie bothe he ſerued to ſo great gaine:
 That with the Brutes record doth reſt, and euer ſhall remaine.
 No man in warre ſo mete, an enterpriſe to take:
 No man in peace that pleaſurd more of enemies friends to
 make.

A Cato for his counſell: his head was ſurely ſuch.
 Ne Theſeus frenſhip was ſo great, but Deuerox was as much.
 A graffe of ſo ſmall grothe ſo much good frute to bring:
 Is ſeldome heard, or neuer ſene: it is ſo rare a thing.
 A man ſent vs from God, his life did well declare:
 And now ſent for by God again, to teach vs what we are.
 Death, and the graue, that ſhall accompany all that liue,
 Hath brought hī heuē, though ſōewhat ſone, which life
 could neuer geue.

God graunt well all, that ſhall profels as he profeſt:
 To liue ſo well, to dye no worſe: and ſend his ſoule good reſt.

*They of the meane estate are
happiest.*

If right be rackt, and ouerronne :
And power take part with open wrong :
If fear by force do yelde to soone,
The lack is like to last to long.

If God for goodes shalbe vnplaced :
If right for riches lose his shape :
If world for wisdom be embraced :
The Gesse is great, much hurt may happe.

Among good things, I proue and finde,
The quiet life dothe most abound :
And sure to the contented minde
There is no riches may be found.

For riches hates to be content :
Rule is enemy to quietnesse.
Power is most part impatient :
And seldom likes to liue in pease.

I hard a herdman once compare :
That quiet nightes he had mo slept :
And had mo mery daies to spare :
Then he, which ought the beastes, he kept.

I would not haue it thought hereby
The dolphin swimme I meane to teach :
Nor yet to learne the Fawcon flie :
I rowe not so farre past my reache.

But as my part aboue the rest,
Is well to wish and well to will :
So till my breath shall fail my brest,
I will not ceasse to wish you styll.

*Comparison of lyfe
and death.*

THE lyfe is long, that lothfumly doth last :
The dolefull dayes draw flowly to theyr date :
The present panges, and paynfull plages forepast
Yelde griefe aye grene to stablish this estate.
So that I fele, in this great storme, and strife,
The death is swete that endeth such a life.

Yet by the stroke of this strange ouerthrow,
At which conflict in thraldom I was thrust :
The Lord be prayfed : I am well taught to know,
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must :
And by the way vpon how feble force
His term doth stand, till death doth end his course.

The pleasant yeres that seme, to swifte that runne :
The mery dayes to end, so fast that flete :
The ioyfull nightes, of which day daweth so soone :
The happy howers, which mo do misse, then mete,
Doe all consume : as snow against the funne :
And death makes end of all, that life begunne.

Since death shall dure, tyll all the world be waft.
What meaneth man to drede death then so fore ?
As man might make, that life should alway last.
Without regard, the lord hath led before
The daunce of death, which all most runne or row :
Though how, or when, the lord alone doth know.

If man would minde, what burdens life doth bring :
What greuous crimes to god he doth commit :
What plages, what panges, what perilles therby spring :
With no sure hower in all his dayes to fit :

He would fure think, as with great cauſe I do :
The day of death were better of the two.

Death is a port, wherby we paſſe to ioy,
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in pain.
Death is ſo dere, it ceaſeth all annoy.
Life is ſo leude, that all it yeldes is vayn.
And as by life to bondage man is braught :
Euen ſo likewiſe by death was fredome wrought.

Wherefore with Paul let all men wiſh, and pray
To be diſſolude of this foule fleſhy maſſe :
Or at the leaſt be armed againſt the day :
That they be found good ſouldiers, preſt to paſſe
From life to death : from death to life agayn
To ſuch a life, as euer ſhall remain.

*The tale of Pigmalion with
concluſion vpon the beau-
tye of his loue.*

IN Grece ſomtime there dwelt a man of worthy fame :
To graue in ſtone his connyng was : Pygmaliō was his
name.

To make his fame endure, when death had him bereft :
He thought it good, of his owne hand ſome filed work were
left.

In ſecrete ſtudie then ſuch work he gan deuife,
As might his conning beſt commend, and pleaſe the lokers
eyes :

A courſer faire he thought to graue, barbd for the field :
And on his back a ſemely knight, well armd with ſpeare
and ſhield :

Orels ſome foule, or fiſh to graue he did deuife :
And ſtill, within his wandering thoughtes, new fanſies did
aryſe.

Thus varied he in mynde, what enterpriſe to take :
Till fanſy moued his learned hand a woman fayre to make.

Whereon he ſtayde, and thought ſuch perſite fourm to
frame :
Whereby he might amaze all Greece, and winne immortall
name.

Of yuorie white he made ſo faire a woman than :
That nature ſcornd her perfitneſſe ſo taught by craft of man.
Wellſhaped were her lymſ, full cumly was her face :
Eche litle vayn moſt liuely coucht, eche part had ſemely
grace.

Twixt nature & Pygmalion, there might appeare great
ſtryfe :
So ſemely was this ymage wrought, it lackt nothyng but life.
His curious eye beheld his own deuifed work :
And, gaſyng oft thereon, he found much venome there to
lurke.

For all the featurde ſhape ſo dyd his fanſie moue :
That, with his idoll, whom he made, Pygmalion fell in loue.
To whom he honour gaue, and deckt with garlandes fwete.
And did adourn with iewels riche, as is for louers mete.

Sometimes on it he fawnd : ſometime in rage would crye :
It was a wonder to beholde, how fanſy bleard his eye.

Since that this ymage dum enflamde ſo wyſe a man :
My dere, alas ſince I you loue, what wonder is it than ?

In whom hath nature ſet the glory of her name :
And brake her mould, in great diſpayre, your like ſhe could
not frame.

*The louer sheweth his wofull
state, and prayeth
pitye.*

LYKE as the lark within the marlians foote
With piteous tunes doth chirp her yelden lay :
So fyng I now, feyng none other boote,
My renderyng fong, and to your wyll obey.
Your vertue mountes aboue my force so hye.
And with your beautie seased I am so fure :
That there auails resistance none in me,
But patiently your pleasure to endure
For on your wyll my fanfy shall attend :
My lyfe, my death, I put both in your choyce :
And rather had this life by you to end,
Than lyue, by other alwayes to reioyce,
And if your crueltie doe thirst my blood,
Then let it forth, if it may doe you good.

*Vpon consideracion of the stat
this lyfe he wisheth death.*

THE lenger lyfe, the more offence :
The more offence, the greater payn :
The greater payn, the lesse defence :
The lesse defence, the lesser gayn.
The losse of gayn long yll doth trye :
Wherefore come death, and let me dye.

The shorter life, lesse count I fynde :
 The lesse account, the fooner made :
 The count foon made, the meryer minde :
 The mery minde doth thought euade.
 Short lyfe in truth this thing doth trye :
 Wherefore come death, and let me dye :
 Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,
 The ebbe of care, the flood of lyfe,
 The flood of lyfe, the ioyfull fare,
 The ioyfull fare, the end of strife.
 The end of strife, that thing wishe I :
 Wherefore come death, and let me dye.

*The louer that once disdained loue
 is now become subiect beyng
 caught in his snare.*

To this my song geue eare, who list :
 And mine intent iudge, as you wyll :
 The time is cume, that I haue mist,
 The thyng, wheron I hoped styll,
 And from the top of all my trust,
 Myshap hath throwen me in the dust.
 The time hath been, and that of late :
 My hart and I might leape at large.
 And was not shut within the gate
 Of loues defyre : nor toke no charge
 Of any thyng, that dyd pertain
 As touching loue in any payn.

My thought was free, my hart was light :
I marked not, who loſt, who faught.
I playde by day, I ſlept by night.
I forced not, who wept, who laught.
My thought from all ſuch thinges was free :
And I my ſelf at libertee.

I toke no hede to tauntes, nor toyes :
As leefe to ſee them frowne as ſmile :
Where fortune laught I ſcorned their ioyes :
I found their fraudes and euery wile.
And to my ſelf oft times I ſmiled :
To ſee, how loue had them begiled.

Thus in the net of my conceit
I masked ſtyll among the ſort
Of ſuch as fed vpon the bayt,
That Cupide laide for his diſport.
And euer as I ſaw them caught :
I them beheld, and therat laught.

Till at the length when Cupide ſpied
My ſcornefull will and ſpitefull vſe
And how I paſt not who was tied.
So that my ſelf might ſtill liue loſe :
He ſet himſelf to lye in wait :
And in my way he threw a bait.

Such one, as nature neuer made,
I dare well fay ſhe alone.
Such one ſhe was as would inuade
A hart, more hard then marble ſtone.
Such one ſhe is, I know, it right,
Her nature made to ſhew her might.

Then as a man euen in a maze,
When vſe of reaſon is away :
So I began to ſtare, and gaze.
And ſodeinly, without delay,
Or euer I had the wit to loke :
I ſwalowed vp both bayt, and hoke.

Which daily greues me more and more
By fondry fortes of carefull wo :
And none aliue may ſalue the fore,
But onely ſhe, that hurt me fo.
In whom my life doth now conſiſt,
To ſaue or flay me as ſhe liſt.

But ſeing now that I am caught,
And bounde ſo faſt, I cannot flee :
Be ye by mine enſample taught,
That in your fancies fele you free.
Deſpiſe not them, that louers are :
Leſt you be caught within his ſnare.

Of Fortune, and Fame.

THE plague is great, where fortune frownes :
One miſchief bringes a thouſand woes
Where trumpets geue their warlike ſownes :
The weake ſuſtain ſharp ouerthrowes.
No better life they taſte, and fele :
That ſubieſt are to fortunes whele.

Her happy chance may laſt no time :
Her pleaſure threatneth paines to come.
She is the fall of thoſe, that clime :
And yet her whele auanceth ſome.

No force, where that she hates, or loues :
Her fickle minde ſo oft remoues.

She geues no gift, but craues as faſt.
She ſoone repentes a thankful dede.
She turneth after euery blaſt.
She helps them oft, that haue no nede.
Where power dwelles, and riches reſt :
Falne fortune is a common geſt.

Yet ſome affirm, and proue by ſkyl :
Fortune is not as fleying Fame,
She neither can do good, nor yll.
She hath no fourme, yet beares a name.
Then we but ſtriue agaynſt the ſtreames,
To frame ſuch toyes on fancies dreames.

If ſhe haue ſhape, or name alone :
If ſhe do rule, or beare no ſway :
If ſhe haue bodie, lief, or none :
Be ſhe a ſprite I cannot ſay.
But well I wot, ſome cauſe there is :
That cauſeth wo, and fendeth bliſſe.

The cauſe of thinges I will not blame :
Leſt I offend the prince of peas.
But I may chide, and braule with Fame :
To make her crye, and neuer ceaſe.
To blow the trump within her eares :
That may apeaſe my wofull teares.

Againſt wicked tonges.

O EUYLL tonges, which clap at euery winde :
Ye ſlea the quick, and eke the dead defame :
Thoſe that liue well, ſom faute in them ye fynde.

Ye take no thought, in flaundring theyr good name.
 Ye put iuſt men oft times to open ſhame.
 Ye ryng ſo loude, ye found vnto the ſkyes :
 And yet in prooſe ye ſowe nothyng, but lyes.

Ye make great warre, where peace hath been of long,
 Ye bring rich realmes to ruine, and decay.
 Ye pluck down right : ye doe enhaunce the wrong.
 Ye turne ſwete myrth to wo, and welaway
 Of miſchiefes all ye are the grounde, I ſay.
 Happy is he, that liues on ſuch a fort :
 That nedeſ not feare ſuch tonges of falſe report.

*Not to truſt to much but beware
 by others calamities.*

To walke on doubtfull ground, where danger is vnſeen
 Doth double men that careleſſe be in depe diſpaire I wene,
 For as the blynde dothe feare, what footing he ſhall
 fynde :

So doth the wiſe before he ſpeak, miſtruſt the ſtrangers
 mynde.

For he that blontly runnes, may light among the breers,
 And ſo be put vnto his plunge where danger leaſt apperes :
 The bird that felly foole, doth warn vs to beware,
 Who lighteth not on euery buſhe, he dreadeth ſo the ſnare.
 The mouſe that ſhonnes the trap, doth ſhew what harme
 doth ly :

Within the ſwete betraying bait, that oft deceiues the eye.
 The fiſh auoides the hoke, though hunger byds him bite,
 And houereth ſtill about the worme, whereon is his delyt

Yf birdes and beastes can see, where their vndoyng lies :
How should a mischief scape our heades, yt haue both wit
and eyes.

What madnesse may be more, then plow the barreyn
feeld :

Or any frutefull wordes to sow, to eares that are vnwyld.
They here and than mislyke, they like and than they lothe,
Thei hate, thei loue, thei skorn, thei praise, yea sure thei cā
do both.

We see what falles they haue, that clyme on trees vn-
knowne :

As they that truste to rotten bowes, must nedes be ouer-
throwne.

A smart in silence kept, doth ease the hart much more,
Than for to plain where is no salue, for to recure the fore.
Wherefore my grief I hide, within a holow hart :
Vntill the smoke thereof be spied, by flaming of the smart.

*Hell tormenteth not the damned
ghostes so sore as vkindnesse
the louer.*

THE restlesse rage of depe deuouryng hell,
The blasfing brandes, that neuer do consume
The roryng route, in Plutoes den that dwell :
The fiery breath, that from those ymps doth fume :
The dropsy dryeth, that Tantale in the flood
Endureth aye, all hopelesse of relief :
He hunger steruen, where frute is ready food :
So wretchedly his foule doth suffer grief :

The liuer gnawne of gylefull Prometheus,
Which vultures fell with strayned talant tyre :
The labour lost of wearyed Sifiphus :
These hellish houndes, with paines of quenchlesse fyre,
Can not so fore the filly foules torment,
As her vntruth my hart hath alltorent.

*Of the mutabilitie of
the world.*

By fortune as I lay in bed, my fortune was to fynde
Such fāfies, as my carefull thought had brought into my
minde
And when eche one was gone to rest, full soft in bed to lye:
I would haue slept: but then the watch did folow still myne
eye.
And sodeinly I saw a sea of wofull forowes preft :
Whose wicked wayes of sharp repulse bred mine vnquiet rest.
I saw this world: and how it went, eche state in his degree:
And that from wealth ygraunted is, both lyfe, and libertee.
I saw, how enuy it did rayne, and beare the greatest price:
Yet greater poyson is not found within the Cockatrice.
I saw also, how that disdayne oft times to forge my wo,
Gaue me the cup of bitter fwete, to pledge my mortall fo.
I saw also, how that desire to rest no place could finde
But styll constrainde in endlesse pain to folow natures
kynde.
I saw also most straunge of all how nature did forsake
The blood, that in her womb was wrought: as dothe
ye lothed fnake.

I saw, how fanfy would retayn no lenger then her lust :
And as the winde how she doth change : and is not for to
trust.

I saw, how stedfastnesse did fly with winges of often change:
A fleyng birde, but seldom seen, her nature is so strange.

I saw, how pleasant times did passe, as flowers doe in the
mede :

To day that ryfeth red as rose : to morow falleth ded.

I saw, my tyme how it did runne, as sand out of the glasse.
Euen as eche hower appointed is from tyme, and tyde to
passe.

I saw the yeares, that I had spent, and losse of all my gayn:

And how the sport of youthfull playes my folly dyd retayn.

I saw, how that the litle ant in fomer still dothe runne

To seke her foode, wherby to liue in winter for to come.

I saw eke vertue, how she sat the threde of life to spinne.

Which sheweth the end of euery work, before it doth
beginne.

And when all these I thus beheld with many mo pardy :

In me, me thought, eche one had wrought a parfite proparty.

And then I said vnto my self : a lesson this shalbe

For other : that shall after come, for to beware by me.

Thus, all the night I did deuise, which way I might con-
strayn.

To fourme a plot, that wit might work these branches in my
brain.

*Harpalus complaynt of Phillidaes
loue beſtowed on Corin, who
loued her not and denied
him, that loued her.*

PHYLIDA was a fayer mayde,
And freſh as any flowre:
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayed
To be his paramour.

Harpalus and eke Corin
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phillida could twiſt and ſpin
And therto ſing full clere.

But Phillida was all to coy
For Harpalus to winne.
For Corin was her onely ioye,
Who forſt her not a pynne.

How often would ſhe flowers twine
How often garlandes make:
Of Couſlippes and of Colombine,
And all for Corins fake.

But Corin he had haukes to lure
And forced more the field:
Of louers lawe he toke no cure
For once he was begilde.

Harpalus preualed nought
His labour all was loſt:
For he was fardeſt from her thought
And yet he loued her moſt.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane
And drye as clot of clay :
His fleshe it was consumed cleane
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shaue,
His heare hong all vnkempt :
A man most fitte euen for the graue
Whom spitefull loue had spent.

His eyes were red and all forewatched
His face besprent with teares :
It semde vnhap had him long hatched.
In middes of his dispayres.

His clothes were blacke and also bare
As one forlorne was he :
Vpon his heade alwaies he ware,
A wreath of wilow tree.

His beastes he kept vpon the hyll,
And he fate in the dale :
And thus with sighes and forowes shryll,
He gan to tell his tale.

O Harpelus thus would he fay,
Vnhappiest vnder funne :
The cause of thine vnhappy day
By loue was first begone.

For thou wentest first by fute to seeke
A Tygre to make tame :
That sets not by thy loue a leke
But makes thy grefe her game.

As easye it were, for to conuert
The frost into the flame :
As for to turne a froward hert
Whom thou so fain wouldst frame.

Corin he liueth careleſſe
He leapes among the leaues :
He eates the frutes of thy redreſſe
Thou reapes he takes the ſheaues.

My beaſtes a while your fode refrayne
And herken your herdmans founde :
Whom ſpitefull loue alas hath ſlaine
Throughgirt with many a wounde.

Oh happy be ye beaſtes wilde
That here your paſture takes :
I ſe that ye be not begylde
Of theſe your faythfull face.

The Hart he fedeth by the Hynde
The Bucke hard by the Doo,
The Turtle Doue is not vnkinde
To him that loues her ſo.

The Ewe ſhe hath by her the Ramme
The yong Cow hath the Bulle :
The calf with many a luſty lamme
Do feede their hunger full.

But well a way that nature wrought
Thee Phillida ſo faire :
For I may ſay that I haue bought
Thy beauty all to deare.

What reaſon is it that cruelty
With beauty ſhould haue part,
Or els that ſuch great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart.

I ſee therfore to ſhape my death
She cruelly is preſt :
To thend that I may want my breathe
My dayes been at the beſt.

O Cupide graunt this my request
And do not ſtoppe thine eares :
That ſhe may fele within her brest
The paynes of my diſpayres.

To Corin that is careleſſe
That ſhe may craue her fee :
As I haue done in great diſtreſſe
That loued her faythfully.

But ſins that I ſhall die her ſlaue
Her ſlaue and eke her thrall :
Write you my frendes, vpon my graue
This chance that is befall.

Here lieth vnhappy Harpelus
Whom cruell loue hath ſlayne :
By Phillida vniuſtly thus
Murdred with falſe diſdaine.

*Vpon Sir Iames Wilfordes
death.*

Lo here the end of man the cruell fiſters three
The web of Wilfords life vnethe had half yſponne,
When raſh vpon miſdede they all accorded bee
To breke vertues courſe er half the race were ronne
And trip him on his way that els had won the game
And holden higheſt place within the houſe of fame.

But yet though he be gone, though ſence with him be paſt
Which trode the euen ſteppes that leaden to renowne
We that remaine aliue ne ſuffer ſhall to waſte
The fame of his deſerts, ſo ſhall he loſe but ſowne.
The thing ſhall aye remaine, aye kept as freſhe in ſtore
As if his eares ſhold ring of that he wrought before.

Waile not therfore his want fith he fo left the ftage
 Of care and wretched life, with ioye and clap of hands
 Who plaieth lenger partes may well haue greater age
 But few fo well may paffe the gulfe of fortunes fandes
 So triedly did he treade ay preft at vertues beck
 That fortune found no place to geue him once a check.

The fates haue rid him hence, who fhall not after go,
 Though earthed be his corps, yet florish shall his fame,
 A gladfome thing it is that er he ftep vs fro,
 Such mirrours he vs left our life therby to frame,
 Wherefore his praife shall laft aye freshe in Brittons fight,
 Till funne shall ceafe to shine, and lend the earth his light.

*Of the wretchednes in this
 world.*

WHO lift to liue vpright, and holde him felf content,
 Shall fee fuch wonders in this world, as neuer erft was
 fent.

Such groping for the fwete, fuch taftyng of the fower
 Such wandryng here for wordly welth that loft is in one
 houre.

And as the good or badde gette vp in hye degre,
 So wades the world in right or wrong it may none other be.
 And loke what lawes they make, ech man muft them obey,
 And yoke him felf with pacient hart to driue and draw
 yt way.

For fuch as long ago, great rulers were affinde
 Both liues & lawes are now forgot & worne clean out of
 minde

So that by this I se, no state on earth may last
But as their times appointed be, to rise and fall as fast.
The goodes that gotten be, by good and iust defart,
Yet vse them so that neady handes may helpe to spend the
part
For loke what heape thou hordst, of rusty golde in store,
Thine enemies shall waste the fame, that neuer fwat ther-
fore.

*The repentant sinner in durance
and aduersitie.*

VNTO the liuyng Lord for pardon do I pray
From whō I graunt euen frō the shell, I haue run styl
astray.
And other liues there none (my death shall well declare)
On whom I ought to grate for grace, as faulty folkes do fare.
But thee O Lorde alone, I haue offended so,
That this small scourge is much to scant for mine offence
I know
I ranne without returne, the way the world liekt best
And what I ought most to regard, that I respected left
The throng wherein I thrust, hath throwen me in such case
That Lorde my foule is fore beset without thy greater grace
My giltes are growen so great, my power doth so appayre
That with great force they argue oft, and mercy much
dispayre.
But then with fayth I flee to thy prepared store
Where there lieth help for euery hurt, and salue for euery
fore.

My loſte tyme to lament, my vaine waies to bewayle,
No day no night no place no houre no moment I ſhal faile
My foule ſhall neuer ceaſe with an affured faith
To knock, to craue, to call to cry to thee for helpe which
fayth

Knocke and it ſhalbe heard, but aſke and geuen it is
And all that like to kepe this courſe, of mercy ſhall not
miſſe

For when I call to minde how the one wandryng ſhepe,
Did bring more ioye with his returne, then all the flocke did
kepe.

It yeldes full hope and truſt my ſtrayed and wandryng gholt
Shalbe receiued and held more dere then thoſe were neuer
loſt.

O Lord my hope beholde, and for my helpe make haſte
To pardon the forpaſſed race that careleſſe I haue paſt
And but the day draw neare that death muſt pay the det,
For loue of life which thou haſt lent and time of payment
ſet.

From this ſharpe ſhower me ſhilde which threatened is at
hand,

Wherby thou ſhalt great power declare, & I the ſtorme with-
ſtand.

Not my will lord but thyne, fulfilde be in ech caſe,
To whoſe gret wil & mighty power al powers ſhal once geue
place

My fayth my hope my truſt, my God and eke my guide
Stretch forth thy hand to ſaue the foule, what ſo the body
bide.

Refuſe not to receiue that thou ſo dere haſt bought,
For but by thee alone I know all ſafety in vaine is fought.

I know and knowledge eke albeit very late,
That thou it is I ought to loue and dread in ech eſtate.
And with repentant hart do laude thee Lorde on hye,
That haſt ſo gently ſet me ſtraight that erſt walkt ſo
awry.
Now graunt me grace my God to ſtand thine ſtrong in
ſprete,
And let ye world thē work ſuch wayes, as to the world ſemes
mete.

*The louer here telleth of his diuers ioyes
and aduerſities in loue and laſtly
of his ladies death.*

SYTH ſingyng gladdeth oft the hartes
Of them that fele the panges of loue,
And for the whiles doth eaſe their ſmartes
Myſelf I ſhall the ſame way proue.
And though that loue hath ſmit the ſtroke,
Wherby is loſt my libertie :
Which by no meanes I may reuoke :
Yet ſhall I ſing, how pleaſantly.
My twenty yeres of youth I paſt :
Which all in libertie I ſpent :
And ſo from firſt vnto the laſt,
Er aught I knew, what louing ment.
And after ſhall I ſyng the wo,
The payne the greefe, the deadly ſmart :
When loue this lyfe did ouerthrowe,
That hydden lyes within my hart.

And then the ioyes, that I did feele
When fortune lifted after this,
And fet me hye vpon her whele :
And changed my wo to pleaſant bliſſe,
And ſo the ſodeyn fall agayne
From all the ioyes, that I was in.
All you that liſt to heare of payne,
Geue eare, for now I doe beginne.

Lo fyrſt of all, when loue began
With hote deſyres my heart to burne :
Me thought his might auailde not than
From libertie my heart to turne.

For I was free : and dyd not knowe,
How much his might mannes hert may greue.
I had profest to be his fo :
His law, I thought not to beleue.

I went vntyed in luſty leas,
I had my wiſh alwayes at will :
Ther was no wo, mlght me diſpleaſe :
Of pleaſant ioyes I had my fill.

No paynfull thought dyd paſſe my hart :
I ſpilt no teare to wet my brest :
I knew no forow, ſigh, nor ſmart,
My greateſt greſe was quyet reſt.

I brake no ſlepe, I toſſed not :
Nor dyd delyte to ſyt alone.
I felt no change of colde, and hote :
Nor nought a nightes could make me mone.

For all was ioy that I did fele :
And of voide wandering I was free.
I had no clogge tied at my hele :
This was my life at libertie.

That yet me thinkes it is a blisse,
To thinke vpon that pleasure past.
But forthwithall I finde the misse,
For that it might no lenger last.

Those dayes I spent at my desire,
Without wo or aduersitie
Till that my hart was fet a fire,
With loue, with wrath, and ielousie.

For on a day (alas the while)
Lo, hear my harme how it began :
The blinded Lord, the God of guile
Had list to end my fredome than.

And through mine eye into my hart,
All sodenly I felt it glide.
He shot his sharped fiery dart,
So hard, that yet vnder my side

The head (alas) dothe still remaine,
And yet fins I could neuer know,
The way to wring it out againe :
Yet was it nye three yere ago.

This soden stroke made me agast :
And it began to vexe me fore.
But yet I thought, it would haue past,
As other such had done before.

But it did not that (wo is me)
So depe imprinted in my thought,
The stroke abode : that yet I see,
Me thynkes my harme how it was wrought.

Kinde taught me streight that this was loue
And I perceiued it perfectlye.
Yet thought I thus : Nought shall me moue :
I will not thrall my libertie.

And diuers waies I did affay,
By flight, by force, by frend, by fo,
This fyrye thought to put away.
I was ſo lothe for to forgo

My libertie: that me was leuer,
Then bondage was, where I heard ſaie:
Who once was bounde, was fure neuer
Without great paine to ſcape away.

But what for that, there is no choyce,
For my miſhap was ſhappen ſo:
That thoſe my dayes that did reioyce,
Should turne my bliſſe to bitter wo.

For with that ſtroke my bliſſe toke ende.
In ſtede wherof forthwith I caught,
Hotte burnyng fighes, that thus haue brend,
My wretched hart almoſt to naught.

And ſins that day, O Lord my life,
The miſery that it hath felt,
That nought hath had, but wo and ſtrife,
And hotte deſires my hart to melt.

O Lord how ſodain was the change
From ſuch a pleaſant liberty?
The very thraldome ſemed ſtrange:
But yet there was no remedy.

But I muſt yeld, and geue vp all,
And make my guide my chieft ſo.
And in this wiſe became I thrall.
Lo loue and happe would haue it ſo.

I ſuffred wrong and helde my peace,
And gaue my teares good leaue to ronne:
And neuer would ſeke for redreſſe,
But hope to liue as I begonne.

For what it was that might me ease,
He liued not that might it know.
Thus dranke I all mine owne difease :
And all alone bewailde my wo.

There was no fight that might me please,
I fled from them that did reioyce.
And oft alone my hart to ease,
I would bewayle with wofull voyce.

My life my ftate my miserie,
And curse my felfe and all my dayes.
Thus wrought I with my fantasie,
And fought my helpe none other waies.

Saue sometime to my felfe alone,
When farre of was my helpe God wot :
Lowde would I cry : My life is gone,
My dere, if that ye helpe me not.

Then wifht I ftreight, that death might end
Thefe bitter panges, and all this grief.
For nought, methought, might it amend.
Thus in difpaire to haue relief

I lingred forth : tyll I was brought
With pining in fo piteous cafe :
That all, that faw me, fayd, methought :
Lo death is painted in his face.

I went no where : but by the way
I faw fome fight before mine eyes :
That made me figh, and oft times fay :
My life, alas I thee despyfe.

This lafted well a yere, or more :
Which no wight knew, but onely I,
So that my life was nere forlore :
And I difpaired vtterly.

Tyll on a day, as fortune would :
(For that that ſhall be nedes muſt fall)
I ſat me down, as though I ſhould
Haue ended then my life, and all.

And as I ſat to wryte my plaint,
Meaning to ſhew my great vnreſt :
With quaking hand and hart full faint,
Amid my plaintes, among the reſt,

I wrote with ynk, and bitter teares :
I am not myne, I am not mine :
Behold my lyfe, away that weares :
And if I dye the loſſe is thyne.

Herewith a litle hope I caught :
That for a whyle my life did ſtay.
But in effect, it all was naught.
Thus liued I ſtyll : tyll on a day

As I ſat ſtaring on thoſe eyes :
I meane, thoſe eyes, that firſt me bound :
My inward thought tho cryed : Aryſe :
Lo, mercy where it may be found.

And therewithall I drew me nere :
With feble hart, and at a braide,
(But it was ſoftly in her eare)
Mercy, Madame, was all, I ſayd.

But wo was me, when it was tolde,
For therewithall fainted my breath.
And I fate ſtill for to beholde,
And heare the iudgement of my death.

But Loue nor Hap would not conſent,
To end me then, but welaway :
There gaue me bliſſe : that I repent
To thinke I liue to ſee this day.

For after this I playned ſtill
So long, and in ſo piteous wiſe :
That I my wiſh had at my will
Graunted, as I would it deuife.

But Lord who euer heard or knew
Of halfe the ioye that I felt than ?
Or who can thinke it may be true,
That ſo much bliſſe had euer man ?

Lo, fortune thus ſet me aloft :
And more my ſorowes to releue,
Of pleaſant ioyes I taſted oft :
As much as loue or happe might geue.

The ſorowes olde, I felt before
About my hart, were driuen thence :
And for eche greefe, I felt afore,
I had a bliſſe in recompence.

Then thought I all the time well ſpent :
That I in plaint had ſpent ſo long.
So was I with my life content :
That to my ſelf I ſayd among.

Sins thou art ridde of all thine yll :
To ſhowe thy ioyes ſet forth thy voyce.
And, ſins thou haſt thy wiſh at will :
My happy hart, reioyce, reioyce.

Thus felt I ioyes a great deale mo,
Then by my ſong may well be tolde :
And thinking on my paſſed wo,
My bliſſe did double many folde.

And thus I thought with mannes blood,
Such bliſſe might not be bought to deare.
In ſuch eſtate my ioyes then ſtode :
That of a change I had no feare.

But why ſing I ſo long of bliſſe ?
It laſteth not, that will away,
Let me therfore bewaile the miſſe :
And ſing the cauſe of my decay.

Yet all this while there liued none,
That led his life more pleaſantly :
Nor vnder hap there was not one,
Me thought, ſo well at eaſe, as I.

But O blinde ioye, who may thee truſt ?
For no eſtate thou canſt aſſure ?
Thy faithfull vowes proue all vniuſt :
Thy faire beheſtes be full vnſure.

Good proufe by me : that but of late
Not fully twenty dayes ago :
Which thought my life was in ſuch ſtate :
That nought might worke my hart this wo.

Yet hath the enemy of my eaſe,
Miſhappe I meane, that wretched wight :
Now when my life did moſte me pleaſe :
Deuiſed me ſuch cruell ſpight,

That from the hieſt place of all,
As to the pleaſyng of my thought,
Downe to the deepeſt am I fall,
And to my helpe auaiſeth nought,

Lo, thus are all my ioyes gone :
And I am brought from happineſſe,
Continually to waile and mone.
Lo, ſuch is fortunes ſtableneſſe.

In welth I thought ſuch fuertie,
That pleaſure ſhould haue ended neuer.
But now (alas) aduerſitie,
Doth make my ſingyng ceaſe for euer.

O brittle ioye, O flidyng blisse,
O fraile pleasure, O welth vnstable:
Who feles thee most, he shall not misse
At length to be made miserable.

For all must end as doth my blisse:
There is none other certentie.
And at the end the worst is his,
That most hath knowen prosperitie.

For he that neuer blisse assaied,
May well away with wretchednesse:
But he shall finde that hath it sayd,
A paine to part from pleasantnesse:

As I doe now, for er I knew
What pleasure was: I felt no grieve,
Like vnto this, and it is true,
That blisse hath brought me all this mischiefe.

But yet I haue not songen, how
This mischiefe came: but I intend
With wofull voice to sing it now:
And therewithall I make an end.

But Lord, now that it is begoon,
I feele, my sprites are vexed fore.
Oh, geue me breath till this be done:
And after let me liue no more.

Alas, the enmy of my life,
The ender of all pleasantnesse:
Alas, he bringeth all this strife,
And causeth all this wretchednesse.

For in the middes of all my welth,
That brought my hart to happinesse:
This wicked death he came by stelthe,
And robde me of my ioyfulnesse.

He came when that I little thought
Of ought that might me vexe ſo fore :
And ſodenly he brought to nought
My pleaſantneſſe for euermore.

He flew my ioye (alas, the wretch)
He flew my ioye, or I was ware,
And now (alas) no might may ſtretch
To ſet an end to my great care.

For by this curſed deadly ſtroke,
My bliſſe is loſt, and I forlore :
And no help may the loſſe reuoke :
But loſt it is for euermore.

And cloſed vp are thoſe faire eyes,
That gaue me firſt the ſigne of grace :
My faire fwete foes, myne enemies,
And earth doth hide her pleaſant face.

The loke that did my life vpholde :
And all my ſorowes did confounde :
With which more bliſſe then may be tolde :
Alas, now lieth it vnder ground.

But ceaſe, for I will fyng no more :
Since that my harme hath no redreſſe :
But as a wretch for euermore,
My life will waſte in wretchedneſſe.

And ending thys my wofull ſong,
Now that it ended is and paſt :
I wold my life were but as long :
And that this word might be my laſt.

For lothſome is that life (men ſaye)
That liketh not the liuers minde :
Lo, thus I feke myne owne decaye,
And will, till that I may it finde.

Of his loue named White.

FULL faire and white ſhe is, and White by name :
Whoſe white doth ſtriue, the lillies white to ſtaine :
Who may contemne the blaſt of blacke defame :
Who in darke night, can bring day bright againe.
The ruddy roſe inpreaſeth, with cleare heew,
In lips and chekes, right orient to behold :
That the nere gazer may that bewty reew,
And fele diſparſt in limmes the chilling cold :
For White, all white his bloodleſſe face wil be :
The aſhy pale ſo alter will his cheare.
But I that do poſſeſſe in full degree
The harty loue of this my hart ſo deare :
So oft to me as ſhe preſents her face,
For ioye do fele my hart ſpring from his place.

Of the louers vnquiet ſtate.

WHAT thing is that which I bothe haue and lacke,
With good will graunted yet it is denyed
How may I be receiued and put abacke
Alway doing and yet vnoccupied,
Moſt ſlow in that which I haue moſt applied,
Still thus to ſeke, and leſe all that I winne,
And that was ready is neweſt to begyn.

In riches finde I wilfull pouertie,
In great pleaſure liue I in heauenefſe,
In much freedome I lacke my libertie,
Thus am I bothe in ioye and in diſtreſſe.
And in few wordes, if that I ſhall be plaine,
In Paradife I ſuffer all this paine.

*Where good will is ſome profe
will appere.*

IT is no fire that geues no heate,
Though it appeare neuer ſo hotte :
And they that runne and can not ſweate,
Are very leane and dry God wot.

A perfect leche applieth his wittes,
To gather herbes of all degrees :
And feuers with their feruent fittes,
Be cured with their contraries.

New wine will ſearch to finde a vent,
Although the caſke be neuer ſo ſtrong :
And wit will walke when will is bent,
Although the way be neuer ſo long.

The rabbets runne vnder the rockes,
The ſnailes do clime the higheſt towers :
Gunpowder cleaues the ſturdy blockes,
A feruent will all thing deuowers.

When witte with will and diligent
Apply them ſelues, and match as mates,
There can no want of reſident,
From force defende the caſtell gates.

Forgetfulneſſe makes little haſte,
And ſlouth delites to lye full ſoft :
That telleth the deaf, his tale dothe waſte,
And is full drye that craues full oft.

*Verses written on the picture of
ſir Iames Wilford.*

ALAS that euer death ſuch vertues ſhould forlet,
As compaſt was within his corps, whoſe picture is here fet.

Or that it euer laye in any fortunes might,
Through depe disdaine his life to traine yt was so worthy
a wight
For sith he first began in armour to be clad,
A worthier champion then he was yet Englande neuer had.
And though recure be past, his life to haue againe,
Yet would I wish his worthinesse in writyng to remaine.
That men to minde might call how farre he did excell,
At all assayes to wynne the praise, which were to long to tell.
And eke the restlessse race that he full oft hath runne,
In painfull plight frō place to place, where seruice was to
doon
Then, should men well perceiue, my tale to be of trouth,
And he to be the worthiest wight that euer nature wrought.

*The ladye praieth the retorne
of her louer abidyng on
the seas.*

SHALL I thus euer long, and be no whit the neare,
And shal I styll complayn to thee, the which me will not
here?
Alas fay nay nay nay, and be no more so dome,
But open thou thy manly mouth, and fay that thou wilt
come.
Wherby my hart may thinke, although I see not thee,
That thou wilt come thy word so fware, if thou a liues
man be.
The roaryng hugy waues, they threaten my pore ghoft,
And tosse thee vp and downe the seas, in daunger to be lost.

Shall they not make me feare that they haue ſwalowed
thee,

But as thou art moſt ſure aliue ſo wilt thou come to me.
Wherby I ſhall go ſee thy ſhippe ride on the ſtrande
And thinke and ſay lo where he comes, and ſure here will
he land.

And then I ſhall liſt vp to thee my little hande,
And thou ſhalt thinke thine hert in eaſe, in helth to ſe me
ſtand.

And if thou come in dede (as Chriſt the ſend to do),
Thoſe armes which miſſe thee now ſhall then imbrace
thee to.

Ech vaine to euery ioynt, the liuely bloud ſhall ſpred,
Which now for want of thy glad fight, doth ſhow full pale
& dead.

But if thou ſlip thy trouth, and do not come at all,
As minutes in the clocke do ſtrike ſo call for death
I ſhall.

To pleaſe bothe thy false hart, and rid my ſelf from wo,
That rather had to dye in trouth then liue forſaken ſo.

The meane eſtate is beſt.

THE doutfull man hath feuers ſtrange
And conſtant hope is oft diſeaſed,
Diſpaire can not but brede a change,
Nor fletyng hartes can not be pleaſde.
Of all theſe badde, the beſt I thinke,
Is well to hope, though fortune ſhrinke.

Desired thinges are not aye preft,
Nor thinges denide left all vnfought,
Nor new things to be loued best,
Nor all offers to be fet at nought,
Where faithfull hart hath bene refufde,
The chofers wit was there abusde.

The wofull fhyppe of carefull fprite,
Fletyng on feas of wellyng teares,
With fayles of wifhes broken quite,
Hangyng on waues of dolefull feares,
By furge of fighes at wrecke nere hand,
May fast no anker holde on land.

What helps the dyall to the blinde,
Or els, the clock without it found,
Or who by dreames dothe hope to finde,
The hidden gold within the ground:
Shalbe as free from cares and feares,
As he that holds a wolfe by the eares.

And how much mad is he that thinkes
To clime to heauen by the beames,
What ioye alas, hath he that winkes,
At Titan or his golden ftremes,
His ioyes not fubieft to reafons lawes,
That ioyeth more then he hath caufe.

For as the Phenix that climeth hye,
The sonne lightly in afhes burneth,
Againe, the Faulcon fo quicke of eye,
Sone on the ground the net mafheth.
Experience therfore the meane affurance,
Prefers before the doutfull pleafance.

*The louer thinkes no payne to
great, wherby he may ob-
taine his lady.*

SITH that the way to welth is woe,
And after paynes pleasure preſt,
Whie ſhould I than diſpaire ſo.
Ay bewailling mine vnreſt,
Or let to lede my liefe in paine,
So worthy a lady to obtayne,

The fiſher man doth count no care
To caſt hys nets to wracke or waſt,
And in reward of eche mans ſhare,
A gogen gift is much imbraſt,
Sould I than grudge it grief or gall,
That loke at length to whelm a whall.

The pore mā ploweth his groūd for graine,
And ſoweth his ſeede increaſe to craue,
And for thexpence of all his paine.
Oft holdes it hap his ſeede to faue,
Theſe pacient paines my part do ſhow,
To long for loue er that I know.

And take no ſkorne to ſcape from ſkill,
To ſpende my ſpirites to ſpare my ſpeche,
To win for welth the want of will,
And thus for reſt to rage I reche,
Running my race as rect vpright,
Till teares of truth appeaſe my plight.

And plant my plaint within her brest,
Who doubtles may restore againe,
My harmes to helth my ruthe to rest.
That laced is within her chayne,
For earst ne are the grieues so gret :
As is the ioy when loue is met.

For who couets so high to clim,
As doth the birde that pitfoile toke,
Or who delightes so swift to swim,
As doth the fishe that scapes the hoke,
If these had neuer entred woe :
How mought they haue reioysed so.

But yet alas ye louers all,
That here me ioy thus lesse reioyce,
Judge not amys whatso befall.
In me there lieth no power of choyse,
It is but hope that doth me moue :
Who stander bearer is to loue.

On whose ensigne when I beholde,
I fe the shadowe of her shape,
Within my faith so fast I folde :
Through dread I die, through hope I scape,
Thus ease and wo full oft I finde,
What will you more she knoweth my minde.

Of a new married Student.

A STUDENT at his boke so plapt,
That welth he might haue wonne ?
From boke to wife did flete in haste,
From wealth to wo to runne.

Now, who hath plaied a feater cast,
Since iuglyng first begoon ?
In knittyng of him selfe so fast,
Him selfe he hath vndoon.

*The meane estate is to be
accompted the best.*

WHO craftly castes to stere his boate
and safely skoures the flattering flood :
He cutteth not the greatest waues
for why that way were nothing good,
Ne fleteth on the crooked shore
left harme him happe awayting left,
But wines away betwene thē both,
as who would say the meane is best.
Who waiteth on the golden meane,
he put in point of sickernes :
Hides not his head in fluttishe coates,
ne shroudes himself in filthines.
Ne fittes aloft in hye estate,
where hatefull hartes enuie his chance :
But wisely walkes betwixt them twaine,
ne proudly doth himself auance
The highest tree in all the woode
is rifest rent with bluftring windes :
The higher hall the greater fall
such chance haue proude and lofty mindes.
When Jupiter from hie doth threat
with mortall mace and dint of thunder

The higheft hilles ben batrid eft
when they ftand ftill that ftoden vnder
The man whose head with wit is fraught
er welth will feare a worfer tide
When fortune failes difpaireth nought
but constantly doth ftill abide
For he that fendith grifely ftormes
with whifking windes and bitter blaftes
And fowlth with haile the winters face
and frottes the foile with hory froftes
Euen he adawth the force of colde
the fpring in fendes with fomer hote
The fame full oft to ftormy hartes
is caufe of bale : of ioye the roote.
Not always il though fo be now
When cloudes ben driuen then rides the racke
Phebus the fresh ne fhoteth ftill
fometime he harpes his mufe to wake
Stand ftif therfore pluck vp thy hart
lofe not thy poft though fortune faile
Againe when wind doth ferue at will
take hede to hye to hoyfe thy faile.

*The louer refused lamenteth
his eftate.*

I LENT my loue to losse and gaged my life in vaine,
If hate for loue and death for life of louers be the gaine.
And curfe I may by courfe the place eke time and howre
That nature firft in me did forme to be a liuer creature

Sith that I must absent my selfe so secretly
In place desert where neuer man my secretes shall discrye
In dolling of my dayes among the beastes so brute
Who with their tonges may not bewray the secretes of my
fute.

Nor I in like to them may once to moue my minde
But gase on them and they on me as bestes are wont of kinde
Thus ranging as refusde to reche some place of rest,
All ruff of heare, my nayles vnnocht, as to such semeth best.
That wander by theyr wittes, deformed so to be,
That men may say, such one may curse the tyme he first
gan see

The beauty of her face, her shape in such degree,
As god himself may not discerne, one place mended to be.
Nor place it in lyke place, my fanfy for to please,
Who would become a heardmans hyre one howre to haue
of ease.

Wherby I might restore, to me some stedfastnes,
That haue mo thoughts kept in my head then life may lōg
disges.

As oft to throw me downe vpon the earth so cold,
Wheras my teares most rufully, my sorowes do vnfold.
And in beholding them, I chiefly call to mynd,
What woman could find in her heart, such bondage for to
bynd.

Then rashly furth I yede, to cast me from that care,
Lyke as the byrd for foode doth flye, and lighteth in the
snare.

From whence I may not meue, vntil my race be roon,
So trayned is my truth through her, y^t thinkes my life well
woon.

Thus tosse I too and fro, in hope to haue reliefe,
But in the fine I fynd not so, it doubleth but my grief.
Wherefore I will my want, a warning for to be,
Vnto all men, wishing that they, a mirrour make of me.

*The felicitie of a mind imbracing vertue,
that beholdeth the wretched de-
syres of the world.*

Whē dredful swelling seas, through boisterous windy blastes
So tosse the shippes, that al for nought, serues ancor fayle
& mastes.

Who takes not pleasure then, safely on shore to rest,
And see with dreade & depe despayre, how shipmen are
distrest.

Not that we pleasure take, when others felen smart,
Our gladnes groweth to see their harmes, & yet to fele no
parte.

Delyght we take also, well ranged in aray,
When armies meete to see the fight, yet free be from the
fray.

But yet among the rest, no ioy may match with this,
Taspayre vnto the temple hye, where wisdom troned is.

Defended with the saws of hory heades expert,
Which clere it kepe frō errours myst, that myght the truth
peruert.

From whence thou mayst loke downe, and see as vnder
foote,
Mans wādring wil & doutful life, frō whēce they take their
roote.

How ſome by wit contend by prowes ſome to riſe
 Riches and rule to gaine and hold is all that men deuife.
 O miſerable mindes O hertes in folly drent
 Why ſe you not what blindneſſe in thys wretched life is
 ſpent.

Body deuoide of greſe mynde free from care and dreede
 Is all and ſome that nature craues wherwith our life to feede.
 So that for natures turne few thinges may well ſuffice
 Dolour and grief clene to expell, and ſome delight ſurprice:
 Yea and it falleth oft that nature more contente
 Is with the leſſe, then when the more to cauſe delight is
 ſpent.

All worldly pleaſures fade.

THE winter with his grieſly ſtormes no lenger dare abyde,
 The pleaſant graſſe, with luſty grene, the earth hath newly
 dyde.

The trees haue leues, ye bowes don ſpred, new chāged is
 ye yere.

The water brokes are cleane ſonke down, the plesāt bākes
 apere.

The ſpring is come, the goodly nimphes now daūce in euery
 place

Thus hath the yere moſt pleaſantly of late ychangde his face.
 Hope for no immortalitie, for welth will weare away,
 As we may learne by euery yere, yea houres of euery day.
 For Zepharus doth mollifye the colde and bluftering windes:
 The ſomers drought doth take away ye ſpryng out of our
 minds.

And yet the fomer cannot laſt, but once muſt ſtep aſyde,
Thē Autumn thinkes to kepe hys place, but Autumn cañot
bide.

For when he hath brought furth his fruits, & ſtuft y^e barns
wt corn,

The winter eates & empties all, and thus is Autumn worne.
Then hory froſtes poſſeſſe the place, thē tēpeſtes work much
harm,

Thē rage of ſtormes done make al colde whiche fomer had
made warm

Wherefore let no man put his truſt in that that will decay,
For ſlipper welth will not cūtinue, pleaſure will weare away.
For when that we haue loſt our lyfe, & lye vnder a ſtone,
What are we then, we are but earth, then is our pleaſure gon.
No man can tell what god almight of euery man doth caſt,
No man can ſay to day I liue, till morne my lyfe ſhall laſt.
For when thou ſhalt before thy iudge ſtand to receiue thy
dome,

What ſentence Minos dothe pronounce that muſt of thee
become.

Then ſhall not noble ſtock and blud redeme the frō his
handes,

Nor furred talke with eloquence ſhal lowſe thee frō his
bandes.

Nor yet thy lyfe vprightly lead, can help thee out of hell,
For who deſcendeth downe ſo depe, muſt there abyde
& dwell.

Diana could not thence deliuer chaſte Hypolitus,
Nor Theſeus could not call to life his frende Periothous.

*A complaint of the losse of libertie
by loue.*

IN sekying rest vnrest I finde,
I finde that welth is cause of wo :
Wo worth the time that I inclinde,
To fixe in minde her beauty so.

That day be darkened as the night,
Let furious rage it cleane deuour :
Ne funne nor moone therin geue light,
But it confume with storme and shower.

Let no small birdes straine forth their voyce,
With pleasant tunes ne yet no beast :
Finde cause wherat he may reioyce,
That day when chaunced mine vnrest.

Wherin alas from me was raught,
Mine owne free choyse and quiet minde :
My life my death in balance braught
And reason rasde through barke and rinde.

And I as yet in flower of age,
Bothe witte and will did still aduaunce :
Ay to resist that burnyng rage :
But when I darte then did I glaunce.

Nothing to me did seme so hye,
In minde I could it straight attaine :
Fanky perswaded me thereby,
Loue to esteeme a thing most vaine.

But as the birde vpon the brier,
Dothe pricke and proyne her without care :

Not knowing alas pore ſole how nere
She is vnto the fowlers ſnare,
So I amid deceitfull truſt,
Did not miſtruſt ſuch wofull happe :
Till cruell loue er that I wiſt
Had caught me in his carefull trappe.

Then did I fele and partly know,
How little force in me did raigne :
So ſone to yelde to ouerthrow,
So fraile to flit from ioye to paine.

For when in welth will did me leade
Of libertie to hoyſe my faile :
To hale at ſhete and caſt my leade,
I thought free choiſe wold ſtill preuaile

In whoſe calme ſtreames I ſayld ſo farre
No ragyng ſtorme had in reſpect :
Vntyll I rayſde a goodly ſtarre,
Wherto my courſe I did direct.

In whoſe proſpect in doolfull wiſe,
My tackle failde my compaſſe brake :
Through hote deſires ſuch ſtormes did riſe,
That ſterne and toppe went all to wrake.

Oh cruell happe oh fatall chaunce,
O Fortune why were thou vnkinde :
Without regard thus in a traunce,
To reue fro me my ioyfull minde.

Where I was free now muſt I ſerue,
Where I was loſe now am I bounde :
In death my life I do preferue,
As one through girt with many a wound.

A prayse of his Ladye.

GEUE place you Ladies and be gon,
Boast not your felues at all :
For here at hande approacheth one,
Whose face will staine you all.

The vertue of her liuely lokes,
Excels the precious stone :
I wishe to haue none other bokes
To read or loke vpon.

In eche of her two cristall eyes,
Smileth a naked boye :
It would you all in hart suffise
To see that lampe of ioye.

I thinke nature hath lost the moulde,
Where she her shape did take :
Or els I doubt if nature could,
So faire a creature make.

She may be well comparde
Vnto the Phenix kinde :
Whose like was neuer sene nor heard,
That any man can finde.

In life she is Diana chaste,
In trouth Penelopey :
In word and eke in dede stedfast,
What will you more we sey.

If all the world were sought so farre,
Who could finde such a wight :
Her beauty twinkleth like a starre,
Within the frosty night.

Her roſiſhall colour comes and goes,
With ſuch a comely grace :
More redier to then doth the roſe,
Within her liuely face.

At Bacchus feaſt none ſhall her mete,
Ne at no wanton play :
Nor gaſyng in an open ſtrete,
Nor gaddyng as a ſtray.

The modeſt mirth that ſhe dothe uſe,
Is mixt with ſhamefaſtneſſe :
All vice ſhe dothe wholly reſuſe,
And hateth ydleneſſe.

O lord it is a world to ſee,
How vertue can repaire :
And decke in her ſuch honeſtie,
Whom nature made ſo fayre.

Truely ſhe dothe as fare excede,
Our women now adayes :
As dothe the Jelifloure a wede,
And more a thouſande wayes.

How might I do to get a graffe :
Of this vnſpotted tree.
For all the reſt are plaine but chaffe,
Which ſeme good corne to be.

This gift alone I ſhall her geue,
When death doth what he can :
Her honeſt fame ſhall euer liue,
Within the mouth of man.

*The pore estate to be holden
for best.*

E XPERIENCE now doth shew what God vs taught before,
D efired pompe is vaine, and feldome dothe it last :
W ho climbs to raigne with kinges, may rue his fate full
fore.

A las the wofull ende that comes with care full fast,
R eieēt him dothe renowne his pompe full lowe is caste.
D eceiued is the birde by fwetenesse of the call
E xpell that pleasant taste, wherein is bitter gall,
S uch as with oten cakes in pore estate abides,
O f care haue they no cure, the crab with mirth they roft,
M ore ease fele they then those, that from their height
downe flides
E xceffe doth brede their wo, they faile in scillas coft,
R emainyng in the stormes till fhyp and all be loft.
S erue God therfore thou pore, for lo, thou liues in rest,
E fchue the golden hall, thy thatched houle is best.

*The complaint of Thestilis amid
the desert wodde.*

THESTILIS a fely man, when loue did him forsake,
In mourning wife, amid ye woods thus gan his plaint to
make.
Ah wofull man (quod he) fallen is thy lot to mone
And pyne away wt carefull thoughts, vnto thy loue vn-
knownen.
Thy lady thee forsakes whom thou didst honor so
That ay to her thou wer a frend, and to thy self a foe.

Ye louers that haue loſt your heartes deſyred choyſe,
Lament with me my cruell happe, & helpe my trembling
voyce.

Was neuer man that ſtode ſo great in fortunes grace :
Nor with his ſwete alas to deare poſſeſt ſo high a place.
As I whoſe ſimple hart aye thought him ſelfe full ſure,
But now I ſe hye ſpringyng tides they may not aye endure.
She knowes my gilteleſſe hart, and yet ſhe lets it pine,
Of her vntrue profeſſed loue ſo feble is the twyne.
What wonder is it than, if I berent my heeres,
And crauyng death continually do bathe my ſelfe in teares,
When Crefus king of Lide was caſt in cruell bandes,
And yelded goodes and life alſo into his enemies handes.
What tong could tell hys wo yet was his grieve much leſſe:
Then mine for I haue loſt my loue which might my woe
redreſſe.

Ye woodes that ſhroud my limes giue now your holow
found,
That ye may helpe me to bewaile the cares that me con-
found.

Ye riuers reſt a while and ſtay the ſtremes that runne,
Rew Theſtilis moſt woful man that liueth vnder funne.
Transport my ſighes ye windes vnto my pleaſant foe,
My trickling teares ſhall witneſſe bear of this my cruell woe.
O happy man wer I if all the goddes agreed :
That now the ſuſters three ſhould cut in twaine my fatall
threde.

Till life with loue ſhall ende I here reſigne all ioy :
Thy pleaſant ſwete I now lament whoſe lack bredes myne
anoy

Farewell my deare therfore farewell to me well knowne
If that I die it ſhalbe ſayd that thou haſt flaine thine owne.

*The louer praieth pity showing that
nature hath taught his dog as it
were to ſue for the ſame by kis-
ſing his ladies handes.*

NATURE that taught my filly dog god wat :
Euen for my fake to like where I do loue,
Inforced him wheras my lady ſat
With humble fute before her falling flat.
As in his forte he might her play and moue
To rue vpon his lord and not forgete
The ſtedfaſt faith he beareth her and loue,
Kiffing her hand whom ſhe could not remoue.
A way that would for frowning nor for threte
As though he would haue ſayd in my behoue.
Pity my lord your flaue that doth remaine
Left by his death you giltles flay vs twaine.

Of his ring ſent to his lady.

SINCE thou my ring mayſt goe where I ne may.
Since thou mayſt ſpeake where I muſt hold my peace.
Say vnto her that is my liues ſtay.
Grauen the within which I do here expreſſe :
That ſooner ſhall the ſonne not ſhine by day,
And with the raine the floodes ſhall waxen leſſe.
Sooner the tree the hunter ſhall bewray,
Then I for change or choyce of other loue,
Do euer ſeke my fanſy to remoue.

The changeable ſtate of louers.

FOR that a reſſles head muſt ſomewhat haue in vre
Wherwith it may acquaynted be, as falcon is with lure
Fanſy doth me awake out of my drowſy flepe,
In ſeeing how the little mouſe, at night begyns to crepe.
So the deſyrous man, that longes to catch hys pray,
In ſpying how to watch hys tyme, lyeth lurking ſtyll
by day.

In hopying for to haue, and fearyng for to fynde
The ſalue that ſhould recure his fore, & foroweth but the
mynde,

Such is the guyle of loue, and the vncertain ſtate,
That ſome ſhould haue theyr hoped happe, and other hard
eſtate.

That ſome ſhould ſeme to ioy in that they neuer had,
And ſome agayn ſhall frown as faſt, where cauſeles they be
fad.

Such trades do louers uſe when they be moſt at large
That gyde the ſtere when they themſelues lye fettred in
ye barge.

The grenes of my youth cannot therof expreſſe
The proces, for by profe vnknownen, all this is but by geſſe.

Wherefore I hold it beſt, in tyme to hold my peace,
But wanton will it cannot hold, or make my pen to ceaſe.

A pen of no auayle, a fruitles labour eke,
My troubled head with fanſies fraught, doth payn it ſelf to
ſeke.

And if perhappes my wordes of none auayle do pricke,
Such as do fele the hidden harmes, I would not they ſhold
kicke.

As caufeles me to blame which thinketh them no harme,
Although I ſeme by others fyre, ſometime my ſelf to warme.
Which clerely I denye, as gyltles of that cryme,
And though wrong demde I be therin, truth it will trye in
tyme.

A praiſe of Audley.

WHEN Audley had runne out his race and ended wer his
days,
His fame ſtept forth & bad me write of hī ſome worthy praiſe.
What life he lad, what actes he did: his vertues & good name,
Wherto I calde for true report, as witnes of the fame.
Wel born he was wel bent by kinde, whoſe mind did neuer
ſwarue
A ſkilfull head, a valiant hert, a ready hand to ſerue.
Brought vp & trained in feats of war long time beyond the
feas
Cald home again to ſerue his prince whō ſtyll he fought to
pleaſe.
What tornay was there he refuſde, what ſeruice did he ſhone,
Where he was not nor his aduice, what great exploit was
done.
In towne a lambe in felde full fierce a lyon at the nede,
In ſober wit a Salomon, yet one of Hectors fede.
Then ſhame it were that any tong ſhold now defame his
dedes
That in his life a mirror was to all that him ſuccedes.

No pore estate nor hie renowne his nature could peruart,
No hard mischaunce that him befel could moue his constant
hart.

Thus long he liued loued of all as one mislikt of none,
And where he went who cald him not the gentle Peragon.
But course of kinde doth cause eche frute to fall whē it is ripe,
And spitefull death will suffer none to scape his greuous
gripe.

Yet though the ground receiued haue his corps into her
wombe,

This epitaphe ygraue in brasse, shall stand vpon his tombe.
Lo here he lies that hateth vice, and vertues life imbraſt,
His name in earth his sprite aboue deserues to be well plaſt.

Time trieth truth.

ECHE thing I ſe hath time which time muſt trye my truth,
Which truth deserues a ſpecial truſt, on truſt gret frēdſhip
groweth

And frendſhip may not faile where faithfulneſſe is founde,
And faithfulneſſe is ful of frute, & fruteſul thinges be founde.
And found is good at prouſe, and prouſe is prince of praiſe,
And precious praiſe is ſuch a pearle as ſeldome ner decayes.
All theſe thinges time tries forth, which time I muſt abide,
How ſhold I boldly credite craue till time my truth haue
tryed.

For as I found a time to fall in fancieſ frame,
So I do wiſhe a lucky time for to declare the fame.
If hap may anſwere hope, and hope may haue his hire,
Then ſhall my hart poſſeſſe in peace the time that I deſire.

*The louer refused of his loue
imbraceth death.*

My youthfull yeres are paſt,
My ioyfull dayes are gone :
My life it may not laſt,
My graue and I am one.

My mirth and ioyes are fled,
And I a man in wo :
Deſirous to be dedde,
My miſchiefe to forgo.

I burne and am a colde,
I friſe amids the fire :
I ſee ſhe dothe withholde
That is my moſt deſire.

I ſee my helpe at hand,
I ſee my lyfe alſo :
I ſee where ſhe dothe ſtande
That is my deadly foe.

I ſee how ſhe dothe ſee,
And yet ſhe will be blinde :
I ſe in helpyng me
She ſekes and will not finde.

I ſee how ſhe doth wry,
When I begyn to mone :
I ſee when I come nie,
Hhw faine ſhe wold be gone.

I fee what will ye more
She will me gladly kyll :
And you ſhall fee therfore
That ſhe ſhall haue her will.

I can not liue with ſtones
It is to hard a fode :
I will be dead at once
To do my Lady good.

*The Picture of a
louer.*

BEHOLD my picture here well portrayed for the nones,
With hart conſumed and fallyng fleſhe, lo here the very
bones.

Whofe cruell chaunce alas and deſteny is ſuch,
Onely becauſe I put my truſt in ſome folke all to much.
For ſince the time that I did enter in this pine,
I neuer ſaw the rifyng funne but with my wepyng eyen.
Nor yet I neuer heard ſo ſwete a voice or ſounde,
But that to me it did encreaſe the dolour of my wounde.
Nor in ſo ſoft a bedde, alas I neuer laye,
But that it ſemed hard to me or euer it was daye.
Yet in this body bare that nought but life retaines,
The ſtrength wherof clene paſt away the care yet ſtill re-
maines.

Like as the cole in flame dothe ſpende it ſelfe you ſe,
To vaine and wretched cinder duſt till it conſumed be.
So dothe this hope of mine inforce my feruent ſute,
To make me for to gape in vaine, whilſt other eate the frute,

And ſhall do till the death do geue me ſuch a grace,
To rid this fillye wofull ſpirite out of this dolefull caſe.
And then wold God were writte in ſtone or els in leade,
This Epitaphe vpon my graue, to ſhew why I am deade.
Here lieth the louer loe, who for the loue he aught,
Aliue vnto his ladye dere, his death therby he caught.
And in a ſhilde of blacke, loe here his armes appeares,
With weping eies as you may ſee, well poudred all with
teares.

Loe here you may beholde, aloft vpon his brest,
A womans hand ſtrainyng the hart of him that loued her
beſt.

Wherefore all you that ſe this corps for loue that ſtarues,
Example make vnto you all, that thankeleſſe louers ſarues.

Of the death of Phillips.

BEWAILE with me all ye that haue profest,
Of muſicke tharte by touche of coarde or winde :
Laye downe your lutes and let your gitterns reſt,
Phillips is dead whoſe like you can not finde.
Of muſicke much exceedyng all the reſt,
Muſes therfore of force now muſt you wreſt,
Your pleaſant notes into an other ſounde,
The ſtring is broke, the lute is diſpoſſeit,
The hand is colde, the bodye in the grounde.
The lowring lute lamenteth now therfore,
Phillips her frende that can her touche no more.

*That all thing ſometime finde
eaſe of their paine, ſaue
onely the louer.*

I SEE there is no fort,
Of thinges that liue in grieve :
Which at ſometime may not reſort,
Wheras they haue reliefe.

The ſtriken dere by kinde,
Of death that ſtandes in awe :
For his recure an herbe can finde,
The arrow to withdrawe.

The chafed dere hath foile,
To coole him in his het :
The aſſe after his wery toyle,
In ſtable is vp ſet.

The conye hath his caue,
The little birde his neſt :
From heate and colde them ſelues to ſaue,
At all times as they lyft.

The owle with feble fight,
Lieth lurking in the leaues :
The ſparrow in the froſty nyght,
May ſhroude her in the eaues.

But wo to me alas,
In funne nor yet in ſhade.
I can not finde a reſtyng place,
My burden to vnlade.

But day by day ftill beares,
The burden on my backe :
With wepyng eyen and watry teares,
To holde my hope abacke.

All thinges I fee haue place,
Wherin they bowe or bende :
Saue this alas my wofull cafe,
Which no where findeth ende.

*Thaſſault of Cupide vpon the fort
where the louers hart lay wounded
and how he was taken.*

WHEN Cupide ſcaled firſt the fort,
Wherin my hart lay wounded fore :
The battry was of ſuch a fort
That I muſt yelde or dye therfore.

There ſaw I loue vpon the wall,
How he his banner did diſplay :
Alarme alarme he gan to call,
And bad his ſouldiours kepe aray.

The armes the which that Cupide bare
Were pearced harts with teares beſprent :
In filuer and fable to declare
The ſtedfaſt loue he alwayes ment.

There might you ſe his band all dreſt,
In colours like to white and blacke :
With powder and with pellets preſt,
To bring the fort to ſpoile and ſacke.

Good will the master of the shot,
Stode in the rampyre braue and proud :
For spence of powder he spared not,
Affault affault to crye aloude.

There might you heare the cannons rore
Eche pece discharged a louers loke :
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place whereas they toke.

And euen with the trumpets fowne,
The scalyng ladders were vp fet :
And beauty walked vp and downe
With bow in hand and arrowes whet.

Then first desire began to scale,
And shrowded him vnder his targe :
As on the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to geue the charge.

Then pushed fouldiers with their pikes
And holborders with handy strokes :
The hargabushe in fleshe it lightes,
And dims the ayre with misty smokes.

And as it is the fouldiers vse
When shot and powder gins to want :
I hanged vp my flagge of truce,
And pleaded for my liues graunt.

When fanfy thus had made her breach
And beauty entred with her bande :
With bag and baggage felye wretch,
I yelded into beauties hand.

Then beawty bad to blow retrete.
And euery soldiour to retire.
And mercy wilde with spede to fet :
Me captiue bound as prifoner.

Madame (quoth I) fith that thys day,
Hath serued you at all affaies :
I yeld to you without delay,
Here of the fortrefse all the kaies.

And fith that I haue ben the marke,
At whom you shot at with your eye :
Nedes must you with your handy warke,
Or falue my fore or let me dye.

*The aged louer renounceth
loue.*

I LOTHE that I did loue,
In youth that I thought fwete :
As time requires for my behoue
Me thinkes they are not mete,
My lufes they do me leaue,
My fanfies all be fledde :
And traēt of time begins to weaue,
Gray heares vpon my hedde.

For age with ftelyng fteppes,
Hath clawed me with his cowche :
And luftey life away ſhe leapes,
As there had bene none fuch.

My muſe dothe not delight
Me as ſhe did before :
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they haue bene of yore.

For reaſon me denies,
This youthly idle rime :
And day by day to me ſhe cryes,
Leaue of theſe toyes in time.

The wrinces in my brow,
The furrowes in my face :
Say limpyng age will hedge him now,
Where youth must geue him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me I see him ride :
The cough, the colde, the gaspyng breath,
Dothe bid me to prouide.

A pikeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowdyng shete,
A house of claye for to be made,
For such a geft most mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,
That knols the careful knell :
And bids me leaue my wofull warke,
Er nature me compell.

My kepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to scorne :
Of me that clene shalbe forgot,
As I had not ben borne.

Thus must I youth geue vp,
Whose badge I long did weare :
To them I yelde the wanton cup
That better may it beare.

Loe here the bared scull,
By whose balde signe I know :
That stoupyng age away shall pull,
Which youthfull yeres did fowe.

For beauty with her bande
These croked cares hath wrought :
And shipped me into the lande,
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behinde,
Haue ye none other trust :
As ye of claye were cast by kinde,
So shall ye waste to duſt.

*Of the ladie Wentworthes
death.*

To liue to dye, and dye to liue againe,
With good renowne of fame well led before
Here lieth ſhe that learned had the lore,
Whom if the perfect vertues wolden daine.
To be fet forth with foile of worldly grace,
Was noble borne and matcht in noble race,
Lord Wentworthes wife, nor wāted to attain
In natures giſtes her praiſe among the reſt,
But that that gaue her praiſe aboue the beſt
Not fame her wedlocks chaſtnes durſt diſtain
Wherein with child deliueying of her wombe,
Thuntimely birth hath brought them both in tombe
So left ſhe life by death to liue again.

*The louer accusing hys loue for
her vnfaithfulneſſe, purpoſeth
to liue in libertie.*

THE ſmoky fighes the bitter teares,
That I in vaine haue waſted :
The broken ſlepes, the wo and feares,
That long in me haue laſted :
The loue and all I owe to thee,
Here I renounce and make me free.

Which fredome I haue by thy guilt,
And not by my deſeruing,
Since ſo vnconſtantly thou wilt,
Not loue, but ſtil be ſwaruyng.
To leue me oft which was thine owne,
Without cauſe why as ſhalbe knowen.

The frutes were faire the which did grow,
Within thy garden planted,
The leaues were grene of euery bough,
And moyſture nothing wanted,
Yet or the bloſſoms gan to fall,
The caterpillar waſted all.

Thy body was the garden place,
And ſugred wordes it beareth,
The bloſſomes all thy faith it was,
Which as the canker wereth.
The cater piller is the ſame,
That hath wonne thee and loſt thy name.

I meane thy louer loued now,
By thy pretended folye,
Which will proue lyke, thou ſhalt fynd how,
Unto a tree of holly :
That barke and bery beares alwayes,
The one, byrdes feedes, the other flayes.

And right well mighteſt thou haue thy wiſh
Of thy loue new acquaynted :
For thou art lyke vnto the diſhe
That Adrianus paynted :
Wherin wer grapes portrayed ſo fayre
That fowles for foode did there repayre.

But I am lyke the beaten fowle
 That from the net escaped,
 And thou art lyke the rauening owle
 That all the night hath waked.
 For none intent but to betray
 The sleping fowle before the day.

Thus hath thy loue been unto me
 As pleasant and commodious,
 As was the fyre made on the fea
 By Naulus hate so odious.
 Therwith to trayn the grekish host
 From Troyes return where they wer lost.

*The louer for want of his de-
 fyre, sheweth his death
 at hand.*

As Cypres tree that rent is by the roote,
 As branch or flyppe bereft from whēce it growes
 As well fowen feede for drought that can not sproute
 As gaping ground that raineles can not close
 As moules that want the earth to do them bote
 As fishe on lande to whom no water flowes,
 As Chameleon that lackes the ayer so fote.
 As flowers do fade when Phebus rarest showes.
 As salamandra repulsed from the fyre:
 So wanting my wishe I dye for my defyre.

*A happy end exccedeth all pleasures
and riches of the
worlde.*

THE shynyng feason here to fome,
The glory in the worldes fight,
Renowmed fame through fortune wonne
The glitteryng golde the eyes delight.
The sensuall life that femes so fwete,
The hart with ioyfull dayes replete,
The thing wherto eche wight is thrall,
The happy ende exceedeth all.

*Against an vnstedfast
woman.*

O TEMEROUS tauntres that delights in toyes
Tumbling cockboat tottryng to and fro,
Ianglyng iestres deproueres of fwete ioyes,
Ground of the graffe whence al my grief dothe grow
Sullen serpent enuironned wt dispite,
That yll for good at all times doest requite.

*A praise of Petrarke and of Lau-
ra his ladie.*

O PETRARKE hed and prince of poets all,
Whose liuely gift of flowyng eloquence,
Wel may we feke, but finde not how or whence
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fall,

Peace to thy bones, and glory immortall
 Be to thy name, and to her excellence.
 Whose beauty lighted in thy time and sence
 So to be set forth as none other shall.
 Why hath not our pens rimes so pfit wrought
 Ne why our time forth bringeth beauty such
 To trye our wittes as golde is by the touche,
 If to the stile the matter aided ought.
 But therwas neuer Laura more then one,
 And her had petrarke for his paragone.

*That petrark cannot be passed
 but notwithstanding that
 Lawra is far surpassed.*

WITH petrarke to compare there may no wight,
 Nor yet attain vnto so high a stile,
 But yet I wote full well where is a file,
 To frame a learned man to praise aright :
 Of stature meane of semely forme and shap,
 Eche line of iust proportion to her height :
 Her colour freshe and mingled with such sleight :
 As though the rose sate in the lilies lap.
 In wit and tong to shew what may be fed,
 To euery dede she ioynes a parfit grace,
 If Lawra liude she would her clene deface.
 For I dare say and lay my life to wed
 That Momus could not if he downe discended,
 Once iustly say lo this may be amended.

Againſt a cruell woman.

CRUELL and vnkind whom mercy cannot moue,
Herbour of vnhappe where rigours rage doth raigne,
The ground of my grieve where pitie cannot proue:
To tickle to truſt of all vntrueth the traine,
Thou rigorous rocke that ruth cannot remoue.
Daungerous delph depe dungeon of diſdaine:
The ſacke of ſelfe will the cheſt of craft and change,
What cauſeth the thus ſo cauſels for to change.

Ah piteles plante whome plaint cannot prouoke,
Darke den of diſceite that right doth ſtill reſuſe,
Cauſles vnkinde that carieth vnder cloke
Cruelty and craft me onely to abuſe,
Statelye and ſtubborne withſtanding Cupides ſtroke,
Thou merueilouſe maſe that makeſt men to muſe,
Solleyn by ſelfe will, moſt ſtony ſtiffe and ſtraunge,
What cauſeth thee thus cauſeleſſe for to chaunge.

Slipper and ſecrete where ſurety can not ſowe
Net of newelty, neaſt of newfangleneſſe,
Spring of very ſpite, from whence whole fluddes do flow,
Thou caue and cage of care and craftin eſſe
Waueryng willow that euery blaſt dothe blowe
Graſſe withouten grothe and cauſe of carefulneſſe.
The heape of miſhap of all my grieve the graunge,
What cauſeth thee thus cauſeleſſe for to chaunge.

Haft thou forgote that I was thine infest,
By force of loue haddeſt thou not hart at all,
Saweſt thou not other that for thy loue were left
Knoweſt thou vnkinde, that nothing might befall
From out my hart that could haue the bereft.
What meaneſt thou then at ryot thus to raunge,
And leaueſt thine owne that neuer thought to chaūge.

*The louer ſheweth what he would
haue if it were graunted him to
haue what he would wiſhe.*

If it were ſo that God would graunt me my requeſt,
And that I might of earthly thinges haue y^t I liked beſt.
I would not wiſhe to clime to princely hye eſtate,
Which flipper is and ſlides ſo oft, and hath ſo fickle fate.
Nor yet to conquere realmes with cruell ſworde in hande,
And ſo to ſhede the giltleſſe bloude of ſuch as would with-
ſtand.

Nor I would not deſire in worldly rule to raigne,
Whoſe frute is all vnquietneſſe, and breakyng of the braine.
Nor richeſſe in exceſſe of vertue ſo abhorde,
I would not craue which bredeth care and cauſeth all diſ-
corde.

But my requeſt ſhould be more worth a thouſand folde :
That I might haue and her enioye that hath my hart in
holde.

Oh God what luſty life ſhould we liue then for euer,
In pleaſant ioy and perfect bliſſe, to length our liues to-
gether.

With wordes of frëndlye chere, and lokes of liuely loue,
To vtter all our hotte defires, which neuer ſhould remoue.
But groſe and gredie wittes which grope but on the ground.
To gather muck of worldly goodes which oft do them con-
founde.

Can not attaine to knowe the miſteries deuine
Of perſite loue wherto hie wittes of knowledge do incline
A nigard of his gold fuche ioye can neuer haue
Which gettes wt toile and kepes with care and is his money
ſlaue.

As they enioy alwayes that taſte loue in his kinde,
For they do holde continually a heauen in their minde.
No worldly goodes could bring my hart ſo great an eaſe,
As for to finde or do the thing that might my ladye pleaſe.
For by her onely loue my hart ſhould haue all ioye,
And with the ſame put care away, and all that could
annoy.

As if that any thyng ſhold chance to make me ſadde,
The touching of her corall lippes would ſtraighteways make
me gladde,

And when that in my heart I fele that dyd me greue
With one imbracing of her armes ſhe might me ſone re-
leue :

And as the Angels all which fit in heauen hye
With preſence and the ſight of god haue theyr felicitie.
So lykewyſe I in earth, ſhould haue all earthly blis,
With preſence of that paragon, my god in earth that is.

*The lady forſaken of her louer,
prayeth his returne, or the end
of her own life.*

To loue, alas, who would not feare
That ſeeth my wofull ſtate,
For he to whom my heart I beare
Doth me extremely hate,
And why therfore I cannot tell,
He will no lenger with me dwell.

Did you not ſewe and long me ſerue
Ere I you graunted grace?
And will you this now from me ſwarue
That neuer did trefpace?

Alas poore woman then alas,
A very lyfe here muſt I paſſe.

And is there now no remedy
But that you will forgeat her,
Ther was a tyme when that perdy
You would haue heard her better.
But now that time is gone and paſt,
And all your loue is but a blaſt.

And can you thus breake your beheſt
In dede and can you ſo?
Did you not ſweare you loude me beſt,
And can you now ſay no?
Remember me poore wight in payne,
And for my ſake turne once agayne.

Alas poore Dido now I fele
Thy present paynful state,
When false Eneas did hym stele
From thee at Carthage gate.
And left thee sleapyng in thy bedde,
Regarding not what he had sayd.

Was neuer woman thus betrayed,
Nor man so false forsworne
His faith and trouth so strongly tayed,
Untruth hath alltorne:
But I haue leaue for my good will,
To waile and wepe alone my fill.

But since it will not better be,
My teares shall neuer blyn:
To moist the earth in such degree,
That I may drowne therin:
That by my death all men may faye,
Lo women are as true as they.

By me all women may beware,
That see my wofull smart,
To feke true loue let them not spare,
Before they set their hart.
Or els they may become as I,
Which for my truth am like to dye.

*The louer yelden into his ladies
handes, praieth mercie.*

IN fredome was my fantasie
Abhorryng bondage of the minde,
But now I yelde my libertie,
And willingly my felfe I binde.

Truely to serue with all my hart,
Whiles life doth last not to reuart.

Her beauty bounde me first of all
And forst my will for to consent :
And I agree to be her thrall,
For as she list I I am content,
My will is hers in that I may,
And where she biddes I will obey.

It lieth in her my wo or welth,
She may do that she liketh best,
If that she list I haue my helth,
If she list not in wo I rest.
Sins I am fast within her bandes,
My wo and welth lieth in her handes.

She can no lesse then pitie me,
Sith that my faith to her is knowne,
It were to much extremitie,
With cruelty to vse her owne.
Alas a sinnefull enterprice,
To flay that yeldes at her deuice.

But I thinke not her hart so harde,
Nor that she hath such cruell lust :
I doubt nothing of her reward,
For my desert but well I trust,
As she hath beauty to allure,
So hath she a hart that will recure.

*That nature which worketh al thinges
for our behofe, hath made wo-
men also for our comfort
and delite.*

AMONG dame natures workes fuch perfite lawe is wrought,
That things be ruled by courfe of kinde in order as they
ought
And ferueth in their ftate, in fuch iuft frame and forte,
That flender wits may iudge the fame, & make therof
report.
Beholde what fcrete force the winde dothe eafely shoue,
Which guides the fhippes amid the feas if he his bellowes
blow.
The waters wax in wilde where blustering blaftes do rife,
Yet feldome do they paffe their bondes for nature that
denife.
The fire which boiles the leade and trieth out the golde,
Hath in his power both help and hurt if he his force
vnfolde.
The froft which kilth the fruite doth knit the brufed bones:
And is a medecin of kind prepared for the nones.
The earth in whose entrails the foode of man doth liue,
At euery fpring and fall of leafe what plefure doth fhe
giue.
The aier which life defires and is to helth fo fwete
Of nature yeldes fuch liuely fmelles that cōfortes euery
fprete.

The ſonne through natures might doth draw away the dew,
And ſpredes y^e flowers where he is wōt his princely face to
ſhew.

The Mone which may be cald the lanterne of the night,
Is halfe a guide to traueling men ſuch vertue hath her
light.

The ſters not vertueleſſe are bewtie to the eies,
A lodes man to the mariner a ſigne of calmed ſkies.
The flowers and fruitefull trees to man doe tribute pay,
And when they haue their duety done by courſe they fade
away.

Eche beaſt both fiſhe and foule, doth offer lief and all,
To noriſhe man and do him eaſe yea ſerue him at his call.
The ſerpentes venomous, whoſe vglye ſhapes we hate,
Are ſoueraigne ſalues for fondry fores, & nedefull in their
ſtate.

Sith nature ſhewes her power, in eche thing thus at large,
Why ſhould not man ſubmit hymſelf to be in natures
charge.

Who thinkes to flee her force, at length becomes her thrall,
The wyfeſt cannot ſlip her ſnare, for nature gouernes all.
Lo, nature gaue vs ſhape, lo nature fedes our lyues :
Thē they are worſe thē mad I think, againſt her force
y^t ſtriues.

Though ſome do vſe to fay, which can do nought but fayne,
Women were made for this intent, to put vs men to payne,
Yet ſure I think they are a pleaſure to the mynde,
A ioy which man can neuer want, as nature hath affynde.

*When aduerſitie is once fallen
it is to late to beware.*

To my miſhap alas I fynde
That happy hap is daungerous :
And fortune worketh but her kynd
To make the ioyfull dolorous.
But all to late it comes to minde,
To waile the want that makes me blinde.

Amid my mirth and pleaſantneſſe,
Such chaunce is chaunced ſodainly,
That in diſpaire without redreſſe,
I finde my chiefeſt remedy.
No new kinde of vnhappineſſe,
Should thus haue left me comfortleſſe.

Who wold haue thought that my request,
Should bring me forth ſuch bitter frute :
But now is hapt that I feard left,
And all this harme comes by my fute,
For when I thought me happieſt,
Euen then hapt all my chiefe vnreſt.

In better caſe was neuer none
And yet vnwares thus am I trapt,
My chiefe deſire doth cauſe me mone,
And to my harme my welth is hapt,
There is no man but I alone,
That hath ſuch cauſe to ſigh and mone.

Thus am I taught for to beware
And truſt no more ſuch pleaſant chance,
My happy happe bred me this care,
And brought my mirth to great miſchance.
There is no man whom happe will ſpare,
But when ſhe liſt his welth is bare.

*Of a louer that made his one-
lye God of his loue.*

AL you that frendſhip do profeſſe,
And of a frende preſent the place :
Geue eare to me that did poſſeſſe,
As frendly frutes as ye imbrace.
And to declare the circumſtaunce,
There were them ſelues that did auance :
To teache me truely how to take,
A faithfull frende for vertues fake.

But I as one of little ſkill,
To know what good might grow therby,
Vnto my welth I had no will,
Nor to my nede I had none eye,
But as the childe dothe learne to go,
So I in time did learne to know.
Of all good frutes the world brought forth,
A faythfull frende is thing moſt worth.

Then with all care I fought to finde,
One worthy to receiue ſuch truſt :
One onely that was riche in minde,
One ſecrete, ſober, wiſe, and iuſt.

Whom riches coulde not raife at all,
Nor pouertie procure to fall :
And to be ſhort in few wordes plaine,
One ſuch a frend I did attaine.

And when I did enioy this welth,
Who liued Lord in ſuch a caſe,
For to my friendes it was great helth,
And to my foes a fowle deface,
Aad to my ſelfe a thing ſo riche
As ſeke the worlde and finde none ſich
Thus by this frende I ſet ſuch ſtore,
As by my ſelfe I ſet no more.

This frende ſo much was my delight
When care had clene orecome my hart,
One thought of her rid care as quite,
As neuer care had cauſed my ſmarte
Thus ioyed I in my frende ſo dere
Was neuer frende ſate man ſo nere,
I carde for her ſo much alone,
That other God I carde for none.

But as it dothe to them befall,
That to them ſelues reſpect haue none :
So my ſwete graffe is growen to gall,
Where I ſowed mirthe I reaped mone
This ydoll that I honorde ſo,
Is now transformed to my fo,
That me moſt pleaſed me moſt paynes,
And in diſpaire my hart remaines.

And for iuſt ſcourage of ſuch defart,
Thre plages I may my ſelfe aſſure,
Firſt of my frende to loſe my parte,
And next my life may not endure,

And laſt of all the more to blame,
 My foule ſhall ſuffer for the ſame,
 Wherefore ye frendes I warne you all,
 Sit faſte for feare of ſuch a fall.

*Vpon the death of Sir Antony
 Denny.*

DEATH and the kyng did as it were contende,
 Which of them two bare Denny greateſt loue.
 The king to ſhew his loue gan farre extende,
 Did him aduaunce his betters farre aboue.
 Nere place, much welthe, great honour eke him gaue,
 To make it knowen what power great princes haue.

But when death came with his triumphant gift,
 From worldly cark he quite his weried gholt,
 Free from the corps, and ſtraight to heauen it liſt,
 Now deme that can who did for Denny moſt.
 The king gaue welth but fadyng and vnſure,
 Death brought him bliſſe that euer ſhall endure.

A comparifon of the louers paines.

LYKE as the brake within the riders hande,
 Dothe ſtrayne the horſe nye woode with grieve of payne,
 Nor vſed before to come in ſuch a bande,
 Striaeth for grieve, although godwot in vayne,
 To be as erſt he was at libertie,
 But force of force dothe ſtraine the contrary.

Euen ſo ſince bānd dothe cauſe my deadly grieſe,
That made me ſo my wofull chaunce lament,
Like thing hath brought me into paine and miſchiefe,
Saue willingly to it I did aſſent.
To binde the thing in fredome which was free,
That now full fore alas repenteth me.

Of a Roſemary braunche ſente.

SUCHE grene to me as you haue ſent,
Such grene to you I ſende agayn :
A flowring hart that wyll not feint,
For drede of hope or loſſe of gaine :
A ſtedfaſt thought all wholly bent,
So that he maye your grace obtain :
As you by prooſe haue alwaies ſene,
To liue your owne and alwayes grene.

*To his loue of his con-
ſtant hart.*

AS I haue bene ſo will I euer be,
Unto my death and lenger yf I might.
Haue I of loue the frendly lokyng eye,
Haue I of fortune the fauour or the ſpite,
I am of rock by prooſe as you may ſee :
Not made of waxe nor of no metall light,
As leeſe to dye, by chaunge as to deceaue,
Or breake the promiſe made. And ſo I leaue.

*Of the token which his
loue ſent him.*

The golden apple that the Troyan boy,
Gaue to Venus the fayreſt of the thre,
Which was the cauſe of all the wrack of Troy,
Was not receiued with a greater ioye,
Then was the ſame (my loue) thou ſent to me,
It healed my ſore it made my ſorowes free,
It gaue me hope it baniſht mine annoy :
Thy happy hand full oft of me was bliſt,
That can geue ſuch a ſalue when that thou liſt.

*Manhode auaiſleth not without
good Fortune.*

THO Cowerd oft whom deinty viandes fed,
That boſted much his ladies eares to pleaſe,
By helpe of them whom vnder him he led
Hath reapt the palme that valiance could not ceaſe.
The vnexpert that ſhoores vnknowne neare ſought,
Whom Neptune yet apaled not with feare :
In wandryng ſhippe on truſtleſſe ſeas hath tought,
The ſkill to fele that time to long doth leare.
The ſportyng knight that ſcorneth Cupides kinde,
With fayned chere the payned cauſe to brede :
In game vnhides the leden ſparkes of minde,
And gaines the goale, where glowyng flames ſhould ſpede,
Thus I ſee proufe that trouthe and manly hart,
May not auayle, if fortune chaunce to ſtart.

*That constancy of all vertues
is most worthy.*

THOUGH in the waxe a perfect picture made,
Dothe shew as fayre as in the marble stone,
Yet do we see it is esteemed of none,
Because that fire or force the forme dothe fade.
Wheras the marble holden is full dere,
Since that endures the date of lenger dayes.
Of Diamondes it is the greatest prayse,
So long to last and alwayes one tappere.
Then if we do esteeme that thing for best,
Which in perfection lengest time dothe last:
And that most vayne that turnes with euery blast
What iewell then with tonge can be exprest.
Like to that hart where loue hath framed such fethe,
That can not fade but by the force of dethe.

*A comfort to the complaynt
of Thestylis.*

THESTILIS thou fely man, why dost thou so complaine,
If nedes thy loue will thee forsake, thy mourning is in
vaine.
For none can force the streames against their course to
ronne,
Nor yet vnwillyng loue with teares or wailyng can be
wonne.

Ceaſe thou therfore thy plaintes, let hope thy ſorowes eaſe,
The ſhipmen though their ſailes be rent yet hope to ſcape
the ſeas

Though ſtraunge ſhe ſeme a while, yet thinke ſhe will not
chaūge

Good cauſes driue a ladies loue, ſometime to ſeme full
ſtraunge.

No louer that hath wit, but can forſee ſuch happe,
That no wight can at wiſh or will ſlepe in his ladies lappe.
Achilles for a time fayre Brifes forgo,
Yet did they mete with ioye againe, then thinke thou maiſt
do ſo.

Though he and louers al in loue ſharpe ſtormes do finde,
Diſpaire not thou pore Theſtilis though thy loue ſeme vn-
kinde.

Ah thinke her graſſed loue can not ſo ſone decay,
Hie ſpringes may ceaſe from ſwellyng ſtyll, but neuer dry
away

Oft ſtormes of louers yre, do more their loue encreaſe :
As ſhinyng funne refreſhe the frutes whē rainyng gins to
ceaſe.

When ſpringes are waxen lowe, then muſt they flow againe,
So ſhall thy hart aduaunced be, to pleaſure out of paine.
When lacke of thy delight moſt bitter grieve apperes,
Thinke on Etraſcus worthy loue that laſted thirty yeres,
Which could not long atcheue his hartes deſired choyle,
Yet at the ende he founde rewarde that made him to
reioyce.

Since he ſo long in hope with patience did remaine,
Can not thy feruent loue forbear thy loue a moneth or
twaine.

Admit ſhe minde to chaunge and nedes will thee forgo,
Is there no mo may thee delight but ſhe that paynes
thee ſo?

Theftilis draw to the towne and loue as thou haſt done,
In time thou knoweſt by faythfull loue as good as ſhe is
wonne.

And leaue the deſert woodes and waylyng thus alone,
And ſeke to ſalue thy fore els where, if all her loue be
gonne.

The vncertaine ſtate of a louer.

LYKE as the rage of raine,
Filles riuers with exceſſe,
And as the drought againe,
Dothe draw them leſſe and leſſe.
So I bothe fall and clyme,
With no and yea ſometime.

As they ſwell hye and hye,
So doth encreaſe my ſtate,
As they fall drye and drye,
So doth my wealth abate,
As yea is mixt with no,
So mirth is mixt with wo.

As nothing can endure,
That liues and lackes reliefe,
So nothing can ſtande fure,
Where chaunge dothe raigne as chiefe,
Wherefore I muſt intende,
To bowe when others bende.

And when they laugh to ſmile,
 And when they wepe to waile,
 And when they craft, begile,
 And when they fight, affayle,
 And thinke there is no chaunge,
 Can make them ſeme to ſtraunge.

Oh moſt vnhappy ſlaue,
 What man may leade this courſe,
 To lacke he would fayneſt haue,
 Or els to do much worſe.
 Theſe be rewardes to ſuch,
 As liue and loue to much.

*The louer in libertie ſmileth at them
 in thraldome, that ſometime
 ſcorned his bondage.*

AT libertie I fit and ſee,
 Them that haue erſt laught me to ſcorne:
 Whipt with the whip that ſcourged me,
 And now they banne that they were borne.

I ſee them fit full ſoberlye,
 And thinke their earneſt lokes to hide:
 Now in them ſelues they can not ſpye,
 That they or this in me haue ſpied.

I ſee them ſittyng all alone,
 Markyng the ſteppes ech worde and loke:
 And now they treade where I haue gone
 The painfull pathe that I forfoke.

Now I fee well I ſaw no whit,
When they ſaw well that now are blinde
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And iuſt iudgement hath them affinde.

I ſee them wander all alone,
And trede full faſt in dredfull dout :
The ſelfe ſame pathe that I haue gone,
Bleſſed be hap that brought me out.

At libertie all this I ſee,
And ſay no worde but erſt among :
Smiling at them that laught at me,
Lo ſuch is hap marke well my ſong.

*A comparifon of his loue wyth the
faithfull and painful loue of
Troylus to Creſide.*

I READ how Troylus ſerued in Troy,
A lady long and many a day,
And how he bode ſo great anoy,
For her as all the ſtories ſaye,
That halfe the paine had neuer man,
Which had this wofull Troyan than.

His youth, his ſport, his pleaſant chere,
His courtly ſtate and company,
In him ſo ſtraungly altred were,
With ſuch a face of contrary.
That euery ioye became a wo,
This poyſon new had turned him ſo.

And what men thought might most him ease
And most that for his comfort stode,
The same did most his minde displease,
And set him most in furious mode.
For all his pleasure euer lay,
To thinke on her that was away.

His chamber was his common walke,
Wherin he kept him feretely,
He made his bedde the place of talke,
To heare his great extremitie.
In nothing els had he delight,
But euen to be a martyr right.

And now to call her by her name
And straight therwith to sigh and throbbe :
And when his fanfyes might not frame,
Then into teares, and so to sobbe,
All in extreames and thus he lyes
Making two fountayns of his eyes.

As agues haue sharpe shiftes of fittes
Of colde and heat successiuelly :
So had his head like chaunge of wittes :
This pacience wrought so diuersly.
Now vp, now downe, now here, now there,
Like one that was he wist not where.

And thus though he were Pryams sonne
And comen of the kinges hie bloude,
This care he had er he her wonne.
Till shee that was his maistresse good,
And lothe to see her seruauent so,
Became Phisicion to his wo.

And toke him to her handes and grace,
And ſaid ſhe would her minde apply,
To helpe him in his wofull caſe,
If ſhe might be his remedy.
And thus they ſay to eaſe his ſmart,
She made him owner of her hart.

And truth it is except they lye,
From that day forth her ſtudy went,
To ſhew to loue him faithfully,
And his whole minde full to content.
So happy man at laſt was he,
And eke ſo worthy a woman ſhe.

Lo lady then iudge you by this
Mine eaſe and how my caſe dothe fall,
For ſure betwene my life and his,
No differeuce there is at all.
His care was great ſo was his paine
And mine is not the left of twaine.

For what he felt in ſeruice true
For her whom that he loued ſo,
The ſame I fele as large for you,
To whom I do my ſeruice owe,
There was that time in him no payne,
That now the ſame in me dothe raine.

Which if you can compare and waye,
And how I ſtande in euery plight,
Then this for you I dare well ſaye,
Your hart muſt nedes remorce me right
To graunt me grace and ſo to do,
As Crefide then did Troylus to.

For well I wot you are as good
 And euen as faire as euer was ſhee,
 And commen of as worthy bloode,
 And haue in you as large pitie.
 To tender me your owne true man,
 As ſhe did him her ſeruaunt than.

Which gift I pray God for my ſake,
 Full ſone and ſhortly you me ſende,
 So ſhall you make my ſorowes ſlake,
 So ſhall you bring my wo to ende.
 And ſet me in as happy caſe,
 As Troylus with his lady was.

*To leade a vertuous and
 honeſt life,*

FLEE frō the preſe & dwell with ſothfaſtnes
 Suffiſe to thee thy good though it be ſmall,
 For horde hath hate and climyng tickleneſſe
 Praise hath enuy, and weall is blinde in all
 Fauour no more, then thee behoue ſhall.
 Rede well thy ſelf that others well canſt rede,
 And trouth ſhall the deliuer it is no drede.

Paine thee not eche croked to redreſſe
 In hope of her that turneth as a ball,
 Great reſt ſtandeth in litle buſyneſſe,
 Beware alſo to ſpurne againſt a nall,
 Striue not as doth a croke againſt a wall,
 Deme firſt thy ſelfe, that demest others dede
 And trouth ſhall the deliuer, it is no drede.

That the is sent, receiue in boxomnesse,
The wrestling of this world axith a fall :
Here is no home, here is but wilder nesse.
Forth pilgrame forth beast out of thy stall,
Looke vp on high, giue thankes to god of all :
Weane well thy lust, and honest life ay leade,
So trouth shall the deliuer, it is no dreade.

*The wounded louer determineth to
make sute to his lady for
his recure.*

SINS Mars first moued warre or stirred men to strife,
Was neuer seen so fearce a fight, I scarce could scape with
life.

Resist so long I did, till death approched so nye,
To saue my selfe I thought it best with spede away to fly.
In daunger still I fled, by flight I thought to scape
From my dere foe, it vailed not, alas it was to late.
For venus from her campe brought Cupide with hys
bronde,

Who sayd now yelde, or els desire shall chace the in euery
londe.

Yet would I not straite yelde, till fanfy fierfly stroke,
Who from my will did cut the raines and charged me wt this
yoke

Then all the dayes and nightes mine eare might heare the
found,

What carefull fighes my heart would steale to fele it self fo
bound

For though within my brest, thy care I worke he sayd,
Why for good wyll didest thou behold her perſing iye displayde.

Alas the fiſhe is caught, through baite, that hides the hoke,
Euen ſo her eye me trained hath, and tangled with her loke.

But or that it be long, my hart thou ſhalt be faine,
To ſtay my life pray her furththrowe ſwete lokes whā I cōplaine

When that ſhe ſhall deny, to doe me that good turne,
Then ſhall ſhe ſee to aſhes gray, by flames my body burne.

Deſearte of blame to her, no wight may yet impute,
For feare of nay I neuer fought, the way to frame my fute.
Yet hap what hap ſhall, delay I may to long,
Affay I ſhall for I here ſay, the ſtill man oft hath wrong.

*The louer ſhewing of the continuall
paines that abide within his brest
determineth to die becauſe he
can not haue redreſſe.*

THE dolefull bell that ſtill dothe ring,
The wofull knell of all my ioyes :
The wretched hart dothe perce and wringe,
And ſils mine eare with deadly noyes.

The hongry vyper in my brest,
That on my hart dothe lye and knawe :
Dothe dayly brede my new vnreſt,
And deper fighes dothe cauſe me drawe.

And though I force bothe hande and eye,
On pleaſant matter to attende :
My forowes to deceaue therby,
And wretched life for to amende.

Yet goeth the mill within my hart,
Which gryndeth nought but paine and wo :
And turneth all my ioye to ſmart,
The euill corne it yeldeth fo.

Though Venus ſmile with yeldyng eyes,
And ſwete muſike both play and ſinge :
Yet doth my ſprites fele none of theſe,
The clacke dothe at mine eare ſo ringe.

As ſmalleſt ſparckes vncared for,
To greateſt flames dothe ſoneſt growe,
Euen ſo did this myne inwarde fore,
Begin in game and ende in wo.

And now by uſe ſo ſwift it goeth,
That nothing can mine eares ſo fil :
But that the clacke it ouergoeth,
And plucketh me backe into the myll.

But ſince the mill will nedes about,
The pinne wheron the whele dothe go :
I wyll affaye to ſtrike it out,
And ſo the myll to ouerthrow.

*The power of loue ouer gods
them ſelues.*

FOR loue Appollo (his Godhead ſet aſide)
Was ſeruant to the kyng of Theſſaley,
Whoſe daughter was ſo pleaſant in his eye,
That bothe his harpe and ſawtrey he deſide.

And bagpipe folace of the rurall bride,
 Did puffe and blowe and on the holtes hy,
 His cattell kept with that rude melody,
 And oft eke him that doth the heauens gyde.
 Hath loue transformed to shapes for him to base
 Transmuted thus sometime a swan is he,
 Leda taccoye, and eft Europe to please,
 A milde white bull, vnwrinckled front and face,
 Suffreth her play tyll on his backe lepeh she,
 Whom in great care he ferieth through the feas.

*Of the futteltye of craftye
 louers.*

SUCH waiward waies haue some when folly stirres their
 braines
 To fain and plaine full oft of loue when left they fele his
 paynes.
 And for to shew a griefe such craft haue they in store,
 That they can halt and lay a salue wheras they fele no
 fore.
 As hounde vnto the fote, or dogge vnto the bow,
 So are they made to vent her out whom bent to loue they
 know
 That if I should discribe on hundred of their driftes
 Two hūdred witts beside mine owne I should put to their
 shiftes
 No woodman better knowes howfor to lodge his dere
 Nor shypman on the sea that more hath skill to guide the
 ftere

Nor beaten dogge to herd can warer chose his game,
Nor scholeman to his fanſy can a ſcholer better frame.
Then one of theſe which haue olde Ouids art in vre,
Can ſeke the wayes vnto their minde a woman to allure.
As rounde about a hiue the bees do ſwarme alway,
So rounde about y^e houſe they preaſe wherin they ſeke their
pray.

And whom they ſo beſege, it is a wonderous thing,
What crafty engins to affault theſe wily warriers bring.
The eye as ſcout and watch to ſtirre both to and fro,
Doth ſerue ſtale her here & there where ſhe doth come
and go,

The tonge doth plede for right as herauld of the hart:
And both the handes as oratours do ſerue to point theyr
part.

So ſhewes the countinaunce then with theſe fowre to
agree,

As though in witnes with the reſt it wold hers ſworne be.
But if ſhe then miſtruſt it would turne black to whyte,
For that the woorrier lokes moſt ſmoth whē he wold faineſt
bite.

Then wit as counſellor a help for this to fynde:
Straight makes y^e hand as ſecret ayr forthwith to write his
minde

And ſo the letters ſtraight embaffadours are made,
To treate in haſt for to procure her to a better trade.
Wherin if ſhe do think all this is but a ſhewe,
Or but a ſubtile masking cloke to hyde a craft ye ſhrewē.
Then come they to the larme, then ſhew they in the fieldē,
Then muſter they in colours ſtrange that wayes to make her
yeld

Then ſhoote they batrye of, then compaſſe they her in,
 At tilte and turney oft they ſtriue this felly foule to win.
 Then found they on their Lutes then ſtrain they forth their
 fōge,
 Then romble they with instrumentes to laye her quite a
 long.
 Then borde they her with giftes then doe they woe and
 watche,
 Then night and day they labour hard this ſimple holde to
 catche.
 As pathes within a woode, or turnes within a maſe :
 So then they ſhewe of wyles & craftes they can a thouſand
 wayes.

Of the diſſembling louer.

GIRT in my giltleſſe gowne as I fit here and fow,
 I ſee that thynges are not in dede as to the outward
 ſhow.
 And who ſo liſt to loke and note thinges ſomewhat nere :
 Shall fynd wher playneſſe femes to haū nothing but craft
 appere
 For with indifferent eyes my ſelf can well diſcerne,
 How ſome to guide a ſhip in ſtormes ſeke for to take the
 ſterne.
 Whoſe practiſe yf were proued in calme to ſtere a barge,
 Affuredly beleue it well it were to great a charge.
 And ſome I ſee agayne ſit ſtyll and ſaye but ſmall,
 That could do ten tymes more than they that ſaye they can
 do all.

Whofe goodly giftes are fuch the more they vnderſtande,
The more they ſeke to learne and knowe & take leſſe charge
in hād

And to declare more plain the tyme fletes not ſo faſt:
But I can beare full well in minde the ſonge now ſouge, and
paſt,

The authour wherof came wrapt in a craftye cloke:
With will to force a flamying fire where he could raiſe no
ſmoke.

If power and will had ioynde as it appeareth plaine,
The truth nor right had tane no place their vertues had
ben vain.

So that you may perceiue, and I may ſafely ſe,
The innocent that gittleſſe is, condemned ſhould haue be.

The promiſe of a conſtant louer.

AS Lawrell leaues that ceaſe to be grene,
From parching funne, nor yet from winters thrette:
As hardened oke that fearth no fworde ſo kene,
As flint for toole in twaine that will not frette.
As faſt as rocke or piller ſurely ſet
So faſt am I to you and aye haue bene.
Affuredly whom I can not forget,
For ioy, for paine, for torment nor for tene.
For loſſe, for gayne, for frownyng, nor for thret.
But euer one, yea bothe in calme or blaſt,
Your faithfull frende, and will be to the laſt.

*Against him that had ſlaundered
a gentlewoman with
him ſelfe.*

FALSE may he be, and by the powers aboue,
Neuer haue he good ſpede or lucke in loue.
That ſo can lye or ſpot the worthy fame,
Of her for whom thou. R. art to blame.
For chaſte Diane that hunteth ſtill the chafe,
And all her maides that ſue her in the race.
With faire bowes bent and arrowes by their ſide,
Can ſaye that thou in this haſt falſely lied,
For neuer honge the bow vpon the wall,
Of Dianas temple no nor neuer ſhall.
Of broken chaſte the ſacred vowe to ſpot,
Of her whom thou doſte charge ſo large I wot.
But if ought be wherof her blame may riſe,
It is in that ſhe did not well aduiſe
To marke the right as now ſhe dothe thee know,
Falſe of thy dedes falſe of thy talke alſo.
Lurker of kinde like ſerpent layd to bite,
As poyſon hid vnder the ſuger white.
What daunger ſucke? So was the houſe defilde,
Of Collatine: ſo was the wife begilde.
So ſmarted ſhe, and by a trayterous force,
The Cartage quene ſo ſhe forbid her corſe.
So ſtrangled was the R. ſo depe can auoyde,
Fye traytour fye, to thy ſhame be it ſayd,

Thou dunghyll crowe that crokeſt agaynſt the rayne,
Home to thy hole, brag not with Phebe agayne.
Carrion for the and lothſome be thy voyce,
Thy ſong is fowle I wery of thy noyce.
Thy blacke fethers, which are thy wearyng-wede,
Wet them with teares and ſorowe for thy dede.
And in darke caues, where yrkeſome wormes do crepe,
Lurke thou all daye, and flye when thou ſhouldeſt ſlepe.
And neuer light where liuyng thing hath life,
But eat and drinke where ſtincke and filthe is rife.
For ſhe that is a fowle of fethers bryght,
Admit ſhe toke ſome pleaſure in thy fight.
As fowle of ſtate ſometimes delight to take,
Fowle of meane fort their flight with them to make.
For play of winge or ſolace of their kinde:
But not in fort as thou doſt breke thy mynde.
Not for to treade with ſuch foule fowle as thou,
No no I ſwere and I dare it here auowe.
Thou neuer ſetteſt thy fote within her neſt,
Boaſt not ſo broade then to thine owne vnreſt.
But bluſhe for ſhame for in thy face it ſtandes.
And thou canſt not vnſpot it with thy handes.
For all the heauens againſt thee recorde beare,
And all in earth againſt thee eke will ſweare.
That thou in this art euen none other man,
But as the iudges were to Suſan than.
Forgers of that where to their luſt them prickt,
Baſhe, blaſer then the truth hath thee conuict.
But ſhe a woman of her worthy fame,
Vnſpotted ſtandes, and thou haſt caught the ſhame.
And there I pray to God that it may reſt,
False as thou art, as false as is the beſt,

That so canst wrong the noble kinde of man,
 In whom all trouth first floorist and began.
 And so hath stande till now the wretched part,
 Hath spotted vs of whose kinde one thou art.
 That all the shame that euer rose or may,
 Of shamefall dede on thee may light I faye,
 And on thy kinde, and thus I wishe thee rather,
 That all thy fede may like be to their father.
 Vntrue as thou, and forgers as thou art,
 So as all we be blamelesse of thy part.
 And of thy dede. And thus I do thee leaue,
 Still to be false, and falsely to deceaue.

*A praise of maistresse
 Ryce.*

I HEARD when Fame with thundryng voice did sommon to
 appere
 The chiefe of natures children all that kinde had placed
 here.
 To view what brute by vertue got their liues could iustly
 craue,
 And bade thē shew what praise by truth they worthy were
 to haue
 Wherwith I saw how Venus came and put her self in place,
 And gaue her ladies leue at large to stand and pleade their
 case.
 Eche one was calde by name arowe, in that assemble there,
 That hence are gone or here remaines in court or other-
 where.

A ſolemne ſilencé was proclaimde, the iudgès fate and
heard,
What truth could tell or craft could faine, & who ſhould be
preferd.
Then beauty flept before the barre, whoſe breſt and neck was
bare
With heare truſt vp and on her head a caule of gold ſhe
ware.
Thus Cupides thralles began to flock whoſe hongry eyes
did ſay
That ſhe had ſtayned all the dames that preſent were that
day.
For er ſhe ſpake w^t whiſpring words, the preaſe was filde
throughout
And fanſy forced common voyce therat to geue a ſhoute.
Which cried to fame take forth thy trumpe, & ſound her
praiſe on hie
That glads the hart of euery wight that her beholdes with
eye.
What ſtirre and rule (quod order than) do theſe rude people
make,
We holde her beſt that ſhall deferue a praiſe for vertues ſake,
This ſentence was no ſoner ſaid but beauty therewith bluſht,
The audience ceaſed with the fame, and euery thing was
whuſht.
Then fineneſſe thought by trainyng talke to win that
beauty loſt.
And whet her tonges with ioly wordes, and ſpared for no coſt.
Yet wantonneſſe could not abide, but brake her tale in haſte,
And peuiſhe pride for pecockes plumes wold nedeſ be hieſt
plaſt.

And therewithall came curiouſneſſe and carped out of frame.
The audience laught to here the ſtrife as they beheld the
fame.

Yet reaſon ſone appeſde the brute, her reuerence made and
don,

She purchaſed fauour for to ſpeake and thus her tale begoon,
Sins bountye ſhall the garland were and crowned be by
fame,

O happy iudges call for her for ſhe deſerues the fame.
Where tēperance gouernes bewtyes flowers & glory is not
fought

And ſhamefaſt mekenes maſtreth pride & vertue dwels in
thought

Byd her come forth and ſhew her face or els aſſent eche one,
That true report ſhall graue her name in gold or marble
ſtone.

For all the world to rede at will what worthines doth reſt,
In perfect pure vnſpotted life which ſhe hath here poſſeſt.
Then ſkill roſe vp and fought the preace to find if y^t he
might

A perſon of ſuch honeſt name that men ſhould praiſe of
right.

This one I ſaw full ſadly ſit and ſhrinke her ſelf a ſide,
Whoſe ſober lokes did ſhew what gifts her wiefly grace did
hide

Lo here (quod ſkill, good people all) is Lucrece left aliue,
And ſhe ſhall moſt excepted be that left for praiſe did
ſtriue.

No lenger fame could hold her peace, but blew a blaſt ſo hye,
That made an eckow in the ayer and ſowning through the
ſky.

The voice was loude & thus it ſayd come Riſe with happy
daies,
Thy honeſt life hath wonne the fame & crowned thee with
praies.
And when I heard my maiſtres name I thruſt amids the
throng.
And clapt my handes and wiſht of god y^t ſhe might prosper
long.

*Of one vniuſtly
defamed.*

I NE can cloſe in ſhort and cunning verſe,
Thy worthy praife of bountie by deſart :
The hatefull ſpite and flaunder to reherſe.
Of them that ſee but know not what thou art,
For kind by craft hath wrought thee ſo to eye,
That no wight may thy wit and vertue ſpye.
But he haue other ſele then outward ſight,
The lack wherof doth hate and ſpite to trie
Thus kind thy craft is let of vertues light :
See how the outward ſhew the wittes may dull :
Not of the wiſe but as the moſt entend,
Minerua yet might neuer perce their ſcull,
That Circes cup and Cupides brand hath blend.
Whoſe fonde affects now ſturred haue their braine,
So dothe thy hap thy hue with colour ſtaine.
Beauty thy foe thy ſhape doubleth thy fore,
To hide thy wit and ſhewe thy vertue vayne,
Fell were thy fate, if wiſdome were not more.

I meane by thee euen G. by name,
Whom stormy windes of enuy and diſdaine,
Do toſſe with boiſteous blaſtes of wicked fame.
Where ſtedfaſtneſſe as chiefe in thee dothe raigne,
Pacience thy ſetled minde dothe guide and ſtere,
Silence and ſhame with many reſteth there.
Till time thy mother liſt them forth to call,
Happy is he that may enioye them all.

*Of the death of the late county
of Penbroke.*

YET once againe my muſe I pardon pray,
Thine intermitted ſong if I repete :
Not in ſuch wiſe as when loue was my pay,
My ioly wo with ioyfull verſe to treat.

But now (vnthanke to our deſert be geuen,
Which merite not a heauens gift to kepe)
Thou muſt with me bewaile that fate hath reuen,
From earth a iewell laied in earth to ſlepe.

A iewell, yea a gemme of womanhed,
Whoſe perfect vertues linked as in chaine :
So did adorne that humble wiuelyhed,
As is not rife to finde the like againe.

For wit and learnyng framed to obey,
Her husbandes will that willed her to uſe
The loue he bare her chiefly as a ſtaye,
For all her frendes that would her furtherance chuſe.

Well fayd therfore a heauens gift she was,
Because the beſt are ſoneſt hence bereft :
And though her ſelfe to heauen hence did paſſe,
Her ſpoyle to earth from whence it came ſhe left.

And to vs teares her abſence to lament,
And eke his chance that was her make by lawe :
Whoſe loſſe to loſe ſo great an ornament,
Let them eſteme which true loues knot can draw.

*That eche thing is hurt of
it ſelfe.*

WHY feareſt thou thy outward foe,
When thou thy ſelfe thy harme doſte fede,
Of grieve, or hurt, of paine, of wo,
Within eche thing is ſowen the fede.

So fine was neuer yet the cloth,
No ſmith ſo harde his yron did beate :
But thone conſumed was with mothe,
Thother with canker all to fret.

The knotty oke and weinſcot old,
Within dothe eat the filly worme :
Euen ſo a minde in enuy rold,
Alwayes within it ſelf doth burne.

Thus eueſy thing that nature wrought,
Within it ſelf his hurt doth beare :
No outward harme nede to be fought,
Where enmies be within ſo neare.

Of the choiſe of a wife.

THE flickeryng fame that flieth from eare to eare,
And aye her ſtrength enceaſeth with her flight,
Geues firſt the cauſe why men to heare delight,
Of thoſe whom ſhe dothe note for beauty bright.
And with this fame that flieth on ſo faſt,
Fanſy dothe hye when reaſon makes no haſte

And yet not ſo content they wiſhe to ſee
And thereby knowe if fame haue ſayd aright.
More truſtyng to the triall of their eye,
Then to the brute that goes of any wight,
Wiſe in that poynt that lightly will not leeuē,
Unwiſe to ſeke that may them after greue.

Who knoweth not how ſight may loue allure,
And kindle in the hart a hotte deſire :
The eye to worke that fame could not procure,
Of greater cauſe there commeth hotter fire.
For ere he wete him ſelf he ſeleth warme,
The fame and eye the cauſers of his harme.
Let fame not make her knownen whom I ſhall know,
Nor yet mine eye therein to be my guide :
Suffiſeth me that vertue in her grow,
Whoſe ſimple life her fathers walles do hide.
Content with this, I leaue the reſt to go,
And in ſuch choiſe ſhall ſtande my welth and wo.

*Description of an vngodlye
worlde.*

WHO loues to liue in peace, and marketh euery change,
Shal hear fuch news frō time to time, as semeth wōderous
ftrāge.

Such fraude in frendly lokes, fuch frendshippe all for
gayne :
Such cloked wrath in hatefull harts, which worldly men
retayne.

Such fayned flatteryng fayth, amongs both hye and
low :
Such great deceite, fuch fubtell wittes, the pore to over-
throwe.

Such spite in sugred tonges, fuch malice full of pride :
Such open wrong fuch great vntruth, which can not go
vnspied.

Such reffleffe fute for roumes, which bringeth men to
care :
Such flidyng downe from flippry feates, yet can we not
beware.

Such barkyng at the good, fuch boiftrynge of the yll :
Such threatnyng of the wrathe of God, fuch vyce embraced
ftyll.

Such ftriuyng for the beft, fuch climyng to eftate :
Such great diffemblyng euery where, fuch loue all mixt
wyth hate.

Such traynes to trap the iuſt, ſuch proollyng faultes
to pyke :

Such cruell wordes for ſpeakyng truth, who euer hearde
the like ?

Such ſtrife for ſtirryng ſtrawes, ſuch diſcord dayly
wrought,

Such forged tales dul wits to blind, ſuch matters made of
nought.

Such trifles tolde for trouth, ſuch credityng of lyes,
Such ſilence kept when ſoles do ſpeake, ſuch laughyng at
the wiſe.

Such plenty made ſo ſcarce, ſuch cryng for redreſſe,
Such feared ſignes of our decay, which tong dares not
expreſſe.

Such chaunges lightly markt, ſuch troubles ſtill apperes,
Which neuer were before this time, no not this thouſand
yeres.

Such bribyng for the purſe, which euer gapes for more,
Such hordyng vp of worldly welth, ſuch kepyng muck in
ſtore.

Such folly founde in age, ſuch will in tender youth,
Such fundry fortes among great clarkes, and few y^t ſpeake
the truth.

Such falſhed vnder craft, and ſuch vnſtedfaſt wayes,
Was neuer ſene within mens hartes, as is found now adayes.

The cauſe and ground of this is our vnquiet minde,
Which thinkes to take thoſe goods away which we muſt leue
behinde.

Why do men ſeke to get which they cannot poſſeſſe,
Or breke their ſlepes w^t carefull thoughtes & all for
wretchednes.

Though one amanges a ſkore, hath welth and eaſe a while,
A thouſand want which toyleth fore and trauaile many
a mile.

And ſome although they ſlepe, yet welth falles in their lap,
Thus ſome be riche and ſome be pore as fortune geues the
hap,

Wherefore I holde him wiſe which thinkes himſelf at eaſe,
And is content in ſimple ſtate both god and man to pleaſe.

For thoſe that liue like gods and honored are to day,
Within ſhort time their glory falles as flowers do fade away.

Uncertain is their lifes on whom this world will frowne,
For though they ſit aboue y^e ſtarres a ſtorm may ſtrike thē
downe.

In welth who feares no fall may ſlide from ioy full ſone,
There is no thing ſo ſure on earth but changeth as the Mone.

What pleaſure hath the riche or eaſe more then the pore,
Although he haue a pleaſant houſe his trouble is the more.

They bowe and ſpeake him fayre, which ſeke to ſuck his
blood,

And ſome do wiſhe his foule in hell and all to haue his good.

The coueting of the goodes doth nought but dull the
ſprite,

And ſome men chaunce to taſt the fower that gropeth for the
fwete

The riche is ſtill enuied by thoſe which eate his bred,
With fawning ſpech and flattering tales his eares are dayly
fed.

In fine I ſee and proue the riche haue many foes,
He ſlepeth beſt and careſt leſt that litle hath to loſe.

As time requireth now who would auido much ſtrife,
Were better liue in pore eſtate then leade a princes life.

To paſſe thoſe troubleſome times I fee but little choiſe.
But help to waile with thoſe that wepe & laugh when they
reioiſe

For as we ſe to day our brother brought in care,
To morow may we haue ſuch chance to fall with him in
ſnare,

Of this we may be ſure, who thinkes to fit moſt faſt,
Shal ſoneſt fal like wethered leaues that bide a blaſt.

Though that the flood be great, the ebbe as lowe doth
ronne,
When euery man hath playd his part our pagent ſhalbe
donne.

Who truſtes this wretched world I hold him worſe then
mad,
Here is not one that fereth god the beſt is all to badde.

For thoſe that ſeme as faintes are deuilles in their dedes:
Though yt the earth bringes forth ſome flowers it beareth
many wedes.

I ſe no preſent help from miſchief to preuaile,
But flee the ſeas of worldly cares or beare a quiet ſayle.

For who that medleth leaſt ſhall faue him ſelfe from
ſmart,
Who ſtyrres an oare in euery boat ſhal play a foliſh part.

*The diſpairyng louer la-
menteth.*

WALKYNG the pathe of penſiue thought,
I aſkt my hart how came this wo.
Thine eye (quod he) this care me brought.
Thy minde, thy witte, thy will alſo

Enforceth me to loue her euer,
This is the cauſe ioie ſhall I neuer.

And as I walkt as one diſmayde,
Thinkyng that wrong this wo me lent :
Right, ſent me worde by wrath, which ſayd,
This iuſt iudgement to thee is ſent :
Neuer to dye, but dying euer,
Till breath thee faile, ioie ſhalt thou neuer.

Sithe right doth iudge this wo tendure,
Of health, of wealth, of remedy :
As I haue done ſo be ſhe ſure,
Of fayth and trouth vntill I dye.
And as this payne cloke ſhall I euer,
So inwardly ioie ſhall I neuer.

Gripyng of gripes greue not ſo fore,
Nor ſerpentes ſtyng cauſeth ſuch ſmarte,
Nothing on earth may payne me more,
Then ſight that perſt my wofull hart.
Drowned with cares ſtyll to perfeuer,
Come death betimes, ioie ſhall I neuer.

O libertie why doeſt thou ſwarue,
And ſteale away thus all at ones :
And I in pryſon like to ſterue,
For lacke of fode do gnaw on bones.
My hope and truſt in thee was euer,
Now thou art gone ioie ſhall I neuer.

But ſtyll as one all deſperate,
To leade my life in miſerie :
Sith feare from hope hath lockt the gate,
Where pity ſhould graunt remedye.
Diſpaire this lotte aſſignes me euer,
To liue in payne Ioe ſhall I neuer.

*An epitaph of maister Henry
williams.*

FROM worldly wo the mede of misbeliefe,
From cause of care that leadeth to lament,
From vaine delight the grounde of greater grieve,
From feare from frendes, from matter to repent,
From painfull panges last forow that is sent.
From drede of death fithe death dothe fet vs free,
With it the better pleased should we be.

This lothsome life where likyng we de finde,
Thencreafer of our crimes: dothe vs berieue,
Our blisse that alway ought to be in minde.
This wyly worlde whiles here we breath aliue,
And fleshe our fayned fo, do stífely striue
To flatter vs affuryng here the ioye,
Where we alas do finde but great annoy.

Vntolde heapes though we haue of worldly welth,
Though we possesse the sea and frutefull grounde,
Strength, beauty, knowledge, and vnharmed helth,
Though at our wishe all pleasure do abound,
It were but vaine, no frendship can be founde,
When death affaulteth with his dredfull dart.
No raunsome can stay the home hastyng hart.

And fithe thou hast cut the liues line in twaine,
Of Henry, sonne to sir John Williams knight,
Whose manly hart and prowes none coulde stayne.
Whose godly life to vertue was our light,
Whose worthy fame shall florishe long by right.
Though in this life so cruell mightest thou be,
His spirite in heauen shall triumph ouer thee.

*Against a gentlewoman by whom
he was refused.*

To false report and flying fame,
While erst my minde gaue credite light,
Beleuyng that her bolstred name
Had stufte to shew that praise did hight,
I finde well now I did mistake,
Vpon report my grounde to make.

I hearde it fayd such one was she,
As rare to finde as parragon,
Of lowly cheare of heart so free,
As her for bounty could passe none.
Such one sofaire though forme and face,
Were meane to passe in seconde place.

I sought it neare thinkyng to finde,
Report and dede both to agree :
But chaunge had tride her futeell minde,
Of force I was enforced to see,
That she in dede was nothing so,
Which made my will my hart forgo.

For she is such as geason none,
And what she most may boost to be :
I finde her matches mo then one,
What nede she so to deale with me ?
Ha flering face with scornefull harte,
So yll rewarde for good desert ?

I will repent that I haue done,
 To ende so well the losse is small,
 I lost her loue, that lesse hath wonne,
 To vaunt she had me as her thrall.
 What though a gyllot sent that note,
 By cocke and pye I meant it not.

*An epitaphe written by w. G.
 to be set vpon his owne
 graue.*

Lo here lieth G. vnder the grounde,
 Emong the greedy wormes :
 Which in his life time neuer founde,
 But strife and stnrdy stormes.

And namely through a wicked wife,
 As to the worlde apperes :
 She was the shortnyng of his life
 By many daies and yeres.

He might haue liued long god wot,
 His yeres they were but yong :
 Of wicked wiues this is the lot,
 To kill with spitefull tong.

Whose memory shall still remaine,
 In writyng here with me :
 That men may know whom she hath flaine,
 And fay this fame is she.

An aunswere.

If that thy wicked wife had spon the thred,
 And were the weauer of thy wo :
 Then art thou double happy to be dead,
 As happily dispatched so.

If rage did causeleſſe cauſe thee to complaine.
And mad moode mouer of thy mone :
If frenſy forced on thy teſty braine :
Then bliſt is ſhe to liue alone.
So, whether were the ground of others grieve,
Becaufe ſo doubtfull was the dome :
Now death hath brought your payne a right reliefe,
And bleſſed be ye bothe become :
She that ſhe liues no lenger bounde to beare
The rule of ſuch a frowarde hed :
Thou that thou liueſt no lenger faine to feare
The reſtleſſe ramp that thou hadſt wedde.
Be thou as glad therfore that thou art gone,
As ſhe is glad ſhe dothe abide.
For ſo ye be a fonder, all is one :
A badder match cad not betide.

*Againſt women either good
or badde.*

A MAN may liue thrife Neſtors life,
Thriſe wander out Vliffes race :
Yet neuer finde Vliffes wife.
Such chaunge hath chanced in this caſe.
Leſſe age will ſerue than Paris had,
Small peyn (if none be ſmall inough)
To finde good ſtore of Helenes trade.
Such ſap the rote dothe yelde the bough.

For one good wife Vliffes flew
A worthy knot of gentle blood :
For one yll wife Grece ouerthrew
The towne of Troy. Sith bad and good
Bring mischiefe : Lord, let be thy will,
To kepe me free from either yll.

An answere.

THE vertue of Vliffes wife
Dothe liue, though she hath ceast her race,
And farre furmountes old Nestors life :
But now in moe than then it was.
Such change is chanced in this case.

Ladyes now liue in other trade :
Farre other Helenes now we see,
Than she whom Troyan Paris had.
As vertue fedes the rootes, so be
The sap and frute of bough and tree.

Vliffes rage, not his good wife,
Spilt gentle blood. Not Helenes face,
But Paris eye did rayse the strife,
That did the Troyan buildyngs race.
Thus fithe ne good, ne bad do yll :
Them all, O Lord, maintain my will,
To ferue with all my force and skyll.

*The loue praieth his ſeruiſe
to be accepted and his
defaultes par-
doned.*

PROCRYN that ſome tyme ſerued Cephalus,
With hart as true as any loue might,
Yet her betyd in louyng this vnright.
That as in hart with loue ſurpriſed thus,
She on a daye to ſee this Cephalus,
Where he was wont to ſhrowde him in the ſhade,
When of his huntyng he an ende had made.
Within the woddes with dredfull fote ſhe ſtalketh,
So buſily loue in her hedde it walketh.
That ſhe to ſene him may her not reſtrayne.
This Cephalus that heard one ſhake the leaues,
Vprift all egre thruſtyng after pray,
With darte in hande him liſt no furthur dayne,
To ſee his loue but ſlew her in the greues,
That ment to him but perfect loue alway.

So curious bene alas the rites all,
Of mighty loue that vnnethes may I thinke,
In his high ſeruiſe how to loke or winke.
Thus I complaine that wrechedeſt am of all.
To you my loue and ſouerayne lady dere,
That may myne hart with death or life ſtere
As ye beſt liſt. That ye vouchſafe in all
Mine humble ſeruiſe. And if that me miſfall,

By negligence, or els for lacke of witte,
That of your mercy you do pardon it,
And thinke that loue made Procrin shake the leaues,
When with vnright she flayne was in the greues.

*Description and praise of
his loue.*

LYKE the Phenix a birde most rare in fight
With golde and purple that nature hath drest :
Such she me femes in whom I most delight,
If I might speake for enuy at the least.
Nature I thinke first wrought her in despite,
Of rose and lillye that sommer bringeth first,
In beauty fure excedyng all the rest,
Vnder the bent of her browes iustly pight :
As polisht Diamondes, or Saphires at the least :
Her gliftryng lightes the darkenesse of the night,
Whose little mouth and chinne like all the rest.
Her ruddy lippes excede the corall quite.
Her yuery teeth where none excedes the rest.
Faultlesse she is from fote vnto the waste.
Her body small and straight as mast vpright.
Her armes long in iust proporcion cast,
Her handes depaint with veines all blew and white.
What shall I say for that is not in fight ?
The hidden partes I iudge them by the rest.
And if I were the forman of the quest,
To geue a verdite of her beauty bright,
Forgeue me Phebus, thou shouldst be dispoſsest,
Which doest vsurpe my ladies place of right.

Here will I ceafe left enuy cause dispite.
But nature when ſhe wrought ſo fayre a wight,
In this her worke ſhe ſurely did entende,
To frame a thing that God could not amende.

*An anſwere to a ſong before im-
printed beginnyng. To
walke on doutfull
grounde.*

To truſt the fayned face, to rue on forced teares,
To credit finely forged tales, wherein there oft appeares
And breathes as from the brest a ſmoke of kindled ſmart,
Where only lurkes a depe deceit within the hollow hart,
Betrayes the ſimple foule, whom plaine deceitleſſe minde
Taught not to feare that in it ſelf it ſelf did neuer finde.
Not euery tricklyng teare doth argue inward paine :
Not euery ſigh dothe ſurely ſhewe the ſigher not to fayne :
Not euery ſmoke dothe proue a preſence of the fire :
Not euery gliſtring geues the golde, that gredy folke deſire :
Not euery waillyng word is drawen out of the depe :
Not grieve for want of graunted grace enforceth all to wepe.
Oft malice makes the minde to ſhed the boyled brine :
And enuies humor oft vnlades by conduites of the eyen.
Oft craft can cauſe the man to make a ſemyng ſhow
Of hart with dolour all diſtreined, where grieve did neuer
grow.
As curſed Crocodile moſt cruelly can toll,
With truthleſſe teares, vnto his death, the ſilly pityng
foule.

Blame neuer those therfore, that wisely can beware
The guillfull man, that fittly sayth him selfe to dread the
 snare.

Blame not the stopped eares against the Syrenes song
Blame not the mind not moued w^t mone of falsheds flowing
 tong.

If guile do guide your wit by silence so to speake,
By craft to craue and faine by fraude the cause y^t you
 wold breake :

Great harme your futtle foule shall suffer for the fame :
And mighty loue will wreke the wrong so cloked with his
 name.

But we, whom you haue warnde, this leffor learne by you :
To know the tree before we clime, to trust no rotten bowe,
To view the limed bushe, to loke afore we light,
To shunne the perilous bayted hoke, and vse a further fight.

As do the mause, the birde, the fishe, by sample fitly show,
That wyly wittes and ginnes of men do worke the fimples
 wo :

So, fimple fithe we are, and you so futtle be,
God help the mause, the birde, y^e fishe, & vs your sleights to
 fle.

OTHER SONGES AND SONETTES WRITTEN BY
THE EARLE OF SURREY.

The constant louer lamenteth.

SYNS fortunes wrath enuieth the welth,
Wherin I raygned by the fight :
Of that that fed mine eyes by felth,
With fower fwete, dreade, and delight.
Let not my grieve moue you to mone,
For I will wepe and wayle alone.

Spite draue me into Borias raigne,
Where hory frostes the frutes do bite,
Where hilles were spred and euery playne :
With stormy winters mantle white.
And yet my deare such was my heate,
When others frefe then did I fwete.

And now though on the funne I driue,
Whose feruent flame all thinges decaies,
His beames in brightnesse may not striue,
With light of your fwete golden rayes,
Nor from my brest this heate remoue,
The frosen thoughtes grauen by loue.

Ne may the waues of the salt floode,
Quenche that your beauty set on fire,
For though mine eyes forbere the fode,
That did releue the hote desire.
Such as I was such will I be,
Your owne, what would ye more of me.

*A praise of Sir Thomas wyate thelder
for his excellent learning.*

IN the rude age when knowledge was not rife,
If Joue in Create and other were that taught,
Artes to conuert to profite of our life,
Wende after death to haue their temples fought.
If vertue yet no voyde vnthankfull time,
Failed of some to blast her endles fame,
A goodly meane both to deterre from crime :
And to her steppes our sequele to enflame,
In dayes of truth if Wyates frendes then wayle,
The only det that dead of quick may claime :
That rare wit spent employd to our auaile.
Where Christ is taught we led to vertues traine.
His liuely face their brestes how did it freat,
Whose cindres yet with enuye they do eate.

*A song written by the earle of Sur-
rey by a lady that refused to
daunce with him.*

ECHE beaft can chose hys fere according to his minde,
And eke can shew a frendly chere like to their beaftly
kinde.

A Lion saw I late as white as any snow,
Which semed well to lead the race his port the fame did
show.

Vpon the gentle beaft to gaze it pleaſed me,
For ſtill me thought he ſemed well of noble blood to be.

And as he praunced before, ſtill ſeking for a make,
As who wold ſay there is none here I trow will me forfake.

I might parceiue a wolfe as white as whales bone,
A fairer beaft of freſher hue beheld I neuer none.

Saue that her lokes were coy, and froward eke her grace,
Vnto the which this gentle beaft gan him aduance apace.

And with a beck full low he bowed at her feete,
In humble wiſe as who would ſay I am to farre vnmete,

But ſuch a ſcornfull chere wherwith ſhe him rewarded,
Was neuer ſene I trow the like to ſuch as well deſerued.

With that ſhe ſtart aſide welnere a fote or twaine,
And vnto him thus gan ſhe ſay with ſpite and great diſdaine.

Lyon ſhe ſayd if thou hadſt knowen my mind before,
Thou hadſt not ſpent thy trauail thus nor al thy paine
forlore.

Do way I let the wete thou ſhalt not play with me,
Go range about where thou mayſt finde ſome meter fere for
the :

With that he bet his taile, his eyes began to flame,
I might perceiue hys noble hart much moued by the ſame.

Yet ſaw I him refraine and eke his wrath aſwage,
And vnto her thus gan he ſay when he was paſt his rage.

Cruell, you do me wrong to ſet me thus ſo light,
Without deſert for my good will to ſhew me ſuch deſpight.

How can ye thus entreat a Lion of the race,
That with his pawes a crowned king deuoured in the place :

Whoſe nature is to pray vpon ſo ſimple food,
As long as he may ſuck the fleſhe, and drink of noble
blood.

If you be faire and fresh, am I not of your hue?
And for my vaunt I dare well say my blood is not vntrue.
For you your self haue heard it is not long agoe,
Sith that for loue one of the race did end his life in woe
In tower strong and hie for his assured truthe,
Where as in teares he spent his breath, alas the more the
ruthe.

This gentle beaft likewise whom nothing could remoue,
But willingly to lese his life for losse of his true loue.

Other there be whose liues doe linger still in paine,
Against their willes preferued ar that would haue died faine.

But now I doe perceue that nought it moueth you,
My good entent, my gentle hart, nor yet my kind so true.

But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,
As other some full many yeres to trace by craft ye made.

And thus behold our kyndes how that we differ farre.
I seke my foes: and you your frendes do threaten still with
warre.

I fawne where I am fled: you slay that sekes to you,
I can deuour no yelding pray: you kill where you subdue.

My kinde is to desire the honoure of the field:
And you with blood to slake your thirst on such as to you
yeld.

Wherefore I would you wist that for your coyed lokes,
I am no man that will be trapt nor tangled with such hokes.

And though some lust to loue where blame full well they
might

And to such beafts of currant fort that should haue trauail
bright.

I will obserue the law that nature gaue to me,
To conquer such as will resist and let the rest goe fre.

And as a faucon free that foreth in the ayre,
Which neuer fed on hand nor lure, nor for no stale doth
care,

While that I liue and breath such shall my custome be,
In wildnes of the woodes to seke my pray where pleseth me,
Where many one shal ruse, that neuer made offense.
This your refuse against my power shall bode them ne
defence.

And for reuenge therof I vow and swere therto,
I thousand spoiles I shall commit I neuer thought to do.

And if to light on you my luck so good shall be,
I shall be glad to fede on that that would haue fed on me.

And thus farewell vnkinde to whom I bent and bow,
I would ye wist the ship is safe that bare his failes so low.

Sith that a lions hart is for a wolfe no pray,
With bloody mouth go slake your thirst on simple shepe
I say.

With more dispite and ire than I can now expresse,
Which to my pain though I refraine the cause you may wel
geffe.

As for because my self was auethor of the game,
It bootes me not that for my wrath I should disturbe the
fame.

*The faithfull louer declareth his paines
and his vncertain ioies, and with
only hope recomforteth
somewhat his wo-
full heart.*

IF care do cause men cry, why do not I complaine?
If eche man do bewaile his wo, why shew I not my paine?
Since that amongest them all I dare well say is none,
So farre from weale, so full of wo, or hath more cause to
mone.

For all thynges hauing life sometime haue quiet rest.
The bering asse, the drawing oxe, and euery other beast.
The peasant and the post, that serue at al assayes,
The shyp boy and the galley slaue haue time to take their
ease,

Saue I alas whom care of force doth so constrain
To waile the day and wake the night continually in paine,
From pensiuenes to plaint, from plaint to bitter teares,
From teares to painfull plaint againe : and thus my life it
wears.

No thing vnder the funne that I can here or se,
But moueth me for to bewaile my cruell destenie.

For wher men do reioyce since that I can not so,
I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my woe.

And when I heare the found of song or instrument,
Me thinke eche tune there dolefull is and helps me to
lament.

And if I fe some haue their most desired fight,
Alas think I eche man hath weal faue I most wofull wight.
Then as the striken dere withdrawes him felfe alone,
So doe I feke some secrete place where I may make my
mone.

There do my flowing eyes shew forth my melting hart,
So yt the stremes of those two welles right wel declare my
fmart.

And in those cares so colde I force my felfe a heate,
As sick men in their shaking fittes procure them self to
fweate,

With thoughtes that for the time do much appease my
paine.

But yet they cause a ferther fere and brede my woe agayne.

Me thinke within my thought I fe right plaine appere,
My hartes delight my forowes leche mine earthly goddesse
here.

With euery fondry grace that I haue sene her haue,
Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paint and graue.

And in my thought Iroll her bewties to and fro,
Her laughing chere her louely looke my hart that perced so.

Her strangenes when I sued her seruant for to be,
And what she sayd and how she smiled when that she pitied
me.

Then comes a sodaine feare that riueth all my rest
Left absence cause forgetfulnes to sink within her brest.

For when I thinke how far this earth doth vs deuide.
Alas me femes loue throwes me downe I fele how that
I slide.

But then I thinke againe why should I thus mistrust,
So fwete a wight so fad and wise that is so true and iust.

For loth she was to loue, and wauering is she not.
The farther of the more desirde thus louers tie their knot.
So in dispaire and hope plunged am I both vp and doune,
As is the ship with wind and waue when Neptune list to
froune.

But as the watry showers delay the raging winde,
So doth good hope clene put away dispayre out of my minde.
And biddes me for to serue and suffer pacientlie,
For what wot I the after weale that fortune willes to me.

For those that care do knowe and tasted haue of trouble,
When passed is their woful paine eche ioy shall seme them
double.

And bitter fendes she now to make me tast the better,
The plesant fwete when that it comes to make it seme the
fweter.

And so determine I to serue vntill my brethe.
Ye rather dye a thousand times then once to false my feithe.

And if my feble corps through weight of wofull smart,
Do fayle or faint my will it is that still she kepe my hart.

And when thys carcass here to earth shalbe refarde,
I do bequeth my weried ghoft to serue her afterwarde.

FINIS.

OTHER SONGES AND SONETTES WRITTEN
BY SIR THOMAS WIAT THE ELDER.

*Of his loue called,
Anna.*

WHAT word is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turned and made in twaine :
It is mine Anna god it wot.
The only causer of my paine :
My loue that medeth with disdaine.
Yet is it loued what will you more,
It is my falue, and eke my fore.

*That pleasure is mixed with
euery paine.*

VENEMOUS thornes that are so fharp and kene,
Beare flowers we fe full fresh and faire of hue :
Poison is also put in medicine.
And vnto man his helth doth oft renue.
The fier that all thinges eke confumeth cleane
May hurt and heale : then if that this be true.
I trust sometime my harme may be my health,
Sins euery woe is ioyned with some wealth.

*A riddle of a gift geuen by
a Ladie.*

A LADY gaue me a gift she had not,
And I receyued her gift which I toke not,
She gaue it me willingly, and yet she would not,
And I receiued it, albeit, I could not,
If she giue it me, I force not,
And if she take it againe she cares not.
Conster what this is and tell not,
For I am fast sworne I may not.

*That speaking or profering
bringes alway speding.*

SPEAKE thou and spede where will or power ought helpthe,
Where power dothe want will must be wonne by welth.
For nede will spede, where will workes not his kinde,
And gayne, thy foes thy frendes shall cause thee finde.
For fute and golde, what do not they obtaine,
Of good and bad the triers are these twaine.

*He ruleth not though he raigne ouer
realmes that is subiect to
his owne lustes.*

IF thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruell wyll, and see thou kepe thee free
From the sonle yoke of sensuall bondage,
For though thy empyre stretch to Indian sea,
And for thy feare trembleth the fardest Thylee,

If thy desire haue ouer thee the power,
Subiect then art thou and no gouernour.

If to be noble and high thy minde be meued,
Consider well thy grounde and thy beginnyng :
For he that hath eche starre in heauen fixed,
And geues the Moone her hornes and her eclipsyng :
Alike hath made the noble in his workyng,
So that wretched no way thou may bee,
Except foule lust and vice do conquere thee.

All were it so thou had a flood of golde,
Vnto thy thirst yet should it not suffice.
And though with Indian stones a thousande folde,
More precious then can thy selfe deuise,
Ycharged were thy backe : thy couitise
And busye bytyng yet should neuer let,
Thy wretched life ne do thy death profet.

*Whether libertie by losse of life,
or life in prison and thral-
dome be to be pre-
ferred.*

LYKE as the birde within the cage enclosed,
The dore vnsparrred, her foe the hawke without,
Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,
Whether for to chose standeth in doubt,
Lo, so do I, which seke to bryng about,
Which should be best by determinacion,
By losse of life libertie, or lyfe by pryson.

O mischief by mischief to be redressed.
Where payne is best there lieth but little pleasure.
By short death better to be deliuered,
Than bide in paynefull life, thraldome, and dolore.
Small is the pleasure where much payne we suffer.
Rather therefore to chuse me thinketh wisdom,
By losse of life libertie, then life by prison.

And yet me thinkes although I liue and suffer,
I do but wait a time and fortunes chance :
Oft many thinges do happen in one houre.
That which oppressed me now may me aduance.
In time is trust which by deathes greuance
Is wholly lost. Then were it not reason,
By death to chuse libertie, and not life by prison.

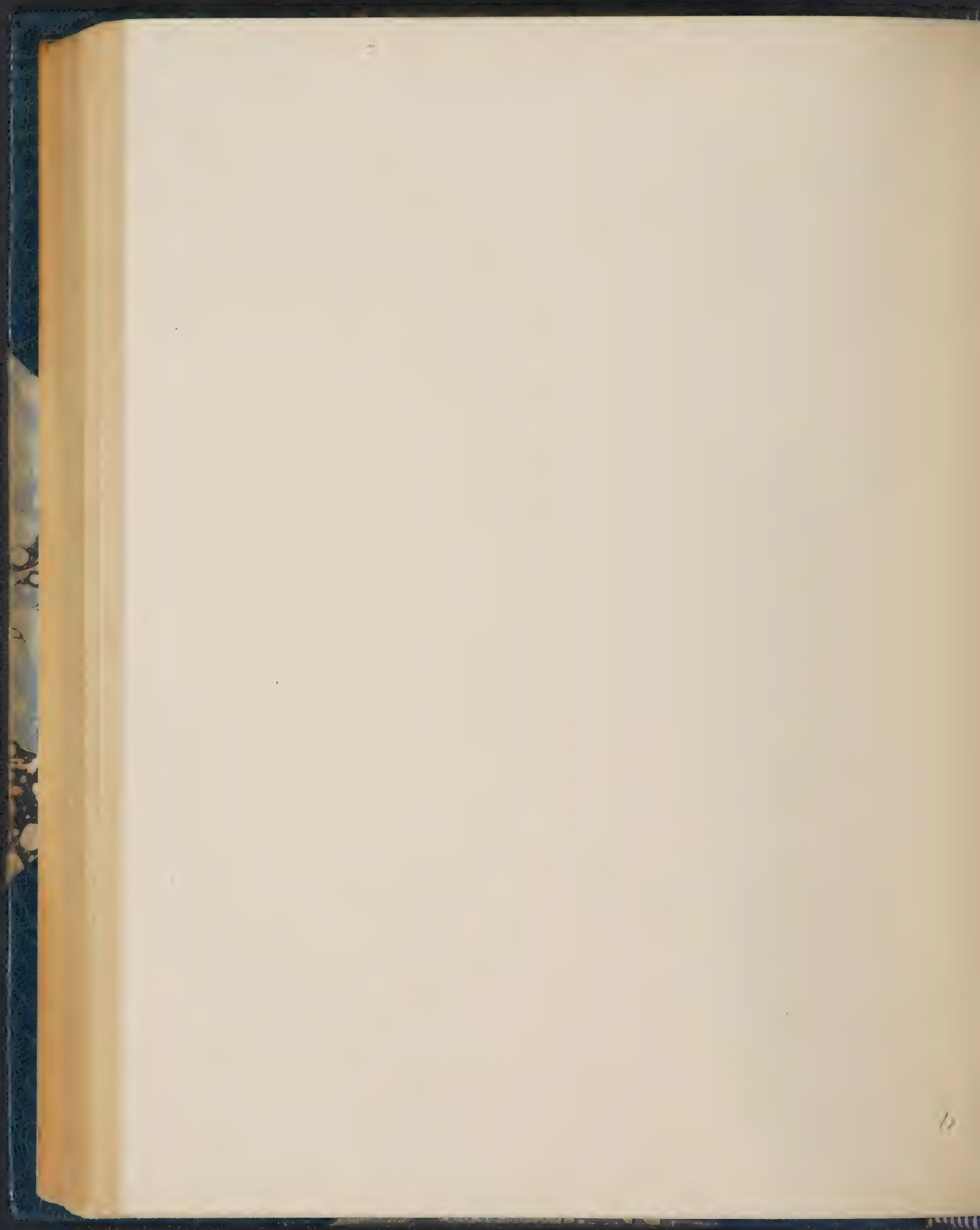
But death were deliuerance where life lengthes paine.
Of these two euyls let se now chuse the best :
This birde to deliuer that here dothe playne,
What saye ye louers ? whiche shall be the best ?
In cage thraldome, or by the hawke oppressed.
And whiche to chuse make plaine conclusion,
By losse of life libertie, or life by prison.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London in flete strete
within Temple barre, at the sygne of the
hand and starre, by Richard Tottel
the fift day of Iune.

An. 1557.

*Cum priuilegio ad impri-
mendum solum.*



Epitaphes, Epigrams,
SONGS AND SONETS,

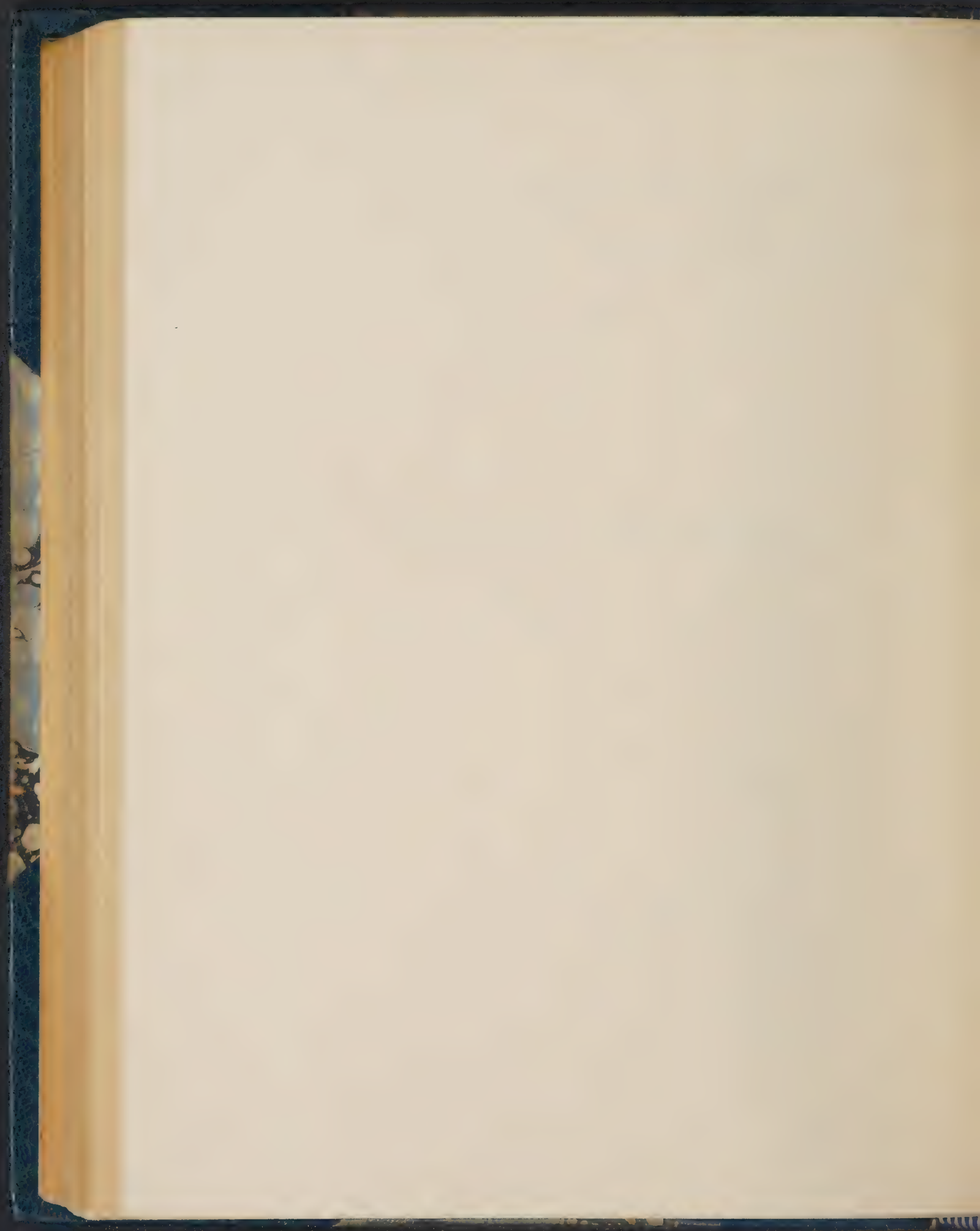
with a Discourse
of the Friendly affec-
tions of *Tymetes*
to Pyndara
his Ladie.

Newly corrected, with addi-
tions, and fet out by
George Turbervile,
Gentleman.

Anno Domini
1567.

IMPRINTED AT
London, by Henry
Denham.

*



To the Right Noble and his singular
good Lady, Lady Anne, Countesse War-
wick, &c. George Turbervile wisheth
increafe of honor with all good
happes.

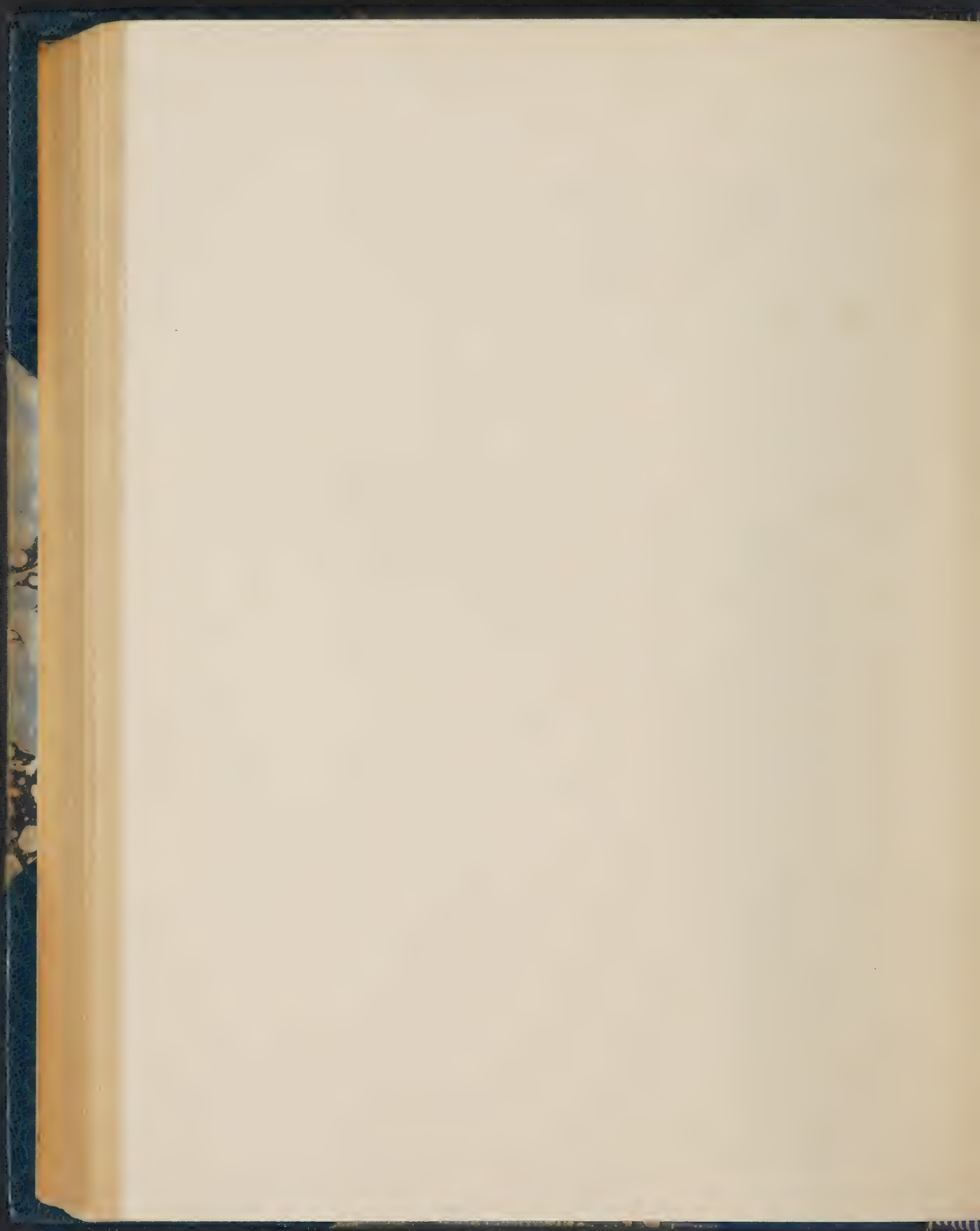
AS at what time (Madame) I first published this fond
and slender treatise of Sonets, I made bolde with you in
dedication of so unworthy a booke to so worthie a Ladie, so
have I now also rubde my browe, and wiped away all shame
in this respect, adventuring not to cease, but to increafe my
former follie, in adding moe Sonets to those I wrote before :
so much the more abusing, in mine owne conceite, your Ladi-
shippes patience, in that I had pardon before of my rash
attempt. But see (madame) what presumption raignes in
retchlesse youth ! You accepted that my first offer, of honor-
able and meere curtesie, and I, thereby encouraged, blush not
to procede in the like trade of follie, alwayes hoping for the
lyke acceptance at your hands ; which if should faile me (as I
hope it shal not faile) then should I hereafter not once so

much as dare as to set pen to paper for feare of controlment and check; which howe grievous it is to a yong man, nowe (as it were) but tasting with his lippe the brim of learnings fountaine, and saluting the Muses at the doore and thresholl, neyther is your Ladiship ignorant, and I my selfe presume to know. Wherfore, as I have (Madame) by a little inlarging this booke, inlarged not a little my follie, so is my humble sute to you a little to inlarge your bounteous curtesie; I meane in well accepting the increase of these my follies, proceeding not so much upon any light affection, as desire to acknowledge a greater dutie. It shall not be long (I hope) but that my hande shall seeke, in some part, the requitall of your bountie by some better devise, though not more learned treatise. But what shoulde I stande upon termes of skill? knowing that it is not the worke that your Ladiship doth so much regarde as the writer, neyther the worthinesse of the thing, as the good will and meaning of the deviser therof, offering his dutie in such wise as best aunsweres his abilitie and power. For as if subjectes shoulde have respect more to the unworthinesse of such things as they give their princes, than regard the worthe mindes and good natures of their soveraignes in well accepting such slender trifles at their vassels handes, they should quyte be discouraged from ever offering the like and

slender giftes : so, if I should cast an eie rather to the basenessse of my booke than account of your noble nature and accustomed curtesie in well receyving the same, neither should I heretofore enboldned my selfe so farre as to have offred you this trifling treatise, nor now have the hart to adventure anew, although somewhat purged of his former faults and scapes. I cannot leave to molest your noble eies with survey of my rashe compiled toyes. It may please your Ladyship to wey my well meaning hart, at what time occasion ministers you the perusing of my booke, and this to deeme, that desire alone to manifest my dutie to you was the onely cause of this my enterprise. Which done, I have at this time no more to trouble your Ladyship, but ending my Epistle, to crave the Gods your happie preservation of present honor, and luckie increase of blessed happes in all your life.

Your Ladiships daily Orator,

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.



TO THE READER.

HERE have I (gentle Reader) according to promise in my Translation, given thee a few Sonets, the unripe feedes of my barraine braine, to pleasure and recreate thy wearye mind and troubled hed withal; trusting that thou wylte not loth the bestowing thy time at vacant houres in perusing the same, waying that for thy folace alone (the bounden dutie which I owed the noble Cowntesse reserved) I undertoke this slender toyle, and not for anye pleasure I did my felfe in penning thereof. As I deeme thou canst not, so do I hope thou wilt not, mislike it at all; but if there be any thing herein that maye offend thee, refuse it: reade and peruse the reast with pacience. Let not the misliking of one member procure thee rashlye to condemne the whole: I stand to thy judgement; I expect thy æquitie. Reade the good, and reject the evill: yea, rather condemne it to perpetuall silence; for so woulde I wyfhe thee to deale wyth unworthye bookes. But assuredlye there is nothing in thys whole slender volume that was ment amisse of me, the writer, howsoever the letter goe in

thy judgement that arte the reader. Whatsoever I have penned, I write not to this purpose, that any youthlie head shoulde folow or pursue such fraile affections, or taste of amorous bait; but by meere fiction of these fantasies, I woulde warne (if I myghte) all tender age to flee that fonde and filthie affection of poysoned and unlawful love. Let this be a glasse and myrror for them to gaze upon: the soner may I (I trust) prevayle in my perswasion, for that my felfe am of their yeares and disposition. And as I am not the first that in this sort hath written and imployde his time, so shall I not be the last, that without defarte (perhaps) shalbe misdeemed for attempting the same. But let those curious knightes cast an eye to home, and looke well about, whether they them selves are blamelesse, or as well worthie reproche as others.

This done and my intent considered, hoping of thy courtesie, I ende, alwayes readie to pleasure thee by my pains, wishing unto thee, that arte the patient reader, as to my self, the writer, and thy very friend.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

To the rayling Route of Sycophants.

If he that once encountred with his foes
In open field at found of blasted trumpe,
Doe dare to yeelde his hewed head to bloes,
And go again to heare the canons thumpe,
With dreadlesse hart and unappalled brest,
Not fearing till he be by foes opprest :

If such as earst in cutting of the furge,
By passing to the straunge and forraine lande,
Bode bitter blast and scornefull Neptunes scourge,
Dreade not to take the lyke attempt in hande,
But rashly runne like sturdie ventrous wights,
Not fearing wind nor wave when Borias fights :

If these (I say) doe nothing doubt at all,
But valiantly give fresh affault anew,
Not dreading daunger that is like to fall,
As they long earst by proufe and practise knew ;
Then why should I, of yore that have assayde
The force of Zoylls mouth, be ought dismayde ?

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Then why should I, like one that fearde to fight,
 Or never crusht his head with helmets heft,
 Now shew my felfe a weake and coward wight
 As long as life or lym uncut is left?
 For Ovid earst did I attempt the like,
 And for my felfe now shall I stick to strike?

No, no; I martch gainst Momus once againe.
 My courage is not quailde by cruell fo:
 Though Zoyll did his best my flag to gaine,
 Twas not his hap to have the conquest fo;
 And since it was my luck to scape his might,
 I here assaile the beast with novell fight.

Thou Sycophant, unsheath thy shamefull blade,
 Pluck out that bloudie fawchon (dascard thou)
 Wherewith thou hast full many a skirmish made,
 And scocht the braines of many a learned brow:
 Now doe thy woorst; I force not of thy stroke:
 Thou shalt not bring my neck to servage yoke.

Though thou affirme with rash and railing jawes
 That I *invita* have Minerva made
 My other booke, I gave thee no such cause
 By any deede of mine to drawe thy blade:
 But since thou hast shot out that shamelesse worde,

I here gainst thee uncote my cruell fworde.

I know thou wilt eche worde and sentence wrie
That in this slender booke of me is write,
And wilt the fame unto thy sense applie,
Hoping for love thereby to breede dispite :
And looke, what I amisse did never meane,
Thou wilt mistake and eke misconster cleane.

Thou wilt the wylie braine, that ought is bent
To fowle suspect and spot of fell distrust,
Perfwade that here something of him was ment,
And jealous coales into his bosom thrust ;
Thincking thereby thy purpose to aspire
In setting of his boyling breast a fire.

But as thou art in all thy other deedes
Deserving no beleefe or trust at all,
Likewise what so from thy vile jawes proceedes
Is lothsome lie, fowle fitton, bitter gall.
Beleve him not, but reade the treatise through :
He fowes debate with helpe of hatefull plough.

The modest mind that meanes but vertues trade,
And shunnes the shamefull shop of bawdie sect,
This spitefull beast will (if he may) perfwade
That these are toyes, for that he should reject

And not peruse the meaning of the same :
Thus Zoyll seeke but blot of black defame,
But thou that vewste this stile with staid brow,
Marke erie worde, unjoint eche verse of mine,
Thy judgement I, and censure will allow,
Nor once will seeme for rancour to repine :
Thou art the man whose sentence I expect ;
I scorne the scoffes of Zoylls shamefull sect.

FINIS.

EPITAPHES, EPIGRAMS, SONGS
AND SONETS.

In prayse of the renowned

*Ladie Anne, Ladie Countesse
Warwicke.*

WHEN Nature first in hande did take
The clay to frame this Countesse corse,
The Earth a while shee did forsake,
And was compelde of verie force,
With mowld in hande, to flee to skies,
To ende the worke shee did devies.

The Gods that tho in counsell fate,
Were halfe amazde (against their kinde :)
To see so neere the stoole of state
Dame Nature stande, that was assignde
Among hir worldly impes to wonne,
As shee untill that day had donne.

First Jove began : What (daughter deere)
Hath made thee scorne thy fathers will ?
Why doe I see thee (Nature) heere,
That oughtst of dutie to fulfill
Thy under taken charge at home :
What makes thee thus abroade to rome ?

Disdainefull dame, how didst thou dare
So retchleffe to depart the grownde
That is allotted to thy share?
(And therewithall his Godhead frownde.)
I will [quoth Nature] out of hande
Declare the cause I fled the lande.

I undertooke of late a peece
Of claye, a featurde face to frame
To match the courtly dames of Greece,
That for their beautie beare the name;
But (Oh good father) now I see
This worke of mine it will not bee.

Vicegerent since you mee affignde
Belowe in Earth, and gave me lawes
On mortall wightes, and wilde that kinde
Should make and marre, as shee fawe cause,
Of right (I think) I may appeale
And crave your helpe in this to deale.

When Jove fawe how the case did stande,
And that the worke was well begonne,
Hee prayde to have the helping hande
Of other Gods till hee had donne:
With willing mindes they all agreede,
And set upon the clay with speede.

First Jove eche limme doth well dispose,
And makes a creature of the clay:
Next Ladie Venus she bestowes
Hir gallant gifts as best shee may:
From face to foote, from top to toe,
Shee let no whit untoucht to goe.

When Venus had donne what she coulde
In making of hir (carcas) brave,

Then Pallas thought shee might be bolde
Among the reaft a share to have :
A passing wyt shee did convaye
Into this passing peece of claye.

Of Bacchus shee no member had,
Save fingars five and feate to see :
Hir head with heare Apollo clad,
That Gods had thought it golde to bee :
So glistring was the tresse in fight
Of this newe formde and featurde wight.

Diana helde hir peace a space,
Untill those other God had doune :
At last (quoth shee) in Dians chafe
Wyth bowe in hande this nymph shall rounne ;
And chiefe of all my noble traine
I will this virgin entertaine.

Then joyfull Juno came and fayde :
Since you to hir so friendly are,
I doe appoint this noble mayde
To match with Mars his peere for warre :
She shall the Cowntesse Warwick bee,
And yeelde Dianas bowe to mee.

When to so good effect it came,
And every member had hys grace,
There wanted nothing but a name :
By hap was Mercurie then in place,
That fayde, Pray you all agree
Pandora graunt hir name to bee.

For since your Godheads forged have
With one assent this noble dame,
And eche to hir a vertue gave,

This terme agreeth to the fame.
 The Gods that heard Mercurius tell
 This tale did lyke it passing well.

Report was sommonde then in haſt,
 And wilde to bring his trumpe in hande,
 To blowe therewith a ſownding blaſt
 That might be heard through Brutus lande :
 Pandora ! ſtreight the trumpet blewe
 That eche this Cownteſſe Warwicke knewe.

O felie Nature borne to paine,
 O wofull wretched kinde (I ſay)
 That to forſake the ſoyle were faine
 To make this Cownteſſe out of claye !
 But oh, moſt friendly Gods, that woulde
 Vouchſafe to ſet your handes to mowld !

¶ The Argument to the
whole diſcourſe and
 Treatiſe following.

BY ſodaine ſight of unacquainted ſhape
 Tymetes fell in love with Pyndara,
 Whoſe beautie farre excelde Sir Paris rape,
 That poets cleape the famous Helena.

His flame at firſt he durſt not to diſplaye,
 For feare he ſhould offended Pyndara ;
 But covert kept his torments many a daye,
 As Paris did from worthie Helena.

At length the coale so fierie redde became
Of him that so did fanfie Pyndara,
That fuming fmoke did wrie the hidden flame
To hir that farre exceeded Helena.

Which when shee saw, shee seemde with friendly eie
To like with him that lyked Pyndara :
And made as though shee would eftsoone applie
To him, as to hir gueft did Helena.

Tymetes (looving man) then hoped well,
And moovde his fute to Ladie Pyndara :
He plide his penne and to his writing fell,
And fude as did the man to Helena.

Within a while, difpayring wretched wight !
He found his loue (the Ladie Pyndara)
So straunge and coye, as though she tooke delight
To paine hir friend, as did faire Helena.

Another time hir cheere was fuch to fee,
That poore Tymetes hoapte that Pyndara
Woulde yeelde him grace ; but long it woulde not bee :
She kept aloofe as did Dame Helena.

Thus twixt difpaire and hope the doubtfull man
Long fpace did live that loved Pyndara,
In wofull plight. At laft the nymph began
To quite his love, as did faire Helena.

Then joyed he, and cherefull ditties made
In praife of his atchived Pyndara ;
But fone (God wote) his pleafure went to glade :
Another tooke too wife this Helena.

Thus ever as Tymetes had the caufe
Of joy or fmart, of comfort or refufe,
He glad or griefull woxe, and ever drawes
His present ftate with pen, as here enfues.

To a late acquainted Friende.

IF Vulcan durst presume
that was a Gnuffe to see,
And strake with hammer on the stithe
a cunning smith to bee,
Whose chiefe and whole delight
was aye to frie at forge,
And listen to that melodie
smithes sorrowes to disgorge :
If Vulcan durst (I saye)
Dame Venus to affaile,
That was the worthyeste wight of all,
if witnesse may prevaile,
Then may you muse the lesse,
though fancie force me wright
To you a second Venus (friende)
and Helen in my sight :
For what he saw in hir,
a goddesse by hir kinde,
That I in you (my chosen friende)
And somewhat else doe finde.
And as that felie smith
by Cupid was procurde
To fawne on hir, to whome in fine
hee firmly was assurde ;
So by none other meanes
my senses are in thrall,
But by procurement of the God
that conquers Gods and all.

Tis hee that make[s] mee bolde,
tis hee that willes me fue
To thee (my late acquainted friende)
loves torment to eschue.
Not to this day was seene
that any durst rebell
Or kicke at Cupid, Prince of Love,
as learned poets tell ;
But rather would with free
and uncoacted minde
Applie to please in any case
what so the God assignde.
What neede I here displaye
the spoyles by Cupid wonne ?
Not I, but you (my friende) woulde faint
ere half the tale were donne.
His banner doth declare
what harts have beene subdude,
Where they are all in fabels fet,
with blood and gore imbrude.
Not mightie Mars alone,
nor Hercules the stoute,
But other Gods of greater state,
There standing in a route :
There may you plainely see
how Jove was once a swanne
To lure faire Leda to his lust
when raging loue beganne :
Some other when a bull,
Some other time a showre
Of golden drops, as when he coyde
the closed Nunne in towre.

Appollos love appeares,
and ever will be knowne,
As long as lawrell leaves shall last,
and Daphnes brute be blowne.
May brainfick Bacchus brag,
or boast himfelfe as free?
Not I, but Aryadnas crowne
shewes him in love to bee.
Since thefe and other mo,
that Gods were made by kinde,
Might not avoyde that guilefull God
that winged is and blinde,
Should I have hope to scape
by force, or elfe by flight,
That in respect of thofe his thralls
am of fo slender might?
As they did yeelde to love
for feare of Cupids yre,
Euen fo am I become his thrall
by force of flaming fyre.
What time I first displayde
mine eies upon thy face,
(That doth allure eche lookers hart)
I did the[e] P. imbrace;
And fince that time I feele
within my breaft fuch joye,
As Paris never felt the like
when Helen was at Troye.
How coulde fo barraine foyle
bring forth fo good a graffe,
To whome the reaft, that feeme good corne,
are in respect but chaffe?

(O God) that Cupid woulde
 upon thy breast bestowe
His golden shaft, that thou the force
 of lyking love mightst knowe :
Then should I stande in hope,
 and well assured bee,
That thou wouldst be as friendly (P.)
 as I am now to thee.
Whome (till thy friendship fayle,
 and plighted heft doe fwerue)
I vaunt and vowe by mightie Jove
 with hart and hande to ferve.
My senses all take heede,
 and yee, my wits, beware
That you attentive be on hir
 and for no other care.
You eies, that woonted were
 light loving lookes to cast,
I give commaundment on hir here
 that yee be ankred fast.
Mine eares, admit no founde,
 ne womans woords at all ;
Be shut against such Syrens songs
 replete with lurking gall.
Tongue, see that thou be tyde,
 and use no wanton stile :
By lawe of love I thee conjure
 such toyes to exile.
Legges, looke that yee be lame
 when you should reache a place
To take the vewe of Venus nymphes
 Pees beautie to deface.

For fuch a one is thee
 whome I would will you ferve,
As to be plaste for Pallas peere
 for wifedome may deferue.
So constant are hir lookes,
 and eake as chafte a face,
As if that Lucrece living were
 thee Lucrece would difgrace :
So modeft is hir mirth
 in erie time and tyde,
As they that prick moft nearfte of all
 their fhiverde shafts are wyde.
Paufe, pen, a while therefore,
 and ufe thy woonted meane :
For Boccas braine, and Chaucers quill
 in this were foyled cleane.
Of both might neither boast
 if they did live againe ;
For P. would put them to their fhifts
 to pen hir vertues plaine.
Yet one thing will I vaunt,
 and after make an ende,
That Momus can not for his lyfe
 devife one jote to mende.
Thus to conclude at length,
 fee thou (my friend) perufe
This flender verfe, till leysure ferve
 abrode to bring my Mufe ;
For then you fhall perceive
 by that which you fhall fee,
That you have made your choife, as well
 As I by choofing P.

*The Lover extolleth the singular beautie of
his Ladie.*

LET Myron muse at natures passing might,
And quite resigne his pievish painters right,
For sure he can not frame hir featurde shape,
That for hir face excels the Greekish rape.

Let Zeuxis grapes not make him proude at all,
Though fowles for them did fkyr against a wall;
For if hee should assay my love to paint,
His art would fayle, his cunning fist would faint.

Let Praxitell presume with penfill rude
Base things to blaze the people to delude:
Hir featurde limmes to drawe let him not dare,
That with the fayre Diana may compare.

Though Venus forme Apelles made so well,
As Greece did judge the painter to excell,
Yet let not that enbolde the Greeke to grave
Hir shape, that beauties praise deserves to have.

For nature, when she made hir, did entende
To paint a peece that no man might amende:
A paterne for the reast, that after shoulde
Be made by hande, or cast in cunning moulde.

*The Lover declareth how first he was taken, and enamoured
by the sight of his Ladie.*

I HAVING never earst
the craft of Cupid tride,

Ne yet the wylie wanton wayes
of Ladie Venus spide,
But spent my time in sporte
as youth is woont by kinde,
Not forcing fanfies pinching powre
that other wights did blinde,
By fortune founde a face
that lykte my hart so well,
As by the fodaine vewe thereof
to fanfies frame I fell.
No fooner had mine eies
upon hir beautie stayde,
But wit and will without respect
were altogether wayde.
Unwarely so was none
in such a snare before :
The more I gazde upon hir face,
I lykte my love the more.
Forthwith I thought my hart
out of his roome was rapt,
And wits (that woonted were to wayte
on reason) were intrapt.
Downe by mine eies the stroke
descended to the hart,
Which Cupid never crazde before
by force of golden dart.
My bloud that thought it bounde
his maisters part to take,
No longer durst abide abroad,
but outwarde limmes forsake.
Which having beene in breast,
and frostie colde dismayde,

It hafted from the hart againe
 externall partes to ayde,
And brought with it fuch heate
 as did enflame the face,
Distayning it with scarlet redde
 by rashneffe of the race.
And fince that time I feele
 fuch pangues and inwarde fits,
As now with hope, and then with feare,
 encombred are my wits.
Thus muft I, mifer, live
 till thee by friendly ruth
Doe pittie mee hir loving thrall,
 whose deedes fhall trie his truth.
Thrife luckie was the day,
 thrife happie eake the place,
And yee (mine eies) thrife bleffed were
 that lighted on hir face.
If I in fine may force
 hir pittie by my plaint,
I fhall in cunningft verfe I may
 hir worthie prayfe depaint.
There is one thing makes me joy,
 and bids me think the beft;
That cruell rigor can not lodge
 where beautie is poffeft.
And fure unleffe ſhe ſalve
 and heale this cankred wounde
By yeelding grace, it muft in time
 of force my corps confounde:
For long it may not laft
 that in fuch anguish lies;

Extreames in no case can endure,
 as fages did devise.
 No tyger gaue hir teate,
 she is no lyons whelpe ;
 Ne was she bred of cruell rocks,
 nor will renounce to helpe
 Such as she paines with love,
 and doth procure to wo :
 She is not of the currish kinde,
 hir nature is not fo.

Maister Googe his sonet of the paines of Loue.

TWOO lynes shall tell the grieve
 that I by loue sustaine :
 I burne, I flame, I faint, I freeze,
 of hell I feele the paine.

Turberviles aunswere and distich to the same.

TWOO lynes shall teach you how
 to purchase ease anewe :
 Let reason rule where love did raigne,
 and ydle thoughts eschewe.

¶ *An Epitaphe on the death of Dame Elyzabeth Arhundle.*

HERE graved is a good and godly wight,
 That yeelded hath hir cynders to the foyle,

Who ran hir race in vertues tylt aright,
And never had at Fortunes hand the foyle :
The guide was God whome shee did aye ensue,
And Vertue was the marke whereat she thrue.

Descending of a house of worthie fame,
Shee linckt at length with one egall state,
Who though did chaunge hir first and former name,
Did not enforce hir vertues to rebate ;
For Dannat shee Dame Arhundle was hight,
Whose feere was knowne to be a worthy knight.

Hir beautie I not blaze ne brute at all,
(Though with the best she might therein compare)
For that it was to age and fortune thrall :
Hir thewes I touch, which were so passing rare,
As being earthde and reaft hir vitall breath,
Hir chiefeft part doth live and conquer death.

Let spite not spare to speake of hir the wurst,
Let envie feede upon hir godly life,
Let rancour rage, let hatreds bellie burst,
Let Zoill now unsheath his cutting knife ;
For death hath closde hir corse in marble grave,
Hir foule is fled in skies his feate to have.

Let Leyfter laugh that such a mirrour bred,
Let matrons mourne for losse of their renowne,
Let Cornwall crie since Dannat now is ded,
Let Vertue eke doe on hir mourning gowne ;
For she is rest that was at Vertues beck,
Whome Fortune had no powre to give the check.

To Picro of Pride.

FRIEND Piero, pride infects a friendly minde;
 The haughtie are pursude with deadly hate:
 Wherefore eschue the proude peacocks kinde,
 That greedie are to sit on stooles of state:
 The lowly hart doth winne the love of all,
 But pride at last is sure of shamefull fall.

Piero to Turbervile.

GOOD is the counsell (Turbervile) you give:
 It is a vertue rare well to advise,
 But if your selfe in peacocks fort doe live
 Men deemen may you are not perfite wise;
 Whose chieftest point in act consisteth aye:
 Well doing farre excelleth well to saye.

Verse in prayse of Lorde Henrye Howarde, Earle of Surrey.

WHAT should I speake in prayse of Surreys skill,
 Unlesse I had a thousand tongues at will?
 No one is able to depaint at full,
 The flowing fountaine of his sacred skull;
 Whose pen approovde what wit he had in mue,
 Where such a skill in making Sonets grue.
 Eche worde in place with such a sleight is coucht,
 Eche thing whereof he treates so firmly toucht,
 As Pallas seemde within his noble breast

To have fojournde, and beene a daylie gwest.
Our mother tongue by him hath got such light,
As ruder speach thereby is banisht quight :
Reprove him not for fanfies that he wrought,
For fame thereby and nothing else he fought.
What though his verse with pleasant toyes are fright,
Yet was his honours life a lampe of light :
A mirrour he the fimple sort to traine,
That ever beate his brayne for Britans gaine.
By him the nobles had their vertues blazde,
When spitefull death their honors lives had razde :
Eche that in life had well deserved aught,
By Surreys meanes an endles fame hath caught.
To quite his boone and aye well meaning minde,
Whereby he did his sequell seeme to binde,
Though want of skill to silence me procures,
I write of him whose fame for aye endures ;
A worthie wight, a noble for his race,
A learned lorde that had an Earles place.

Of Faloufie.

A STRAUNGE diseafe, a griefe exceeding great,
A man to have his hart in flame inrolde,
In fort that he can never choose but sweate,
And feele his feete benumbe with frosty colde.
No doubt, if he continue in this heate,
He will become a cooke hereafter olde ;
Of such diseafes such is the effect,
And this in him we may full well suspect.

*To his Ladie, that by hap when he kissed hir and made hir
lip bleed, controld him and tooke disdaine.*

DISCHARGE thy dole,
Thou subtile soule,
It standes in little steede
To curffe the kisse
That caufer is
Thy chirrie lip doth bleede.
Thy bloud ascends
To make amends
For damage thou hast donne ;
For by the fame
I felt a flame
More scorching than the funne.
Thou reftst my harte
By secret arte,
My sprites were quite subdude :
My senses fled
And I was ded ;
Thy lippes were scarce imbrude.
The kisse was thine,
The hurt was mine,
My hart felt all the paine ;
Twas it that bled
And lookte so red,
I tell thee once againe.
But if you long
To wreake your wrong
Upon your friendly fo,

Come, kisse againe,
And put to paine
The man that hurt you fo.

Mayster Googe his Sonet.

ACCUSE not God, if fanſie fonde
doe moove thy fooliſh braine
To wayle for love ; for thou thy ſelfe
art cauſe of all the paine.

Turberviles aunſwere.

NOT God (friend Googe) ye lover blames,
as worker of his woes ;
But Cupid that his fierie flames
ſo frantickly beſtowes.

*A comparifon of the Lovers eſtate with the Souldiars
painefull lyfe.*

IF fouldiers may, for ſervice done,
and labours long fuſtaine,
For wearie watch, and perils paſt,
and armes with armour painde,
For puſh of pike, for holbers ſtroke,
for ſtanding in the frunt,
If they expect rewarde (I ſay)
for byding battayles brunt,

Then what shall Cupids captaines crave,
what recompence desire,
That warde the day, and wake the night,
consumde with fretting fire?
No roome of rest, no time of truce,
no pleading for a peace:
When Cupid founds his warlike trumpe,
the fight will never cease.
First shall you see the shivering shafts,
and vewe the thirled darts,
Which from their eies they cast by course
to pierce their enmies harts.
But if the foe doe stande aloofe,
(as is the lovers guife)
Then canons with their cruell cracks
as thick as thunder flies.
Sweete wordes in place of powder stande
by force which think to win,
That loving lookes of late had lost
when fight did first begin.
But on the breast to beare the brunt
and keepe them from the hart,
A fure and privie cote is worne,
repelling pellats smart.
They stop their eares against the sound,
which is the surest shielde
Against the dreadfull shot of wordes
that thousandes had beguilde.
But when Cupidians flatly see
nor gunne, nor bowe prevaile,
They then begin their friendly foes
with other fight tassaile.

Then fet the daskardes dreade aside,
and to the walles they run,
As though they woulde subdue the forte
or ere the fight begun.
Forthwith the scaling ladders come,
and to the walles are fet ;
Then fighes and fobs begin to clime,
but they are quickly met.
Thus Cupid and his fouldiers all
the sharpe repulse sustaine,
Whome Beauty batters from the walles,
whose captaine is Disdaine.
When all are gone and yeeld it lost,
comes Hope and whote Desire,
To see where they can have the hap
to fet the forte afire :
But nought prevailes their lingring fight ;
they can not Beautie win,
Yet doe they skirmish still behinde
in hope to enter in.
At length, when Beautie doth perceyve
those fouldiers are so true,
That they will never from the walles
till they the holde subdue,
She calles to Pittie for the keyes,
and bids hir let them in,
In hope they will be true to hir
as they to Love had bin.
The gates no fooner are unlockt,
but fouldiers all retire,
And enter into Beauties forte
with Hope and hote Desire.

Now judge by this that I have faide
 of these two fightes aright,
 Which is the greateſt toyle of both
 when warlike tents are pight :
 For Mars his men ſometime have eaſe,
 and from their battaile blin,
 But Cupids ſouldiers ever ſerve,
 till they Dame Beautie win.

*The Lover againſt one that compared his Miſtreſſe with
 his Ladie.*

A MADNESSE to compare
 the pipler with the pine,
 Whereof the mariner makes his maſt,
 and hanges it all with line !
 A follie to preferre
 a lampe before the Sunne,
 Or brag that Balams lumpiſh aſſe
 with Bucephall ſhall runne !
 Then, ceaſe for ſhame to vaunt,
 and crowe in craking wiſe
 Of hir that leaſt deſerves to have
 hir beauties fame ariſe.
 Thou, fooliſh dame, beware
 of haughtie peacocks pride ;
 The fruite thereof in former age
 hath fundrie times bene tride.
 Arachne can expreſſe
 how angrie Pallas was,

When shee in needle worke would seeme
the heavenly wight to passe :
The spider shewes the spite
that shee (good wench) abid ;
In token of hir pride shee hanges
at rouse by rotten thrid.
No foode shee hath allowde,
lesse fortune fende the flie ;
The cobwed is hir costly couch
appointed hir to lie.
With venim ranck and vile
hir wombe is like to burst,
A token of hir inwarde hate,
and hawtie minde at furst.
And thou that surely thinkst
thy ladie to excell,
Example take of others harme
for judgement that befell.
When Pan, the pastors Prince,
and Rex of rustick route,
To passe Apollo in his play
and musick went aboute,
Mount Tmolus was the judge
that there the roome posselt,
To give his verdite for them both,
which uttered musick best.
First came the rustick forth
with pipe and puffed bag,
That made his eies to run like streames,
and both his lips to wag.
The noyse was somewhat rude,
and ragged to the eare ;

The simplest man alive would gesse
that pievish Pan was there.
Then Phoebus framde his frets,
and wrested all his pinnes,
And on his curious strings to strike
the skilfull God beginnes :
So passing was his play
as made the trees to daunce,
And stubborne rocks in deepest vales
for gladsome joy to praunce.
Amphyon blusht as red
as any glowing flame ;
And Orpheus durst not shew his face,
but hide his head for shame.
Ynough ! quoth Tmolus tho,
my judgement is that Pan
May pipe among the ruder sort
that little musick can :
Apollos playe doth passe
of all that ere I hearde ;
Wherefore (as reason is) of mee
the Luter is preferde.
Meanwhile was Mydas prest,
not pointed judge in place,
But (lyke a dolt that went about
Apollo to deface).
Tushe, Tmolus, tushe ! quoth hee,
Pan hath the better skill ;
For hee the emptie bagge with winde
and strouting blast doth fill.
Apollo waggess his joints
and makes a jarring founde ;

Lyke pleasure is not in the lute
as in the bagpipe founde.
No fooner had hee spoke
those witleffe wordes and fed,
But Phœbus graft on asses eares
upon his beaftly hed.
In prooffe of judgement wrong
that Mydas did maintaine,
Hee had a paire of fowling eares
to shilde him from the raine.
Wherefore (my friende) take heede
of afterclaps that fall :
And deeme not hir a dearling that
deserves no prayse at all.
Your judgement is beguilde,
your senses suffer shame :
That so doe seeke to blaze hir armes,
and to advaunce hir fame.
Let hir go hide hir head
in lothsome lurking mue,
For crabbed crowfoote marres hir face,
and quite distaines hir hue.

*The Lover to a Gentlewoman that, after great friendship,
without defart or cause of mislyking, refused him.*

HAVE you not heard it long ago
of cunning fawknars tolde,
That haukes which love their keepers call
are worth their weight in golde?

And such as knowethe luring voice
of him that feedes them still,
And never rangle farre abroad
against the keepers will,
Doe farre exceede the haggard hauke
that stoopeth to no stale,
Nor forceth on the lure awhit,
but mounts with every gale.
Yes, yes, I know you know it well,
and I by proufe have tride,
That wylde and haggard hawkes are worse
than such as will abide.
Yet is there eke another kinde,
farre worser than the rest ;
And those are they that flie at check,
and stoupe to erie gest.
They leave the lawe that nature taught,
and shun their woonted kinde,
In fleeing after erie foule
that mounteth with the winde.
You know what I doe meane by this ;
if not, give eare a while,
And I shall shewe you my conceyte
in plaine and simple stile.
You were sometime a gentle hawke,
and woont to feede on fist,
And knew my luring voice right well,
and would repaire at list :
I could no sooner make a beck,
or token with my hand,
But you would quickly judge my will,
and how the case did stand.

But now you are become so wylde,
and rammage to be feene,
As though you were a haggard hawke;
your maners altred cleene.
You now refuse to come to fift,
you thun my woonted call,
My luring lyketh not your eare,
you force me not at all.
You flee with wings of often chaunge
at random where you please;
But that in time will breede in you
some fowle and fell disease.
Live like a haggard still, therefore,
and for no luring care,
For best (I see) contents thy minde
at wishe and will to fare.
So some, perhaps, will live in hope
at length to light on thee,
That earst reclaimde so gentle werte,
and loving birde to mee;
But if thou chaunce to fall to check,
and force on erie fowle,
Thou shalt be worse detested then,
than is the nightish owle.
This counsell take of him that once
did keepe thee at his beck,
But now gives up in open field,
for feare of filthie check.

*The Lover obtayning his wishe by all likelyhode, yet not able
to attaine his desire, compares himself to Tantalus.*

OF Tantalus plight
The poets wright,
 Complayning
 And fayning
 In forowfull fownding songes :
Who feeles (they faye)
For apples gaye
 Such payning,
 Not gayning
 The fruite for which he longes :
For when he thinkes to feede therone,
The fickle flattring tree is gone ;
 And all in vaine hee hopes to have,
 his famine to expell,
 The flitting fruite that lookes so brave
 and likes his eie so well :
 And thus his hunger doth increafe,
 And hee can never finde release.
As want of meate
Doth make him freate
 With raging,
 And gaging,
 To catch the fruite that flees :
Even so for drythe,
The miser erythe,
 Not fwaging,
 But waging,
 For licour that hee fees :

For to his painefull parched mouth,
The long defired water flouth ;
 And when he gapes full greedilie,
 unthrifitie thirst to flake,
 The river wasteth speedilie,
 and awaywarde goes the lake ;
 That all the licour from his lips
 And dried chaps away it flips.
This kinde of paine
Doth he sustaine,
 Not ceasing,
 Increasing,
 His pittifull pining wo :
In plenties place,
Devoide of grace,
 Releasing,
 Or ceassing
 The pangs that pinch him so :
Of all the fretting fits of Hell
This Tantals torment is most fell :
 For that the reast can have no hope
 their freedome to attaine,
 And he hath graunted him such scope
 as makes the myser faine :
 But all for nought in fine it serves,
 For he with dryth and hunger sterves.
Even so fare I
That am at nie
 My pleasure,
 My treasure,
 As I might with to bee,

And have at will

My ladie still

At leasure,

In measure,

As well it liketh mee.

The amorous blincks flee to and fro,

With fugred words that make a show,

That fanſie is well pleaſde withall,

and findes it ſelfe content :

Eche other friendly friend doth call

and eche of us conſent ;

And thus we ſeeme for to poſſeſſe

Eche others hart and have redreſſe.

We coll, we clip,

We kiſſe with lip,

Delighted,

Requighted,

And merily ſpend the day :

The tales I tell

Are fanſide well,

Recited,

Not ſpited,

Thus weares the time away.

Looke, what I like ſhee doth imbrace,

Shee gives good eare unto my caſe,

And yeeldes mee lawfull libertie

to frame my dolorus plaint,

To quite hir friend from jeopardie

whome Cupid hath attaint ;

Reſpectiſg nought at all his welth,

But ſeeking meane to worke his helth.

I feeme to have
The thing I craue ;
 Shee barres not,
 Shee jarres not,
 But with a verie good will
Shee heares my fute ;
And for the frute
 Shee warres not,
 But dares not
 To let me feede my fill.
Shee would (I know) with hart agree ;
The fault is neyther in hir nor mee,
 I dare avowe full willinglie
 fhee would consent thereto,
And gladly would me remedie
 too banish away my woo :
So thus my wish I doe possesse,
And am a Tantal naythelesse.
For though I stande
And touch with hande,
 Allured,
 Procured,
 The faint I doe desire :
And may be bolde
For to enfolde,
 Assured,
 Indured,
 The corps that I require ;
Yet by no meanes may I attaine
To have the fruite I would so faine
 To rid me from extremitie,
 and cruell oppressing care :

Even thus with Tantals penaltie
 my deſtnie may compare ;
 Who though endure exceſſive paine,
 Yet mine is not the leaſt of twaine.

*The Lover to the Themſ of London, to favor his Ladie
 paſſing thereon.*

THOU ſtately ſtreame y^t with the ſwelling tide
 Gainſt London walles inceſſantly doſt beate,
 Thou Themſ (I ſay) where barge and bote doth ride,
 And ſnowwhite ſwans do fiſh for needefull meate ;

When ſo my loue of force, or pleaſure ſhall
 Flit on thy floud, as cuſtome is to do,
 Seeke not with dread hir courage to appall,
 But calme thy tyde, and ſmoothly let it go,
 As ſhee may joy, arrivde to fiker ſhore
 To paſſe the pleaſant ſtreame ſhe did before.

To weltre up and ſurge in wrathfull wiſe,
 (As did the floud where Helle drenched was)
 Would but procure defame of thee to riſe :
 Wherefore let all ſuch ruthleſſe rigor paſſe,
 So wiſh I that thou mayſt with bending ſide
 Have powre for aye in woonted goulfe to glide.

*To his Ring given to his Ladie, wherein was graven this
 verſe : My hart is yours.*

THOUGH thou (my ring) be ſmall,
 and ſlender be thy price,

Yet hast thou in thy compasse coucht
a lovers true device.
And though no rubie red,
ne Turkeffe trim thy top,
Nor other Juell that commends
the golden Vulcans shop,
Yet mayst thou boldlye vaunt,
and make a true report
For mee, that am thy mayster yet
in such a semblant fort,
That aye (my hart is hers)
of thee I aske no more :
My pen and I will shew the reast,
which yet I keepe in store.
Be mindefull of thy charge,
and of thy maysters case :
Forget not that (my hart is hers)
though I be not in place.
When thou hast tolde thy tale,
which is but short and sweete,
Then let my love conject the reast,
till she and I doe meete ;
For as (my hart is hers)
so shall it be for aye :
My hart, my hand, my lyfe, my limmes,
are hers till dying daye.
Yea, when the spirite gives up
and bodie breathes his last,
Say, naythelesse (my hart is hers)
when life and all is past.
Sit fast to hir finger,
But doe thou not wring her.

*The dispairing Lover craves eyther mercie in time at his
Ladies hands, or cruell death.*

LIKE as the fearefull foule
 within the fawcons foote
Doth yeelde himfelfe to die,
 and fees none other boote,
Even fo dread I (my deare)
 least ruth in thee will want,
To me that am thy thrall,
 who, fearing death, doe pant.
So fast I am in gyve
 within your beauties gayle,
As thence to make a breach
 no engin may prevaile.
The hart within my breast
 with trembling feare doth quake,
And fave your love (my deare)
 nought can my torment flake.
To flea a yeelding pray
 I judge it not your kinde :
Your beautie bids mee hope
 more ruth in you to finde ;
Where Nature hath performde
 fuch featurde fhape to showe,
There hath she clofde in breast
 a hart for grace to growe.
Wherefore my lingring paines
 redresse with ruthfull hart,
And doe in time become
 phyfition to my smart.

Oh ! fhowe thy felfe a friende
and natures impe to bee :
As thou a woman art by kinde,
to womans kinde agree.
But if you can not finde
in hart my lyfe to fave,
But that you long to fee
your thrall lye deade in grave,
Sende mee the fatall toole
and cruell cutting knife,
And thou fhalt fee me rid
my wretched limmes of life,
No leffe to like thy minde
than to abridge my fmart ;
Which were an yll rewarde
for fuch a good defart.
Of both I count it leaft
by curfed death to fall,
Than ruthleffe here to live,
and aye to be a thrall.

To his Friende, to be conftant after choife made.

WHAT made Ulyffes wife
to be renownmed fo ?
What forced Fame hir endleffe brute
in blafting trumpe to blow ?
What Cleopatra caufde
to have immortall prayfe ?
What did procure Lucrecias laude
to laften to our dayes ?

Cause they their plighted hestes
 unbroken aye reservde,
 And planted constance in their harts
 from whome they never swervde.
 What makes the marble stone
 and diamond so deare?
 Save that the[y] longest last of all,
 and alwayes one appeare?
 What makes the waxen forme
 to be of slender price,
 But cause with force of fire it melts,
 and wasteth with a trice?
 Then, if thou long for prayse,
 or blasted fame to finde,
 (My friend) thou must not chaunge thy choyce,
 or turne lyke cock with winde:
 Be constant in thy worde,
 and stable in thy deede:
 This is the readiest way to win
 and purchase prayse with speede.

Counsell returned by Pyndara to Tymetes of Constancie.

WHAT made the Troyan duke,
 that wandring prince, to have
 Such yll report, and foule defame
 as him Carthago gave?
 What faythlesse Jafon forcde
 a traytors name to gaine,
 When he to Colchos came, and did
 the golden Fleese attaine?

What Thefeus caufde to bee
reported of fo yll,
As yet record thereof remaynes
(I think) and ever wyll?
Cauſe they their faithfull friendes,
that ſavde their doubtfull lyves,
Forfooke at laſt, and did diſdaine
to take them to their wyves.
They brake their vowed heſtes;
by ſhip away they went,
And ſo betrayde thoſe fiely ſoules
that craft nor falſehood ment.
Wherefore if you (my friend)
the like report will flee,
Stand ever to the promiſe made,
and plighted troth to mee.
Thoſe dames of whome you ſpake
were conſtant (as you ſay),
But ſure theſe lovers I alleadge
unfaithfull parts did play.
More cauſe have I to doubt
of you (Tymetes) then,
For (as you ſee) we women are
more truſtie than you men.

*The Lovers muſt not diſpaire, though their Ladies
ſeeme ſtraunge.*

THOUGH Neptune in his rage
the ſwelling ſeas doe toſſe,

And crack the cables in dispite,
to further shipmens losse ;
Though ancker holde doe fayle,
and myffon go to wrack,
Though fayles with bluftring blaft be rent,
and keale begin to crack ;
Yet thofe that are a boorde,
and guide the fhip with fteare,
Although they fee fuch daungers preft
and perils to appeare,
Yet hope to light at laft
upon fome harbour holde,
And finde a porte where they to caft
their anckers may be bolde.
Though theeves be kept in gayle
faft bound in fureft gyves,
They lay not all good hope afide
for faving of their lives :
They trust at length to fee
fuch mercie in the judge,
As they, in open prefence quit,
may from the prifon trudge.
And thofe for greedie gaine,
and hope of hidden golde,
In deepeft mynes and dungeon darck
that byde the bitter colde,
In fine, doe looke to light
upon fome golden vaine,
Which may be thought a recompence
for all their paffed paine.
The ploughman eke that toyles
and turnes the ground for graine,

And fowes his feede (perhaps to losse)
yet standes in hope of gaine :
He will not once dispaire,
but hope till harvest fall,
And then will look assuredly
to stufte his barnes withall.
Since these in perils point
will never once dispaire,
Then why should louers stand in dread
of stormes in weather faire ?
Why should they have mistrust
some better hap to finde,
Or think that women will not chaunge,
as is their woonted kinde ?
Though straunge they seeme a while,
and cruell for a space,
Yet see thou hope at length by hap
to finde some better grace ;
For tygers will be tame,
and lyons that were woode,
In time their keepers learne to knowe
and come to them for foode.
What though they scorne as now
to listen to thy fute,
Yet thou in time, when fortunes serves,
shalt reape some better frute.
And though thy fighes they scorne,
and mock thy welling teares,
Yet hope (I say), for after stormes
the shining funne appeares.
And never cease to fue,
nor from lamenting stint ;

For often drops of falling raine
in time doe pierce the flint.
Was never ftone fo ftrong,
nor womans hart fo harde,
But thone with toole, and thother with teares
in proceffe might be fcarde.

*A Letter fent by Tymetes to his Ladie Pyndara at the
time of his departure.*

OF pennes I had good ftore,
ne paper did I want,
When I began to write to thee,
but inck was fomewhat fcant ;
Yet Loue devisde a fetch,
a friendly fleight at neede,
For I with pointed penfill made
my middle finger bleede :
From whence the bloud, as from
a cloven conduite, flue,
And thefe fewe rude and skilleffe lines
with quaking quill I drue.
Now, friend, I muft depart,
and leave this lyked lande :
Now canckred hap doth force me take
a new found toyle in hande.
Shee fpites that I fhould live,
or leade a quiet life,
Aye seeking how to breede my bale,
and make my forrowes rife.

From whence I passe I knowe,
a place of pleasant blisse,
But wither I shall I wote not well,
I know not where it is ;
Where the by sea or lande
me (cruell) will compell
To passe, or by the defart dales,
were verie hard to tell.
But needes I must away,
the westernne winde doth blowe
So full against my back that I
of force from hence doe go :
Yet naythelesse in pawne
(O friend) I leave with you
A faithfull hart, that lasting lyfe
will shewe it selfe as true,
As looving earst it hath :
and if mee trust you dare,
Fill up the emptie place with yours,
if you the same may spare.
Inclose it in my breast ;
in safetie shall it lie,
And thou shalt have thy hart againe,
if I doe chaunce to die.
Thus dubble is your gaine,
a dubble hart to have,
To purchase thee another hart,
and eke thine owne to save.
Live mindefull of thy friend,
forget not promise past ;
Be stoute against the stubborne strokes
of frowarde Fortunes blast.

Penelope, be true
to thy Ulyffes ftill :
Let no newe chofen friend breake off
the threed of our good will.
Though I on feas doe paffe,
the furge will have no powre
To quench the flame that in my breaft
increafeth day and howre.
And thus (the hart that is
your owne) doth wifh thee well,
With good increafe of bleffed haps
finifter chaunce to quell.
Aduē, my chofen friend :
if Fortune fay Amen,
From hence I go thine owne, and will
thine owne returne agen.

*Pyndaras aunfwere to the Letter which Tymetes ſent hir
at the time of his departure.*

When firft thy letters came
(O loving friend) to mee,
I leapt for joy, in hope to have
receyvde good newes of thee.
I never ftayde upon
thoſe lines that were without ;
But raſhly ript the ſeale, to rid
my minde from dreadfull dout.
Which done (Oh cruell grieve !)
I ſaw a mournefull fight :

This verfe (of pennes I had good ftore)
 with purple bloud ywright.
With flouds of flowing teares
 ftaight drowned were mine eies ;
On eyther cheeke they trickled faft,
 and ranne in river wies.
My minde did yll abode,
 it yrkt to read the reft ;
For when I faw the inck was fuch,
 I thought I faw the beft.
Long ftood I in a dumpe,
 my hart began to ake ;
My liver leapt within my bulck,
 my trembling hands did shake :
My fenfes were bereft,
 my bowing knees did bende ;
Out from my nofe the bloud it brake,
 much like the letter pende.
Up ftart my ftaring locks,
 I lay for dead a fpace ;
And what with bloud and brine I all
 bedewde the dreerie place.
From out my feeble fift
 fell needle, cloth and all ;
I knewe no wight, I faw no funne,
 as deafe as ftone in wall.
At laft, when ftanders by
 had brought my fenfe againe,
And force of life had conquered grieffe
 and banifht deadly paine,
I thought the worft was paf ;
 I deemde I could abide

No greater torment than I had,
 unlesse I should have dide.
To vewing then againe
 of bloudie lynes I go,
And ever as I read the words,
 mee thought I saw the blo
Which pointed pensell gave,
 from whence that dolefull inck
As from a cloven conduit flue :
 remembrance make me shrinck.
Oh, friend Tymetes, why
 so cruell were thou than ?
What didst thou meane to hurt thy flesh,
 thou rash and retchlesse man ?
What ! didst thou deeme that I
 could vew that gorie scrole
Withouten anguish of the minde ?
 or think vpon the hole
Of that thy friendly fist
 and finger that did bleede ?
No, no ; I have a womans hart,
 I am no tygers feede.
As great a griefe it was
 for me to think in hart
Of thy mishap, as if my selfe
 had felt the present smart.
O cruell cursed want
 of fitter inck to write !
Good fayth, that lycour was unmeete
 such loving lines tindite.
But yet in some respect
 it fitted with the case ;

For (out alas) I read therein
that thou hast fled the place,
Where friendly we were woont
like faithfull friends to bee ;
Where thou moughtst chat with me thy fill,
and I conferre with thee.
Oh spitefull cruell chaunce !
oh curfed canckred fate !
Art thou a goddesse (monster vile)
deserving stoole of state ?
O blinde and muffled dame !
couldst thou not see to spare
Two faithfull harts, but reaving thone
must breede the others care ?
No woonder tis that thou
dost stande on whirling wheele ;
For by thy deedes thou dost declare
thou canst doe nought but reele.
Art thou of womans kinde
and ruthfull goddesse race,
And hast no more respect unto
a fielie womans case ?
Avaunt, thou froward fiend !
thou so my friend dost drive
From shore well knowne to forraine coast
our fugred joyes to rive.
If so thy minde be bent
that my Tymetes shall
Depart the presence of his friend,
yet so doe guide the ball
As he at lande may live,
not trying furge of seas ;

Nor ship him from the havens mouth
to breede him more unease.
(Good friend) adventure not
so rashly on the flood,
As earst thou didst in writing of
this letter with thy bloud.
Seeke not tincrease my cares,
or dubble grieve begoon;
Think of Leanders bolde attempt
the like distresse to shoon.
What furetie is in ship?
what trust in oken plancks?
What credit doe the windes deserve,
at lande that play such prancks?
If houfes strongly built,
and towers battled hie,
By force of blast be overthrowne
when Æols impes doe flie:
In puffing windes the pine
and aged oke doe teare,
And from the bodies rent the boughes
and loftie lugges they beare:
Then, why shouldst thou affie
in keale or cable so;
Or hazard thus thy selfe upon
the tossing seas to go?
Hast thou not heard of yore
how good Ulysses was
With stormie tempest chafed fore
when he to Greece did did passe?
A wearie travaile hee
for ten yeares space abid,

And all the while this noble Greeke
on waltring wallow flid.
Haft thou not read in bookes
of fell Charybdis goulfe,
And Scyllas dogs, whome ships doe dread
as lambes doe feare the woulfe?
Nor of the raggie rocks
that underlurck the wave,
And rent the barcks that Æols blafts
into their bosome drave?
Not of the monsters huge
that belch out frothie fleame,
And singeing firens that doe drowne
both man and ship in streame?
Alas! the thought of seas,
and of thy passage paines
(If once thou gage thy selfe to furge)
my hart and members straines.
The present fits of feare
of afterclaps to cum,
Amaze my loving tender breast,
and senses doe benum.
But needes thou must away,
(oh friend) what hap is this
That ere thou flie this friendly coast
thy lips I can not kisse:
Nor with my folded armes
imbrace that neck of thine,
Nor clap unto thy manly breast
these loving dugs of mine:
Not shed my trilling teares
upon thy moisted face,

Nor fay to thee (Tymet, adue)
when thou departst the place.
O that I had thy forme
in waxen table now,
To represent thy lively lookes
and friendly loving brow !
That mought perhaps abridge
some part of pinching paine,
And comfort me, till better chaunce
did fend thee home againe.
Both winde and wave atonce
conspire to worke my wo,
Or else thou shouldst not so be forst
from me (thine owne) to go.
O wayward westerne blast !
what didst thou meane so full
Against Tymetes back to blow,
and him from hence to pull ?
Haft thou bene counted earst
a gentle gale of winde,
And dost thou now at length bewray
thy fierce and frowarde kinde ?
I thought the northern blast,
from frostie pole that came,
Had bene the worst of all the windes
and most deserved blame ;
But now I plainly see
that poets did but faine
When they of Borias spake so yll,
and of his cruell raigne :
For thou of Æols brats
thy selfe the worst dost showe ;

And having no iust cause of rage
to soone beginst to blowe.
If needes thou wouldst have vsde
thy force and fretting moode,
Thou shouldst have broyld among the trees
that in the mountaines stoode,
And let us friends alone
that livde in perfite blisse ;
But to request the windes of ruth
but labor lost it is.
Well (friend) though cruell hap
and windes did both agree,
That thou on sodaine shouldst forgo
both countrie coast and mee,
Yet have I founde the pawne
which thou didst leave behinde :
I meane thy loving faithfull hart,
that never was unkinde.
And for that firme behest
and plighted truth of youre,
Wherein you vow that love begoon
shall to the death endure,
To yeelde thee thy demaunde
my written lines protest ;
Inclose my hart within thy bulck
as I will thine in brest.
Shrine up that little lumpe
of friendly flesh (my friend)
And I will lodge in loving wife
the guesst that thou didst fend.
I joy at this exchaunge :
for I assured stande,

Thy tender hart that I doe keepe
shall safelie lie at lande.
Nor doe I doubt at all
but thou wilt have regarde
Of that thy charge, and womans hart
committed to thy warde.
Why dost thou write of death?
I trust thou shalt not die,
As long as in thy manly breast
a womans hart doth lie:
To cruell were the case,
the Sisters eake were throes,
If they would seeke the death of us,
that are such friendly foes.
But if the worst should fall,
and that the cruell death
Doe stop the spindles of our life,
and reave us both of breath,
Yet this doth make me joy,
that thou shalt be the grave
Unto my hart, and in my breast
that hart [h]is hierce shall have.
For sure a sunder shall
these members never go,
As long as life in lims doth lodge
and breath in lungs bylow.
I mindefull live of thee,
and of my promise past;
I will not seeke to chaunge my choise,
my love is fixed fast.
To my Tymetes I
as faithfull will be found,

As to Ulyffes was his wife,
 whilst Troie was laide on ground.
As for new choise of friends,
 prefume upon thy P.
Thou knowst I have thy hart in breast,
 and it will none but thee.
Abandon all distrust,
 and dread of mistie minde;
For to the hart (that is mine owne)
 I will not be unkinde.
Aduie, my chofen friend,
 Aduie to thee agen;
Remaine my love, but pray the write
 no more with bloudie pen.
Thine owne in life, thine owne in death,
Thine owne whilst lungs shall lende me breath;
Thine owne whilst I on earth doe wonne,
Thine owne whilst I shall see the sonne.

*To his absent Friend the Lover writes of his unquiet
and restlesse state.*

THOUGH curious skill I want to wel endite,
And I of sacred Nymphs and Muses nine
Was never taught w^t poets pen to write,
Nor barrain braine to learning did incline
To purchase prayse, or with the best to shine,
Yet cause my friend shall finde no want of will
I write: let hir accuse the lack of skill.
 No lesse deserves the lambe to be imbraft

Of lowring Jove at sacred altar flaine,
If with good zeale it offred be at laft
By Irus, than doe Crœfus bullocks twaine :
For no respect is to be had of gaine
In fuch affayres ; but to the givers hart,
And his good will, our fenfes muft convert.

Wherefore to thee (my friend) thefe lines I fend
As perfite proufe of no difsembling minde,
But of a hart that truely doth intend
To fhew it felfe as loving and as kinde,
As woman woulde hir lover wifh to finde :
And more than this my paper can declare ;
I love thee (friend) and wifh thee well to fare.

I would thou wift the torment I fuftaine
For lack of hir that fhould my wo redrefse,
And that you knew fome parcell of my paine,
Which none may well by deeming judgement geffe,
Nor I with quill have cunning to exprefse :
I know thou couldft but rue my wofull chaunce,
That by thy meanes was brought into this traunce.

The day doth breede my doole, and ranckling rage
Of fecret fmart in wounded breaft doth boyle ;
No pleafant panguie my forrowes may affwage,
Nor give an ende unto my wofull toyle :
The golden Sunne that glads the earthly foyle,
And erie other thing that breedes delight
Of kinde, to mee are forgers of my fpite.

I long for Phœbus glade and going downe,
My drearie teares more covertly to fhed ;
But when the night with uglie face doth frowne,
And that I am yplafte in quiet bed,

In hope to be with wished pleasure fed,
A greater grieve, a worser paine ensues.
My vaporde eies their hoped sleepe refues.

Then rowle I in my deepe dispayring brest
The sweete disdaines, and pleasant anger past,
The lovely strifes: when stars doe counsell rest
Incroaching cares renew my grieve as faste,
And thus desired night in wo I waste;
And to expresse the harts excessive paine,
Mine eies their deawie teares distill amaine.

And reason why they should be moysted so
Is, for they bred my hart this bitter bale;
They were the onely cause of cruell wo
Unto the hart, they were the guilefull stale.
Thus day and night, ytoft with churlish gale
Of sighes in sea of furling brine, I bide,
Not knowing how to scape the scowring tide.

At last the shining rayes of hope to finde
Your friendship firme, these cloudy thoughts repels,
And calmed skie returnes to mistie minde,
Which deepe dispaire againe eftsoone compels
Too fade, and ease by dolours drift expels:
That gods themselves (I judge) lament my fate,
And doe repine to see my wofull state.

Wherefore to purchase prayse, and glorie gaine,
Do ease your friend that lives in wretched plight,
Doe not to death a loving hart constraine,
But seeke with love his service to requight,
Doe not exchange a fawcon for a kite:
Refuse him not for any friendship nue,
A worse may chaunce, but none more just and true.

Let Creffed myrror bee, that did forgo
 Hir former faythfull friend, King Priams sonne,
 And Diomed the Greeke imbraced fo,
 And left the love fo well that was begonne :
 But when hir cards were tolde and twift ysponne,
 She found hir Trojan friend the best of both,
 For he renounst hir not, but kept his oth.

This don, my griping griefs will fomewhat fwage,
 And sorrow ceafe to grow in pensive breast,
 Which otherwise will never blin to rage,
 And crush the hart within his carefull cheaft.
 Of both for you and mee it were the best,
 To save my life and win immortall fame,
 And thus my muse shall blafe your noble name
 For ruine on my wofull case.

*The aunswere of a woman to hir Lover, supposing his
 complaint to be but fayned.*

YOU want no skill to paint
 or shew your pangues with pen :
 It is a worlde to see the craft
 that is in subtile men !
 You seeme to write of woes
 and wayle for deadly smart,
 As though there were no grieve but that
 which gripes your faythlesse hart.
 Though we but women are,
 and weake by lawe of kinde,
 Yet well we can discerne a friende :
 we winke, but are not blinde.

Not every thing that gives
 a gleame and glittering fhowe,
Is to be counted gold in deede;
 this proverb well you knowe:
Nor every man that beares
 a faire and fawning cheere,
Is to be taken for a friend,
 or chofen for a feere:
Not everie teare declares
 the troubles of the hart;
For fome doe weepe that feele no wo,
 fome crie that tafte no fmart.
The more you feeme to me
 in wofull wife to playne,
The fooner I perfwade my felfe
 that you doe nought but fayne.
The crocodile by kinde
 a floud of teares doth fhed,
Yet hath no caufe of cruell crie;
 by craft this fiend is led:
For when the fiely foule,
 that ment no hurt at all,
Approcheth neere, the flipper ground
 doth give the beaft a fall,
Which is no fooner done,
 but ftraight the monfter vyle,
For forrow that did weepe fo fore,
 for joy beginnes to fmyle.
Even fo you men are woont
 by fraude your friends to traine,
And make in wife you could not sleepe
 in carefull couch for paine:

When you in deede doe nought
but take your nightly nap,
Or having flept, doe fet your snare
and tylle your guilefull trap.
Your braynes as busie bee
in thinking how to snare
Us women, as your pillowes soft
and bowlsters pleasant are.
As for your dayes delights,
our selves can witnesse well
To fundrie women fundrie tales
of fundrie jestes you tell :
And all to win their loves,
which when you doe attaine,
Within a while you shew your kindes,
and give them up in plaine.
A fawcon is full hard
amongst you men to finde,
For all your maners more agree
unto the kytish kinde ;
For gentle is the one,
and loves his keepers hande,
But thother bufferdlike doth scorne
on fawckners fist to stande.
For one good turne the one
a thousand will requite ;
But use the other nere so well,
he shewth himselfe a kite.
If Cresyd did amisse
the Troian to forsake,
Then Dyomedes did not well
that did the ladie take.

Was never woman false,
 but man as false as shee,
And commonly the men doe make
 that women flipper bee.
Wherefore leave off your plaints,
 and take the sheete of shame
To shrowde your cloking harts from colde,
 and fayning browes from blame.
Yf she that reades this rime
 be wife as I could wishe,
She will avoyde the bayted hooke
 that takes the biting fishe ;
And shoon the lymed twig,
 the flying foule that tyes :
Tis good to feare of erie bush
 where threed of thraldome lyes.

The Lover exhorteth his Ladie to take time, while time is.

THOUGH brave your beautie be,
 and feature passing faire,
Such as Apelles to depaint
 might utterly dispaire,
Yet drowfie drouping age,
 incroching on apace,
With penfive plough will raze your hue
 and beauties beames deface.
Wherefore in tender yeares
 how crooked age doth haste
Revoke to minde, so shall you not
 your minde consume in waste.

Whilst that you may, and youth
 in you is fresh and greene,
Delight your selfe ; for yeares to fit
 as fickle clouds are seene.
For water flipped by
 may not be callde againe,
And to revoke forepassed howres
 were labour lost in vaine :
Take time whilst time applies ;
 with nimble foote it goes,
Nor to compare with passed prime
 thy after age suppoes.
The holtes that now are hoare,
 both bud and bloume I fawe :
I ware a garlande of the bryer
 that puts me now in awe.
The time will be, when thou
 that dost thy friends defie,
A colde and crooked beldam shalt
 in lothsome cabbin lie :
Nor with such nightlie brawles
 thy posterne gate shall founde,
Nor roses strawde afront thy dore
 in dawning shall be founde.
How soone are corpes (Lorde)
 with filthie furrowes fild !
How quickly beautie, brave of late,
 and seemely shape, is spild !
Even thou that from thy youth
 to have bene so, wilt sweare,
With turne of hand in all thy head
 shalt have graye powdred heare.

The snakes with shifted skinnes
their lothsome age dooway ;
The buck doth hang [h]is head on pale
to live a longer day.
Your good without recure
doth passe, receive the flowre :
Which, if you pluck not from the stalke,
will fall within this howre.

*The Lover wisheth to be conjoynd and fast linckt with his
Ladie, never to sunder.*

I READE how Salmacis sometime with fight
On fodaine loovde Cyllenus sonne, and fought
Forthwith with all hir powre and forced might
Too bring to passe hir close conceyved thought :
Whome, as by hap she saw in open mead,
She sude unto, in hope to have bene spead.

With sugred words she woo'd, & sparde no speach,
But bours'd him with many a pleasant tale,
Requesting him of ruth to be hir leach,
For whome she had abid such bitter bale ;
But hee, replete with pride and scornefull cheare,
Disdainde hir earnest sute and songs to heare.

Away shee went, a wofull wretched wight,
And shrowded hir not farre from thence a space :
When that at length the stripling saw in fight
No creature there, but all were out of place,
Hee shifts his robes and to the river ran,
And there to bath him bare the boy began.

The nymph in hope as then to have attaine
Hir long defired love, retirde to flood,
And in hir armes the naked noorie straine:
Whereat the boy began to strive a good,
But strugling nought availed in that plight,
For why, the nymph surpast the boy in might.

O Gods! (quoth tho the girle) this gift I crave,
This boy and I may never part againe,
But so our corpes may conjoynd have
As one we may appeare, not bodies twaine.
The gods agreed, the water so it wrought,
As both were one: thy selfe would so have thought.

As from a tree we fundrie times espie
A twissell grow by Natures subtile might;
And being two, for cause they grow so nie,
For one are tane, and so appeare in sight.
So was the nymph and noorie joynde yfere,
As two no more, but one selfe thing they were.

O ladie mine! howe might we seeme ybest;
How friendly mought we gods account to bee,
In semblant fort if they woulde breede my rest
By lincking of my carkasse unto thee!
So that we might no more a sunder go,
But limmes to limmes, & corse to carkasse grow.

O! where is now become that blessed lake
Wherein those two did bath to both their joy?
How might we doe, or such provision make
To have the hap as had the maiden boy?
To alter forme and shape of either kinde,
And yet in proufe of both a share to finde?

Then should our limmes w^t lovely linck be tide,

And harts of hate no taste sustaine at all,
 But both for aye in perfite league abide,
 And eche to other live as friendly thrall :
 That thone might feele the pangues the other had,
 And partner be of ought that made him glad.

O bleffed nymph! O Salmacys! I saye,
 Would thy good luck unto hir lot would light,
 Whome I imbrace, and loven shall for aye,
 By force of flood to chaunge hir nature quight :
 And that I might have hap, as had the boy,
 To never part from hir that is my joy.

I would not strive, I would not stirre awhit,
 (As did Cyllenus sonne, that stately wight) ;
 But well content to be hermaphrodit,
 Would cling as close to thee as ere I might,
 And laugh to thinke my hap so good to bee,
 As in such fort fast to be linckt with thee.

*The Lover, hoping assuredly of attaining his purpose after
 long sute, begins to joy renouncing dolours.*

BE farre from mee, you wofull woonted cries,
 A due, dispaire, that madste my hart agries :
 Ye fobbing fighes farewell, and pensive plaint,
 Resigne your roomes to joy, y^e long restraint
 Without defart endure.
 Reject those ruthfull rymes yⁿ (quaking quill)
 Which both declarde my wo and want of skill :
 (Mine eies) that long have had my love in chase,
 With teares no more imbrue your mystresse face,
 But to your springs retyre.

And thou (my hart) that long for lack of grace
 Forepinde haft bene and in a doolefull cafe,
 Lament no more ; let all fuch gripings go
 As bred thy bale, and nurft thy cankred wo
 With milke of mournfull dug.

To Venus doe your due (you fenfes all)
 And to hir fonne to whome you are in thrall :
 To Cupid bend thy knee, and thanks repay
 That after lingred fute, and long delay,

 Hath brought thy fhip to fhire.
 Let crabbed fortune now exprefse hir might,
 And doe thy worft to me, thou ftinging fpite ;
 My hart is well defenft againft your force,
 For fhe hath vowde on mee to have remorce

 Whome I have loovde fo long.
 Henceforth exchaunge thy cheere, and wofull voice
 That haft yfounde fuch matter to rejoyce :
 With mirrie quill, and pen of pleafant plight,
 Thy blisfull haps and fortune to endight,
 Enforce thy barraine fkull.

The Lover to his carefull bed, declaring his reftleffe ftate.

THOU that wert earft a reftfull place
 doft now renue my fmart,
 And woonted eake to falve my fore
 that now increafeft wo,
 Unto my carefull corfe an eafe,
 a torment to my hart,
 Once quieter of minde perdie,
 now an unquiet fo :

The place fometime of flumbring sleepe
 wherein I may but wake,
Drenched in sea of faltish brine,
 (O bed) I thee forfake.
No ife of Apenynus top
 my flaming fire may quent,
Ne heate of brightest Phœbus beames
 may bate my chillie colde :
Nought is of stately strength ynough
 my forrowes to relent,
But (fuch is hap) renewed cares
 are added to the olde :
Such furious fits and fonde affects
 in mee my fanfies make,
That bathed all in trickling teares,
 (O bed) I thee forfake.
The dreames that daunt my dazed hed
 are pleafant for a fpace :
Whilst yet I lie in flumbring sleepe
 my carkaffe feeles no wo,
For caufe I feeme with clasped armes
 my lover to imbrace ;
But when I wake and finde away
 that did delight me fo,
Then in comes care to pleasures place,
 that makes my limmes to quake ;
That all besprent with brackish bryne,
 (O bed) I thee forfake.
No fooner ftirres Auroras ftarre,
 the lightest lampe of all,
But they that rousted were in reft,
 not fraught with fearefull dreames,

Do pack apace to labours left,
 and to their taske doe fall :
 When I, awaking all inragde,
 doe baine my breast with streames,
 And make my smokie sighes to skies
 their upwarde way to take :
 Thus with a furge of teares bedewde,
 (O bed) I thee forsake.
 Thus hurld from hungrie hope by hap
 I die, yet am alive :
 From pangues of plaint to fits of fume
 my restless minde doth runne,
 With rage and fanfie reason fights,
 they altogether strive :
 Refistaunce vayleth naught at all,
 for I am quickly wunne.
 Thus seeking rest no ruth I finde
 that gladfome joy may make,
 Wherefore, consumde with flowing teares
 (O bed) I thee forsake.

*An Epitaph and wofull verse of the death of Sir John
 Tregonwell, Knight, and learned Doctor
 of both Lawes.*

AND can you cease from plaint,
 or keepe your conduits drie ?
 May saltish brine within your breasts
 in such a tempest lie ?
 Where are your scalding sighes,
 the fittest foode of paine ?

And where are now thy welling teares,
I aske thee once againe ?
Hast thou not heard of late
the losse that hath befell ?
If not, my felfe (unhappie wight)
will now begin to tell :
(Though grieve perhaps will grutch,
and stay my foltring tongue)
From whence this ragged roote of ruth
and mourning moode is sprong.
Was dwelling in this sheere
a man of worthie fame,
A iusticer for his defart,
Tregonwell was his name :
A doctōr at the lawes,
A knight among the mo ;
A Cato for good counsell callde,
as he in yeares did grow :
A patrone to the poore,
a rampire to the rest ;
As leefe unto the simple forte,
as friendly to the best.
No blinde affect his eie
in judgement blearde at all,
Whose righteous verdit and decree
was quite devoyde of gall.
If he in hatefull hartes
(where roote of rancour grew)
Of faythfull friendship feedes might fow,
no paines he would eschew.
Minerva thought of like,
and Nature did consent

To prove in him by skilfull arte
 what eyther could invent.
A plot of such a price
 was never framde before ;
To shew their powre the heavens had
 Tregonwell kept in store.
The prince did him imbrace,
 and fought him to advaunce,
And better former state of birth
 by furthering of his chaunce :
He still was readie bent
 his service to bestowe,
Thereby unto his native soyle
 if gratefull gaine might growe.
If sage advise were scarce,
 and wholefome counsell scant,
Then should you see Tregonwels helpe,
 ne wisedome would not want.
When Legats came from farre
 (as is their woonted guife)
To treat of truce, or talke of warre,
 as matters did arise,
Tregonwell then was callde
 his verdict to expresse,
Who for the most part in the case
 of fruitfull things could gesse.
Or if himfelfe were sent
 (which hap Tregonwell had)
Into a farre and forraine lande,
 then was Tregonwell glad ;
For so he might procure
 wealepublick by his paine :

It was no corrie to this knight
 long travaile to sustaine.
But what? undaunted death
 that seekes to conquer all,
And Atropos that goddesse sterne
 at length have spit their gall,
And reft us such a one
 as was a Phoenix true,
Save that now of his cindrie corse
 there rifeth not a nue.
Where may you see his match?
 where shall you find his leeke?
None, though you from the farthest east
 unto the ocean seeke.
O house without thy head!
 O ship without a steare!
Thy Palynurus now is dead,
 as shortly will appeare.
In daunger of distresse
 this knight was ever woont
To yeelde himselfe to perils prest,
 and bide the greatest broont.
No tumults tempest could
 subdue his constant hart,
Ne would the man by any meanes
 once from his countrie start.
But (oh) it naught availes,
 for death doth strike the stroke
In things humaine; no worldly wealth
 his friendship may provoke.
Let Trojans now leave off
 by mourning to lament

The losse of Priam and his towne,
 when ten yeares warre was spent.
 Yee Romaines lay your hoods
 and black attire away :
 Bewaile no more your Fabians fall,
 nor that finifter day
 That reft a noble race
 which might have florifht long ;
 For neither losse is like to this
 our not deferved wrong.
 Now Cornewall thou mayft crake,
 and Dorfet thou mayft crie,
 For thone hath bred, and thother loft
 Tregonwell fodainelie.
 Whofe corps, though earthed bee
 in lothfome lumps of foyle,
 His peereleffe prayfe by vertue woon
 fhall never feare the foyle.
 Who fo therefore fhalt fee
 this marble where he lies,
 With that Tregonwels foule may finde
 a place above the fkies,
 And reach a rowme of reft
 appointed for the nones ;
 For in this tombe interred is
 but flefh and bared bones.

*The Lover confeffeth himfelfe to be in love, and enamored
 of Miftrefse P.*

IF banifht fleepe, and watchfull care,
 If minde affright with dreadfull dreames,

If torments rife, and pleasure rare,
If face befmearde with often streames ;
If chaunge of cheare from joy to smart,
If altred hue from pale to red,
If foltring tongue with trembling hart,
If fobbing fighes with furie fed ;
If fodaine hope by feare opprest,
If feare by hope fuppreft againe,
Be prooves that love within the brest
Hath bound the hart with fanfies chaine :

Then I of force no longer may
In covert keepe my pierfing flame,
Which ever doth it felfe bewray,
But yeelde my felfe to fanfies frame.
And now in fine to be a thrall
To hir that hath my hart in gyve,
Shee may enforce me rife or fall,
Till death my limmes of life deprive.
P. with hir beautie hath bereft
My freedome from my thralled minde,
And with hir loving lookes ycleft
My reafon through both barke and rinde ;
Yet well therewith I am content
In minde to take it patiently,
Since, fure I am, ſhe will relent,
And not enforce hir friende to die.

So I in recompence may have
Naught but a faithfull hart againe ;
Then other friendship will I crave,
But think my loue ylent to gaine.

*That all things have release of paine save the Lover, that
hoping and dreading never taketh ease.*

WHAT fo the golden funne
 beholdes with blazing light,
When paine is past, hath time to take
 his comfort and delight.
The oxe with lumpish pace
 and leasure that doth drawe,
Hath respite, after toyle is past,
 to fill his emptie mawe.
The lolearde asse that beares
 the burden on his back,
His dutie done, to stable plods,
 and reacheth to the rack.
The deere hath woonted foyle
 his fervent heate to swage :
When woorke hath ende, to respite runnes
 the peasant and the page.
The owle that hates the day,
 and loves to flee by night,
Hath queachie bushes to defende
 him from Apollos fight.
Eche cunnie hath a cave,
 eche little foule a nest
To shrowde them in at needefull times
 to take their needefull rest.
Thus vewing course of kinde,
 it is not on the grounde,
That at some time doth not resort
 where is his comfort founde.

Save me (O curfed man)
 whome neither funne ne fhade
Doth ferve the burthen of my breaft
 and forrowes to unlade.
Eche fport procures my fmart,
 eche feemely fight annoy;
Eche pleafant tune torments mine eafe,
 and reaves my hoped joy.
No mufick foundes fo fweete
 as doth the doolefull drum,
For fomewhat neare unto my fmart
 that mournefull founde doth cum.
A gally flave I feeme
 unto my felfe to bee :
The mayfter that doth guide the fhip
 hath neare an eie to fee.
You know where fuch a one
 as Cupid is doth fteare :
Amid the goulfe of deepe difpaire
 great perill muft appeare.
In fteade of fteaming fayles,
 hee wifhes hanges aloft,
Which if in tempeft chaunce to teare,
 the barck will come to nought.
For winde are fcalding fighes,
 and fecret fobbings preft,
Mixt with a cloude of ftormie teares
 to baine the lovers brest.
Though Cupid neare fo well
 his beaten barck doe guie,
By fleeing flats and finking fandes
 that in the wallow lie,

Yet those that are a boorde
 must ever stande in awe,
 For cause a buffard is their guide,
 not forcing any flawe;
 That followes none advice,
 but bluntly runnes on hed,
 As proude as peacock over those
 that in his chaine ar led.
 Thus may you plainely see
 that eche thing hath release
 Of penfive paine, save Cupids thralls,
 whose torments aye increafe.

*A poore Ploughman to a Gentleman for whome he had
 taken a little paines.*

YOUR culter cuts the foyle that earst was fowne,
 Your haruest was forereaped long agoe,
 Your fickle sheares the medowe y^t was mowne,
 Ere you the toyle of tilmans trade did knowe:
 Good fayth you are beholding to the man
 That so for you your husbandrie began.

He craves of you no silver for his feede,
 Ne doth demaunde a penny for his graine;
 But if you stande at any time in neede,
 (Good maister) be as bolde with him againe.
 You can not doe a greater pleasure than
 To choose you such a one to be your man.

*To his Friende P: of Courting, Travailing, Dyfing,
and Tenys.*

To live in Court among the crue is care,
Is nothing there but dayly diligence ;
Nor cap nor knee, nor money muſt thou ſpare,
The prince his haule is place of great expence.

In rotten ribbed barck to paſſe the ſeas,
The forraine landes and ſtraungie ſites to ſee,
Doth daunger dwell : the paſſage breedes uneaſe,
Not ſafe the foyle, the men unfriendly bee.

Admit thou ſee the ſtraungeſt things of all,
When eie is turnde the pleaſant fight is gone :
The treaſure then of travaile is but ſmall,
Wherefore (friende P.) let all ſuch toyes alone.

To ſhake the bones, and cog the craftie dice,
To carde in care of ſodaine loſſe of pence,
Unſeemely is, and taken for a vice :
Unlawfull play can have no good pretence.

Too band the ball doth cauſe y^e coine to waſt,
It melts as butter doth againſt the funne ;
Naught ſave thy paine, when play doth ceaſe, y^u haſt :
Too ſtudie then is beſt when all is donne ;
For ſtudie ſtayes and brings a pleaſant gaine,
When play doth paſſe as glare w^t guſhing raine.

*The Lover declares that unlesse he utter his sorrowes by
fute, of force he dyeth.*

LYKE as the gunne that hath to great a charge,
And pellet to the powder ramde so fore,
As neyther of both hath powre to go at large,
Till fhiverd flawes in founding skies doe rore :

Even so my carefull breast, that fraughted is
With Cupids ware, and cloide with lurking love,
Unlesse I shoulde disclose my drerines,
And out of hande my troubled thoughts remove,

A funder woulde my cumbred carcaffie flee :
The hart would breake the overcharged chace
Of pensive breast ; and you (my love) shoulde see
Your faythfull friende in lamentable case.

Wherefore doe what you may in gentle wyes
The gunner to assyst in time of neede,
And when you see the pellet pierce the skyes,
And powder make a proufe of hidden gleede :

Rue on his case, and seeke to quite his wo,
Least in short time his gunne to peeces go.

*The Lover to a Friende that wrote him this sentence :
Yours assured to the death.*

O FAITHFULL friend ! thrise happy was the fist
In so few words to such effect that wrought :
O friendly hart ! a thousand folde yblift
That hath conceivde so iust and joyfull thought,
As not till death from pawned love to bende,
But friend at first, and frind to be at ende.

Wherefore to countervaile those woords of thine,
And quit thy love with faithfull hart againe,
I vow that I will never once decline
A foote from that I am for losse or gaine :
If thou be mine *till death*, I the[e] assure
To be thy friend *as long as life shall dure*.

*Of certaine flowers, sent him by his Love upon suspicion
of chaunge.*

YOUR flowers for their hue
were fresh and faire to see,
Yet was your meaning not so true
as you it thought to bee.
In that you sent me bame,
I judge you ment thereby,
That cleane extinct was all my flame
from whence no sparckes did flie.
Your fenell did declare
(as simple men can shew)
That flattrie in my breast I bare,
where friendship ought to grow.
A dayfie doth expresse
great follie to remaine :
I speake it not by roate or gesse,
your meaning was so plaine.
Rosemarie put in minde
that bayes weare out of thought ;
And Loveinydle came behinde
for love that long was fought.

Your cowslips did portende
that care was layde away ;
And eglantyne did make an ende
where sweete with fower lay ;
As though the leaves at furst
were sweete when love began,
But now in prooffe the pricks were curst,
and hurtfull to the man.

The Aunswere to the same.

PERDIE I neede no bame,
ne forced heate by charme,
To fet my burning breast in flame
whom Cupids gleames do warme.
On bayes is my delight,
Remembrance is not past ;
Though dayfie hit the nayle aright,
my friendship aye shall last.
Though love in ydle bee,
yet will I not forgoe,
Ne cast off care as you shall see,
and time the trouth shall showe.
So I may taste the sweete,
I force not on the fowre :
The more is joy when friends doe meete,
that Fortune earst did lowre.
Your fenell failed quight
where such good fayth is ment ;
For bayes are onely my delight,
though I for bayes be fhent.

Of a Foxe that woulde eate no Grapes.

By fortune came a foxe,
 where grue a loftie vine :
I will no grapes (quoth hee)
 this yarde is none of mine.
The foxe woulde none, bicaufe that hee
Perceivde the highnesse of the tree.
So men that foxlie are,
 and long their lust to have,
But cannot come thereby,
 make wif they would not crave.
Those subtill marchants will no wine,
Bicaufe they cannot reach the vine.

Of the straunge countenaunce of an aged Gentlewoman.

It makes me laugh a good to see thee lowre,
 and long to looken fad ;
For when thy crabbed countenance is so fowre,
 thou art so seeming glad.
I blame not thee but nature in his case,
That might bestowde on thee a better grace.

To the Roving Pyrat.

THOU winste thy wealth by warre,
 ungodly way to gaine ;
And in a houre thy ship is funck,
 goods drownde, the pirat flaine.

The gunne is all thy trust;
 it serves thy cruell fo:
 Then brag not on thy canon shot,
 As though there were no mo.

Of one that had little Wit.

I thee advise,	}	{	Tis rare to get,
If thou be wife,			And farre to fet :
To keepe thy wit,			Twase ever yit,
Though it be small :			Dearest ware of all.

In commendation of Wit.

WIT farre exceedeth wealth,
 Wit princely pompe excels,
 Wit better is than beauties beames,
 Where pride and daunger dwels.
 Wit matcheth kingly crowne,
 Wit maisters witleffe rage ;
 Wit rules the fonde affects of youth,
 Wit guides the steps of age.
 Wit wants no reasons skill
 a faithfull friend to know :
 Wit wotes full well the way to voide
 the smooth and fleering fo.
 Wit knowes what best becommes,
 and what unseemely shoves :
 Wit hath a wile to ware the worst,
 Wit all good fashion knowes.

Since wit by wifedome can
doe this, and all the rest,
That I imploy my painefull head
to come by wit is best :
Whome if I might attaine,
then wit and I were one ;
But till time wit and I doe cope,
I fhall be post alone.

An Aunswere in dispraise of Wit.

THE wit you so commend
with wealth cannot compare ;
For wealth is able wit to win,
when wit is waxen bare.
Wit hath no beauties beames ;
to kingly crowne it yeeldes :
Wit subiect is to wilfull rage,
Rage wit and reason weeldes.
Wit rules not witleffe youth,
nor aged steps doth guide ;
Wit knowes not how to win a friende,
wit is so full of pride.
Wit wots not how to flie
the smooth and flattering gest :
Wit cannot well discerne the thing
that doth become it best.
Wit hath no wyle to ware
mis hap before it fall ;
Wit knowes not what good fashion meanes,
Wit can doe naught at all.

Since wit by wifdome can
 doe nothing, as you weene,
 If you doe toyle to come by wit,
 then are you over feene :
 Whome when you doe attaine,
 though wit and you feeme one,
 Yet wit will to another, when
 your back is turnde and gone.

*The Lover to Cupid for mercie, declaring how first he
 became his thrall, with the occasion of his defying
 Love; and now at last what caused him
 to convert.*

O MIGHTIE lorde of love !
 Dame Venus onely joy,
 Whose princely powre doth farre furmount
 all other heavenly roy,
 I that have fwarvde thy lawes,
 and wandred farre aftray,
 Have now retyrde to thee againe,
 thy statutes to obey :
 And so thou wouldst vouchsafe
 to let me plead for grace,
 I would before thy barre declare
 a fielie lover's cafe.
 I would depaint at full
 how first I was thy man,
 And shew to that what was the cause
 that I from Cupid ran.

And how I have since that
 yspent my weerie time,
As I shall tell, so thou shalt here
 declare in doolefull rime.
In greene and tender age
 (my Lorde), till xviii years,
I spent my time as fitted youth
 in schole among my feeares,
As then no bearde at all
 was growne upon my chin,
Which well approovde that mans estate
 I was not entred in.
I neede not tell the names
 of Authors which I read,
Of proes and verse we had inough
 to fine the dullest head :
But I was chiefly bent
 to poets famous art ;
To them with all my devor I
 my studie did convert.
Where when I had with joy
 yspent my time a while,
The reast refusde, I gave me whole
 to Nasos noble stile.
Whose volumes when I saw
 with pleasant stories fright,
In him (I say) above the rest
 I laide my whole delight.
What should I here reherse
 with base and barraine pen,
The lincked tales and filed stuffe
 that I perused then ?

In fine, it was my loare
 upon that part to light
Wherein he teacheth youth to love,
 and women win by flight :
Which Treatise when I had
 with judging eie surwayde,
At last I found thy godly kynde,
 and Princely powre displayde.
Of Cupid all that booke
 and of his raigne did ring,
The poet there of Venus did
 in sugred dittie sing.
There read I of thy shafts,
 and of thy golden bow,
Thy shafts which by their divers heads
 their divers kindes did show.
I saw how by thy force
 thou madest men to stoope,
And grifely gods by secret flight
 and deuilish imps to droope.
There were depainted plaine
 thy quick and quiver wings ;
And what so else doth touch thy powre
 there Ovid sweetely sings.
There I thy conquests sawe,
 and many a noble spoile,
With names annexed to the same
 of such as had the foile.
There matrones marcht along
 and maydens in their roe,
Both Faunes and Satyrs there I saw,
 with Neptuns troupe also.

With other thoufands elfe,
 which Nafō there doth write ;
But not my pen or barraine ſkull
 is able to recite.
O mighty Prince (quoth I)
 of ſuch a fearefull force,
How bleſt were I, ſo thou of mee
 wouldſt daine to take remorce !
And chooſe me for thy thrall
 among the reſt to bee,
That live in hope, and ſerve in truſt
 as waged men to thee.
With that (thy Godhead knowes)
 thou gavſte a freindly looke,
And (though unworthie ſuch a place)
 mee to thy ſervice tooke.
In token I was thine,
 I had a badge of blue,
With fabels ſet, and charge withall
 that I ſhould aye be true.
Thou badſte me follow Hope,
 who tho thy enſigne bare.
And ſo I might not doe amiſſe,
 thus didſt thy ſelfe declare.
Then who rejoyſt but I ?
 who thought himſelfe ybliſt ?
That was in Cupids ſervice plaſte
 as bravely as the beſt ?
And thus in luſtie youth
 I grue to be your thrall,
And was (I witneſſe of thy dame)
 right well content withall.

But now I minde to shewe
 (as promisse was to doe)
How first I fled thy tents, and why
 thy campe I did forgoe.
When I had bene retainde
 well nigh a yeare or more,
And servde in place of wage and meede
 as in the souldiars lore,
I chaunst by hap to cast
 my floting eies awrie,
And so a dame of passing shape
 my fortune was to spie :
On whome Dame Nature thought
 such beautie to bestowe,
As she had never framde before,
 as proufe did plainly showe.
On hir I gazde a while,
 till use of sence was fled,
And, colour, paper white before,
 was woxen scarlet red.
I felt the kindled sparkes
 to flashing flames to growe ;
And so on fodaine I did love
 the wight I did not knowe.
Then to thy pallace I
 with frowarde foote did run,
And what I faide, I mynde it yet,
 for thus my tale begun.
O noble Sir (quoth I),
 is this your free assent,
I should pursue a game unknowne
 within your stately tent ?

If so (quoth I) thou wilt,
 and givste the fame in charge,
I mynde of all my brydled lust
 to let the raynes at large.
Then (Hope) did prick mee forth,
 and bad mee be of cheere,
Who said I should within a while
 subdue my noble feere.
He counfelde mee to shun
 no dreadfull daungers place,
But follow him who banner bore
 unto your noble grace.
He would maintaine my right
 and further aye my cause,
And bannish all dispaire that grewe
 by frowarde fortunes flawes.
Tis Cupids will (quoth hee),
 our maister and our lorde,
That thou with manly hart and hand
 shouldst lay the barck aborde :
She shall not choose but yeelde
 the fruite for passed paines ;
For shee is one of Cupids thralls,
 and bound in Venus chaines.
Thinkst thou our maister will
 his servant live in woe ?
No, not for all his golden darts,
 ne yet his crooked bowe.
Wherefore with luckie mart
 give charge unto the wight :
Take speare in hande, and targe on arme,
 and doe with courage fight.

With that, I armde me well,
as fits a warring man,
And to the place of friendly fight
with lustie foote I ran.
My foe was there before
I came unto the fielde :
I thought Bellona had bene there,
or Pallas with hir shielde.
So well shee was beset
with plate and privie maile,
As for my life my limber launce
might not a whit prevaile :
Yet naythelesse with speare
and shielde, we fought a space,
But last of all we tooke our bowes
and arrowes from the case.
Then dartes we gan to fling
in wide and weightlesse skies ;
And then the fiercest fight of all
and combat did arise.
In stead of shivering shafts,
light loving lookes we cast,
And there I founde my selfe too weake,
hir arrowes went so fast :
But one above the reast
did cleave my breast so farre,
As downe it went where lay my hart,
and there it gave a jarre.
So cruell was the stroke,
so fodaine eke the wounde,
As by the fearefull force I fell
into a senselesse founde.

Thus, having no refuge
to quite my selfe from death,
I made a vowe to love hir well
whilst lungs should lende me breath :
And since that time I have
endevorde with my might
To win hir love, but nought prevailes ;
shee wayes it not a mite.
Shee skornes my yeelding hart,
not forcing on my hest ;
But by disdaine of cloudy browe
doth further my unrest.
Yet ruthlesse though shee were,
and farfed full of yre,
I loovde hir well as hart could think,
or woman might desire.
I fought to frame my speach
and countnance in such fort,
As shee my covert hart might see
by shewe of outwarde port.
To Troilus halfe so true
unto his Crefide was
As I to hir, who for hir face
did Trojane Crefide passe.
At length, when Reason saw
me fotted so in love,
As I ne would, ne might at all
my fanfie thence remove,
Shee causde hir trumpe be blowne
to cyte hir fervants all
Into the place, by whose advise
I might be rid from thrall.

Then Plato first appearde
with fage and folemne fawes,
And in his hand a golden booke
of good and Greekiſh lawes,
Whofe honnie mouth ſuch wiſe
and weightie wordes did tell
Gainſt thee and all thy troupe at once,
As Reaſon likte it well.
When Platoes tale was done,
then Tullie preſt in place,
Whofe filed tongue with fugred talke
would good a ſimple caſe.
With open mouth I heard,
and jawes yſtrecht awyde,
How he gainſt Venus dearlings all
and Cupids captives cryde.
Then Plutarch gan to preach,
and by examples prove
That thouſand miſchiefes were procurde
by meane of guilefull love;
Whole cities brought to ſpoyle,
and realmes to ſhamefull ſack,
Where kings and rulers good advice
by meane of love did lack.
Next Plutarch Senec came,
fevere in all his fawes,
Who cleane deſide your wanton tricks,
and ſcornde your childiſh lawes.
I neede not name the reaſt
that ſtoode as then in place,
But thouſandes more there were that fought
your godhead to deface.

When all the hall was husht,
 and fages all had donne,
Then Reason that in judgement fate
 hir skilfull talke begonne.
Gramercie, friends, (quoth shee)
 your counfell lykes me well,
But now lend eare to Reasons wordes,
 and listen what I tell.
What madnesse may be more
 than such a lorde to have,
Who makes the chieftaine of his bande
 a ruke and raskall slave?
Who woonted is to yeelde
 in recompence of paine,
A ragged recompence, God wote,
 that turnes to meere disdaine.
Who gladly would enfue
 a conduct that is blinde,
Or thrall himselfe to such a one
 as shewes himselfe unkinde?
What ploughman would be glad
 to sowe his feede for gaine,
And reape, when haruest time comes on,
 but travaile for his paine?
What madman might endure
 to watch and warde for nought,
To ride, to runne, and last to loofe
 the recompence he fought?
To waste the day in wo,
 and restlesse night in care,
And have in stead of better foode
 but fobbing for his fare?

To bleare his eies with brine
 and salted teares yfhead,
To force his fainting flesh to fade,
 his colour pale and dead?
And to foredoe with carke
 his wretched witherde hart,
And so to breede his bitter bale
 and hatch his deadly smart?
I speake it to this fine,
 that plainely might appere,
Cupidos craft and guilefull guise
 to him that standeth here;
Whose eies with fanfies mist
 and errors cloudes are dim,
By meane that hee in Venus lake
 and Cupids goulfe doth swim;
And hath, by fodaine fight
 of unacquainted fhape,
So fixt his hart, as hope is past
 for ever to escape,
Unlesse to these my wordes
 a listning eare hee lende,
Which oft art woont the lovers minde
 and fanfie to offende.
But he that would his health
 sowre sirops mustt assay;
For erie grieve hath cure againe
 by cleane repugnaunt way:
And who so mindes to quite
 and rid himselfe from wo,
Mustt seeke in time for to remove
 the thing that hurtes him fo.

For longer than it lastes
 it frets the farder in,
Untill it grow to curelesse maine
 by passing fell and skin.
The pyne that beares his head
 up to the haughtie skie,
Would well have beene remoovde at first,
 as daylie prooffe doth trie,
Which now no force of man
 nor engine may subvert,
So wyde the creeping rootes are run
 by Natures subtile art.
So love by slender sleight
 and little paine at first
Would have beene stopt; but hardly now
 though thou wouldst doe thy worst.
The wonted saw is true,
 thun love, and love will flee;
But follow love, and spite thy nose,
 then love will follow thee:
And though such grafted thoughts
 on sodaine may not die,
Ne be forgone, yet proceffe shall
 their farther growth defie.
No giaunt for his lyfe
 can cleave a knarrie oke,
Though he would seeke to doe his worst
 and utmost at a stroke;
But let the meanest man
 have space to fell him downe,
And he will make him bende his head,
 and bring his boughes to grownde.

No force of falling shewre
 can pierce the marble stone,
As will the often drops of raine
 that from the gutters gone.
Wherefore, thou retchlesse man,
 my counsell with the mo
Is, that thou peecemeale doe expell
 the love that paines thee fo.
Renounce the place where shee
 doth make sojourne and stay ;
Force not hir trayning truthlesse eies,
 but turne thy face away.
Thinke that the hurtfull hooke
 is coverde with such baite ;
And that in such a pleasant plot
 the serpent lurcks in waite.
Waie well hir scornfull cheere,
 and think shee seekes thy spoyle ;
And though thy conquest were atchivde,
 may not acquite thy toile.
Not ydle see thou bee,
 take aye some charge in hande :
And quickly shalt thou quench the flame
 of carelesse Cupids brande.
For what (I pray you) bred
 Ægisthus fowle defame,
And made him spoken of so yll ?
 what put him to the shame ?
What forcde the foole to love ?
 his beastly ydle lyfe
Was cause that he befotted was
 of Agamemnons wyfe.

If he had fought in field,
 encountring with his foe
On stately steede, or else on foote
 with glave had given the bloe ;
If he, that lecher lewde,
 had warlick walles affailde
With cannon shot, or bownsing ram,
 his fenced enemies quailde,
He had not felt such force
 of vile and beastly sin,
Cupidos shafts had fallen short,
 if he had busie bin.
What Myrrha made to love,
 or Byblos to desire,
To quench the heate of hungrie lust
 and flames of filthy fire ?
What Canace enforcde
 to frie with frantick brands,
In fort as up to yeeld hir selfe
 unto hir brothers hands ?
And others thousand mo
 of whome the poets wright,
Nought else (good fayth) but for they had
 in ydle thoughts delight.
They spent their youthfull yeares
 in foule and filthie trade ;
They busied not their ydle braines,
 but God of Pleasure made.
Wherefore if thou (I say)
 doft covet to avoyde
That bedlam boyes deceitfull bowe
 that others hath anoyde ;

Eschewe the ydle lyfe,
 flee, flee from doing nought,
 For never was there ydle braine
 but bred an ydle thought.
 And when those stormes are past,
 and cloudes remoovde away,
 I know thou wilt on (Reason) thinke,
 and minde the words I fay,
 Which are that loove is roote
 and onely crop of care,
 The bodies foe, the harts annoy,
 and cause of pleasures rare.
 The sicknesse of the minde,
 the fountaine of unrest,
 The goulfe of guile, the pit of paine,
 of grieve the hollow cheft.
 A fierie frost, a flame,
 that frozen is with ife,
 A heavie burden light to beare,
 a vertue fraught with vice.
 It is a warlike peace,
 a safetie set in dred,
 A deepe dispaire annext to hope,
 a famine that is fed :
 Sweete poyson for his taste,
 A Porte Charybdis leeke,
 A Scylla for his safetie thought,
 a lyon that is meeke.
 And (by my crowne I sweare)
 the longer thou dost love,
 The longer shalt thou live a thrall,
 as tract of time will prove.

Discomodities
 of Love.

Wherefore retire in hafte,
 and fpeede thee home againe,
And pardned fhall thy trespaffe bee,
 and thou exempt from paine.
Take Reafon for thy guide,
 as thou haft done of yore,
And fpite of Love thou fhalt not love,
 ne be a thrall no more.
Repaire to Platos fchoole,
 and Tullies true advice ;
Let Plutarch be and Seneca
 thy teachers to be wife.
This long and learned tale
 had broofed fo my braine,
As I forthwith to Reafon ran,
 and gave thee up in plaine.
Fie, fie on Loue ! quoth I,
 I now perceive his craft ;
For Reafon hath declarde at large
 how hee my freedome raft.
I fee his promife is
 farre fayrer than his paie :
I finde how Cupid blearde mine eies,
 and made me run aftraie.
I wrote how hungrie Hope
 hath led mee by the lip,
And made mee moove an endleffe fute,
 well worth an oken chip.
Hee trainde mee all by trust ;
 I farde as hounde at hatch,
The leffer fruite I founde, the more
 I was procurde to watch.

Thus (mightie Lorde) I left
thy lawes and statutes strong
For rayling Reasons trifling talke,
and offerd thee a wrong.
But now Dame Venus knowes,
and thou, hir sonne, canst tell
That I within my covert hart
doe love thee passing well.
Now fully bent to be
(so thou wilt cleane put out
Of mind my passed injuries)
thy man and fouldier stout :
Prest to obey thy will,
and never swarve againe,
As long as Venus is of force,
and thou shalt keepe thy raigne.
I weigh not Tullies tale,
ne prating Platos talke ;
Let Plutarch vouch what Plutarch can,
let skurvey Senec walke.
Olde Ovid will I reade,
whose pleasant wit doth passe
The reast, as farre as stubborne steele
excells the brittle glasse.
In him thy deedes of armes
and manly Marts appeere ;
In him thy stately spoyles are seene
as in a mirrour cleere :
Thy mothers prayse and thine
in him are to be founde,
For conquestes which you had in heaven,
and here bylow on grounde.

Forgive my former guilt,
forget my passed toyes,
And graunt I may aspire againe
unto my woonted joyes.
If ever man did love,
or ferve in better steede,
Then shape my wageffe to the fame,
and doe restraine my meede ;
But so I fight in fielde
as fiercely as the best,
I hope that then your Godhead will
reward me with the rest.

After misadventures come good haps.

I NEVER thought but this, that luck in fine
Would to my will and fanſie well incline ;
For dayly prooffe doth make an open ſhow
That commen courſe of things would have it ſo.
When ſtormie clouds from darkned ſkyes are fled,
Then Phœbus ſhewes his gay and golden hed :
His princely pride appeares when ſhowers are paſt,
And after day the night enfues as faſt.
When winter hath his trembling carkas ſhowne,
And w^t his froſtie foote the ſpring downe throwne,
Then in leapes Æſtas gay with gladſome gleames,
That harveſt brings and dries up winter ſtreames.
The barck that broylde in rough and churliſh ſeas
At length doth reach a port and place of eaſe :
The wailefull warre in time doth yeelde to peace,

The larums lowde and trumpets found doth cease.
 Thus may we see that chaunce is full of chaunge.
 And Fortune feedes on foode that is full straunge.
 Wherefore doe not despaire, thou loving wight,
 For seas doe ebbe and flow by Natures might:
 From worse to good our haps are chaunged oft,
 And basest things sometimes are rayfde aloft.
 So Gods would have, and Fortune doth agree,
 Which proufe appeeres, and is exprest, by mee.

To his Love, that Controlde his Dogge for fawning on hir.

IN deede (my Deare) you wrong my dog in this,
 And shew your selfe to be of crabbed kinde,
 That will not let my fawning whelp to kisse
 Your fift, y^t faine would shew his maisters minde:
 A mastife were more fit for such a one,
 That can not let hir lovers dog alone.

He, in his kinde, for mee did seeme to sue,
 That earst did stande so highly in your grace:
 His maisters minde the wittie spanell knewe,
 And thought his woonted mistresse was in place;
 But now at last (good faith) I plainly see
 That dogs more wise than women friendly bee.

Wherefore, since you so cruelly entreate
 My whelp, not forcing of his fawning cheere,
 You shew your selfe with pride to be replete,
 And to your friend your nature doth appeere:
 The proverbe olde is verrifide in you,
 Love mee, and love my dog; and so adue.

Both I and he that fiely beaft sustaine

For loving well and bearing faithfull harts,
Despitous checks, and rigorous disdaine,
Where both have well deserved for our parts,
For friendship I, for offred service hee,
And yet thou neyther loovste the dog nor mee.

*Upon the death of the aforenamed Dame Elizabeth Arhundle,
of Cornewall.*

What tongue can tell the wo?
 what pen expresse the plaint?
Unlesse the Muses helpe at neede,
 I feele my wits to faint.
Yee that frequent the hilles
 and higheft holtes of all,
Assist mee with your skilfull quilles,
 and listen when I call.
And Phœbus, thou that sitst
 amidst the learned route,
Doo way thy bowe, and reach thy lute,
 and say to founde it oute.
Helpe (learned Pallas) helpe
 to write the fatall fall
of hir, whose lyfe deserves to be
 a mirrour to us all:
Whose parents were of fame,
 as Leyster well can showe,
Where they in worship long had livde,
 with yeares did worship growe.
Of worship was the house
 from whence shee tooke hir line,

And she, a Dannat by discent,
to worship did incline.
What neede I pen the prayse
of hir that livde so well?
That of it selfe doth yeelde a founde,
we neede not ring the bell.
Whilst Dannat did enfue
Diana in the race,
A truer nymph than Dannat was
was never earst in place:
With beautie so adrest,
with vertue so adornde,
Was none that more imbrasste the good,
nor at the wicked scornde.
When fleeing Fame with trumpe
and blasted brute had brought
This Dannats thewes to courtlike ea[r]
(which Dannat never sought)
To court she was procurde
on Princeesse to attende;
A service fit for such a one
hir flowring yeares to spende.
Where when she had remainde
and servde the Princeesse well,
Not rashly, but with good advice
to Junos yoke she fell.
A Woulfe by hap espide
this felie lambe in place,
And thought hir fittest for his pray:
not gastly was his face,
Not woulflike were his eies,
ne harrish was his voice,

Nor fuch as lambes might feare to heare,
but rather might rejoyce.
A hart not bent to hate,
or yeelding pray to fpill,
Unto Licaon farre unlike,
whose pleafure was to kill.
Arhundle was his name,
his flock of great difcent,
Whofe predeceffors all their lives
in vertues path had fpent.
Hee, not unlike the reft,
behavde himfelfe fo well,
As he in fine became a Knight,
fo to his fhare it fell.
Thus was this ladie faft
conjoynde in facred knot,
Whofe prime and tender yeares were fpent
devoyde of flanders blot.
The match no fooner made,
when mariage rites were donne,
But Dannat ranne hir race as right
as fhee hir courfe begonne :
And footh it is, fhee livde
in wively bond fo well,
As fhe from Collatinus wife
of chaftice bore the bell.
Ulyffes wyfe did blush
to heare of Dannats prayfe
Admetus make (the good Alceft)
did yeelde up all hir kayes.
The Greekes might take in grieve
of fuch a one to heere,

Who for hir well deserved fame
could have no Greekish peere.
Thus many yeares were spent
with good and fothfast life,
Twixt Arhundle, that worthie knight,
and his approoved wife ;
Of whome fuch impes did spring,
fuch fruite began to growe,
Such iffue did proceede, as we
them by their braunches knowe.
The oke will yeelde no grapes,
the vine will beare no hawes :
Ech thing muft follow kindly courfe
by Natures fixed lawes.
Even fo that worthie tree
fuch fruite is feene to beare,
As yet commends the withred flocks,
and them to welkin reare.
Thus did they live in joy,
till chaunce and spitefull death
Thefe loving turtles did deuide,
and reft the cock his breath :
Then firft the bale began,
then black attyre came on,
And Dannats dreerie doole was feene
with never ftinting mone.
Nought might hir forrow fwage,
but ftill she did bewaile
The cinders of her feverd make
with teares of none availe.
Seaven yeares she spent in wo,
refufing other make ;

For fuch is turtles kinde you know,
they will none other take.
I doubt where Dido felt
the like tormenting rage,
When that the guilefull gueſt was gone
that laid his fayth to gage.
This Dannats vertues were
fo rife, and eke fo rare,
As few with hir for honeſt life
and wiſdome might compare.
Minerva did ſojourne
within that wively breſt;
Hir deedes declarde that in hir head
Dame Pallas was a gueſt.
But what we covet moſt,
or chiefeſt holde in price,
With greedie gripe of darting death
is reaved with a trice.
The cruell Siſters three
were all in one agreeede
To let the ſpindle run no more,
but ſhrid the fatall threede:
And fortune (to expreſſe
what ſwing and ſway ſhe bare)
Allowde them leave to uſe their force
upon this jewell rare.
Thus hath the welkin woon,
and we a loſſe ſuſtainde,
Thus hath hir corſe a vaute founde out,
her ſprite the heavens gainde.
Since fobbing will not ſerve,
ne ſhedding teares availe

To bring the foule to corps againe,
 his olde and woonted gaile,
 Leave off to bath hir stone
 with Niobs teares to long,
 For thou shalt aide hir naught at all,
 but put thy selfe to wrong.
 With that hir foule may reach
 the place from whence it came,
 And she be guerdond for hir life
 with never dying fame :
 For fure she well deservde
 to have immortall prayse,
 And lawde more light than clearest Sunne,
 or Phoebus golden rayes.
 If ought my slender skill
 or writing were of powre,
 No proceffe of ingratefull time
 hir vertues should devoure.

Dispraise of Women, that allure and love not.

WHEN so you vew in verse,
 and poets rimes report,
 Of Lucrece, and Ulysses wife,
 that lives in honest fort ;
 When Hippo comes by hap,
 or good Alcest yfeare,
 And other some that by desert
 with fame renowned were,
 Then you with hastie doome,
 and rashfull sentence straight,

Will vaunt that women more and lesse
were all with vertue freight.
And, for those fewe that liue
in wively bonde so well,
You will esteeme the reast by those
that onely bare the bell :
But follow sound advice,
let eche receyve hir doome,
As ech in vertue did furmout,
or sit in highest roome.
So cleane was never feede
ysifted, but among,
For all their paynes, were weedes that grew
to put the graine to wrong.
That troupe of honest dames,
those Grifels all are gone ;
No Lucrece now is left alive,
ne Cleopatra none.
Those dayes are all ypast,
that date is fled by ;
They myrrors were Dame Nature made
hir skilfull hande to try.
Now course of kinde exchaungde
doth yeelde a woorser graine,
And women in these latter yeares
those modest matrones staine.
Deceit is their delight ;
great fraude in friendly lookes :
They spoyle the fish for friendships sake
that hover on their hookes.
They buye the baite to deare
that so their freedome loze,

And they the more deceitfull are
that so can craft and gloze.
With beautie to allure,
and murder with disdaine,
What more may be gainst womens kind
where ruth of right should raigne?
So Memphite crocodile,
(as we in poets fine)
Where Nylus with his sevenfold streame
to seaward doth incline,
With ruthlesse trickling teares
and lamentable founde,
The fiely beast, with pittie moovde,
doth cruelly confounde.
So marmaydes in the flood,
and fyrens sweetly sing,
Till they the musing mariner
to speedie death doe bring.
Now Helen for hir traine
with Dian may compare,
Such fundrie Helens now are found,
and Dians nymphes so rare:
Who if by craft espie
thy senses once to bende,
And bow by Cupids subtile breach
that burning gleames doth fende,
Then will they seeke in haste
by force of friendly blinck,
And wrested looke into thy breast
their beauties shape to finck.
Which if be brought to passe,
then have they their desire,

And standing farre doe smile to see
the flaming of the fire.
Then looke they on a loofe,
and never once repaire
To ende the strife that they have stirrde
twixt lover and dispaire.
As shepheards, when they see
the ganders foe in snare,
Rejoyce, that from their foldes of late
their fiely cattle bare :
Or boy that knowes the foule
to be in pithole caught,
That woonted was to steale the stale,
and fet the snare at naught :
So wily women woont
to laugh, when so they spie
The loving wight, ytraynde by trust,
in poynt and pinch to die.
But if such chaunce doe chaunce
(as often chaunce we see)
The fish that earst was hangde on hooke
by better chaunce be free ;
If he by happie hap
doe cast off Cupids yoke,
Not fetting of their love a leeke
that gave the cruell stroke,
Then are remoovde the cloudes
of hir disdainfull brow,
And friendships flood, that earst was drie,
afresh begins to flow.
Then wresteth shee hir grace,
and makes a seeming show,

As though she ment no chaunge at all,
ne would hir hestes forgo.
Thus are they fright with wiles
whome Nature made so plaine,
Thus Sinons shifts they put in ure
their purpose to attaine.
Wherefore let be our care
Ulyffes trade to trie,
And stop our eares against the founde
of fyrens when they crie.
Think when thou seeft the baite
whereon is thy delite,
That hidden hookes are hard at hande
to bane thee when thou bite.
Think well that poyson lurckes
in fhape of fugar sweete,
And where the freshest flowres are seene
there most beware thy feete :
But chiefly women shoonne,
and follow mine advice,
If not, thou mayft perhaps in proufe
of folly beare the price.
To trust to rotten boughes
the daunger well is seene ;
To treade the tyllled trap unwares
hath alwayes perill beene.
Have Medea still in minde ;
let Circe be in thought,
And Helen, that to utter sack
both Greece and Troie brought ;
Let Creside be in coumpt
and number of the mo,

Who for hir lightnesse may presume
 with falsest on the row ;
Else would she not have left
 a Trojan for a Greeke.
But what ? by kinde the cat will hunt ;
 hir father did the like.
As wylie are their wits,
 so are their tongues untrue,
Unconstant and aye fleeting mindes
 that most imbrace the nue.
When fixed is their fayth,
 it restes on brittle fande ;
And when thou deemste them surste of all,
 they beare thee but in hande.
Though Argus were alive,
 whose eies in number were
As many as the peacock proude
 in painted plume doth beare,
Yet women, by their wyles
 and well acquainted drifts,
Would soone deceive his waking head,
 and put his eies to shifts.
Nought have they neede at all
 Cyllenus pipe to blow
To forge their fraude, their tongues will serve,
 as learned writers show.
 First trie and then tell
 Where I have fayd well ;
 For without a triall
 There vailes no deniall.

Of a Phisition and a Soothfayer.

MARCKE felt himselfe diseafde :
 the Soothfayer fayd, There bee
 Sixe yet remainder daies of life,
 no mo (friende Marcke) to thee.
 Then skilfull Alcon came,
 he felt the pulses beate,
 And out of hande this Marcus dide :
 there phisick wrought his feate.
 This shoves Phisition doth
 the Soothfayer farre exceede ;
 For thone can make a short dispatch,
 when thother makes no speede.

*A Controversie of a conquest in Love twixt Fortune
and Venus.*

WHILST fissher keft his line
 the hovering fish to hooke,
 By hap a rich mans daughter on
 the fissher keft hir looke.
 Shee fryde with frantick love,
 they maride eke at last ;
 Thus fissher was from lowe estate
 in top of treasure plast.
 Stood Fortune by and smylde :
 how fay you (dame) quoth shee
 To Venus ? was this conquest yours,
 or is it due to mee ?

Twas I (quoth Vulcans wife)
with helpe of Cupids bowe,
That made this wanton wench to rage,
and match hir selfe so lowe.
Not so : twas Fortune I
that brought the trull in place ;
And Fortune was it that the man
stoode so in maydens grace.
By Fortune fell their love,
twas Fortune strake the stroke ;
Then detter is this man to mee
that did the match provoke.

*The Lover voweth, how so ever he be guerdoned, to love
faithfully.*

UNTHANKFULL though she were,
and had disdainefull browe,
Regarding nought my constant hart,
ne forcing of hir vowe,
Since fowen is the feede
of faithfull friendships lore,
Unconstant will I never be,
ne breake my heft therefore.
Let Fortune use hir force,
so Cupide stande mine ayde,
And Cyprid laugh with loovely looke,
I will not be afrayde.
By mee the noble kinde
of man shall not be shamde,

Reorde through mee shall never force
our sequell be defamde.
Albe that I consume
my greene and growing youth,
Yea age and all, without rewarde,
yet nill I swarve my truth.
Eche that shall after come,
and live when I am dust,
This loving hart shall well descrie
the key of perfite trust.
Hir, while my vitall breath
these fainting limmes shall moove :
Yea, after death in hollow vawte
ytombed, will I loove.
Force shee my service true,
I force it not at all,
Rue she by ruth my dreerie life,
or it to mercy call,
In stay my love shall stand,
I will not false my fayth,
Ne breake my former plighted heft
or promise to the death.
Disdaine shall never force
my friendship once awrie :
Ere that I crave, immortall Gods,
that ye will let me die.
Let Dido still complaine
Æneas broken heft,
Of all that came to Carthage coast
the most unfaythfull guest :
Untruftie Theseus eke,
Let Ariadne clecpe,

Escaping from his friendly feere
 yled in flumbring sleepe.
So let Medea blame
 the knight that woon the flife,
That forced naught at all in fine
 hir cleapings and hir cries.
Have thou the faythfull hart
 of thine affured friend,
Ere he be of that retchlesse race
 the funne awrie shall wende:
Where so thou yeelde him grace,
 or as an outcast shoon,
Expect his former plighted heft
 as thou tofore hast doon.
Love will hee never blame,
 ne Venus lawes forgo,
Life sooner shall than love decreafe,
 his faith is fixed so.

He sorrowes the long absence of his Ladie, P.

Now once againe (my Muse) renue the woes
Which earst thou hast in doolefull dittie soong,
For greater cause of sorrow not arose
To mee at all, than now of late is sproong:
As you shall heare, in sad and solemne verse,
A wofull wight his haplesse hap rehearse.
Come (Clio) come, with pensive pen in hande,
And cause thy sisters chaunge their cheerefull voice:
Ye furies fell that lurcke in Plutos lande,
Come skip to skies, and raise a doolefull noice:

Helpe to lament the lovers wofull chaunce,
And let Alecto leade the lothsome daunce.

All ye that ladies are of Lymbo Lake,
With hissing haire, and snakie bush bedect,
Your beddes of Steele and dankish dennes forsak,
And Stix with stinking fulpher all infect:
Doe what you may to ayde my carefull quill,
And helpe to ring a lovers latter knill.

And time (I trow) sith she from hence is fled,
Who was the guide and giver of my breath,
By whome I was with wished pleasure fed,
And have escape the ruthlesse hande of death,
Who was the key and cable of my life,
That made me scape Charybdis carefull clife.

A starre whereby to steare my bodies bark,
And ship of foule to shoare in safetie bring,
To quite my corse from painefull pining cark,
And fierie force of craftie Cupids sting:
Even she that me from Syllas shelve did shroude,
That light is lost, that lodestarre under cloude.

Whose absence breeds the tempest I sustaine,
And makes my thoughts so cloudie black to bee,
And brackish teares from swollen eies to raine,
And churlish gale of furing sighes to flee:
That ancor scarce, ne harbour I may have
From deepe dispaire my broken ship to save.

The rubie from the ring is reft I finde,
The foile appeeres that underneath was set:
The faint is gone, the shrine is left behinde,
The fish is scape, and here remains the net;
That other choise for me is none but this,

To waile the want of hir that is my blisse.

I curffe the wight that causde hir hence to go,
I hate the horse that hence hir corse convaide,
The bit, the saddie, all I curffe aroe,
And ought that else might this hir journey staide :
I curffe the place where she doth now sojourne,
And that whereto she mindes to shape retourne.

My mouth, that kist hir not before she went,
Mine eies, that did not seeke to see hir face ;
My head, that it no matter did invent ;
My hande, that it in paper did not place ;
My feete, that they refusde to travell tho,
My legges I curffe that were so loth to go.

My tongue, that it to parle did then procure
To utter all my clofe and covert minde,
To hir who long hath had my woundes in cure,
In whome such ruth and mercie I did finde :
My hart I curffe, that fought not to bewray
It selfe to hir, or ere she went hir way.

And last my selfe and erie thing beside,
My life, my limmes, my carrion corse I curffe :
Save hir for whome these torments I abide,
That of my lyfe is onely well and fourse.
Jove shroude hir false, and keepe hir from annoy,
And sende hir soone to make retourne with joy.

To his Love long absent, declaring his torments.

O LINGRING love! O friende
that absent art so long,
Where so thou be, the Gods thee guide,
and quit thy corse from wrong!

And fende thee harmeleffe health,
and safety to revart,
How foone your selfe may deeme full well,
to save a dying hart.
For since your parture I
have lead a lothsome state;
And save the hope of your returne
nought might my woes abate.
And will you know the time
how I have spent away?
And doe you long in ruthfull rime
my torments to surway?
Though but with weeping eies
I may the same recite,
Yet naythelesse the truth herein
to thee (my friend) I write.
When flickring fame at first
unto mine eares had brought
That you to travell were addrest,
and fixed was your thought
In London long to lodge,
and flee our friendly foile,
Then dolour first in daunted corps
and wounded breast did boile.
I felt how grieve did give
the onset on my hart;
And sorrow fware that pensive pangues
should never thence depart.
With clinching clawes there came,
and talents sharply set,
A flock of greedie griping woes
my grunting hart to fret.

The more I fought the meane
by pleasaunt thought to ease
My growing griefe, the more I felt
increase my new disease.
When other laught for joy,
it brought to minde my woe;
When musick flakte their sorrowes, then
my secret fore did growe.
When they at meate were set
their daintie foode to taste,
In stead of viands, hartie fighes
I had for my repaste:
When Bacchus came to boorde,
and eche to other drincks,
My swollen floud of salted teares
did overflow his brincks,
And out did gush aaine,
of drinke to stande in steede
To me, that of such monstrous meate
as sorrow was did feede.
From boorde to bed I go
in hope to finde reliefe,
And by some pleasaunt nap to rid
my troubled ghost from griefe:
But slumbring sleepe is fled,
and Morpheus shewes his spight,
That will not yeelde on minuts rest
in all a winters night.
O Lorde! what fundrie Kindes
of care doe then begin
Tassault my wearie waking head,
and trembling hart within:

A thousande thoughts arise,
 eche thought his torment brings,
And thus the lothed night I spend,
 and feele how sorrow springs.
And if in dawning chaunce
 some drouping sleepe to light
Upon the carefull corse that thus
 hath spent the waking night,
It standes in little steade :
 so dreadfull are my dreames
As they by force of wo procure
 mine eies to runne with streames.
Then bathe I bed with brine,
 and cloy my couch with teares,
And mid my sleepe thy grievly ghost
 in straungie fort appeares.
Not with such friendly face
 and brow of gladfome cheare
As earst thou hadst : those lovely lookes
 and blincks are all areare :
More grimmer is your grace,
 more coye your countnance eake,
More lowring lookes than were of yore,
 and brow more bent to wreake.
In hande, mee thinkes, I see
 thee holde the hatefull knife
To flea thy friend, and for good will
 to reave deserved lyfe.
Wherewith I wake afright
 and straine my pillowe fast,
To garde me from the cruell toole
 untill your wrath be past.

At length I see it plaine
that fanſie did enforce
Unto his ugly monſtrous dreame
my weake and ſlumbring corſe.
I vewe thy ſecret hart,
and how it longs to bee
With him, that for unfayned love
impawnde his faith to thee.
For mercie then I call
of you that judge ſo yll,
Whoſe pleaſure is to garde your friend,
and not your foe to kyll.
Of dreames a thouſand ſuch
eche night I have a ſhare,
To banniſh ſleepe from pining corſe
and nurſe my canckred care.
Thus day and night I live,
thus night and day I die :
In death I feele no ſmart at all,
in life great wo I trie.
Wherefore to rid my griefes
and banniſh all annoie,
Retire from Greece, and doe ſojourne
here with thy friend in Troie ;
Who longs to ſee thy face
and witneſſe of thy ſtate,
And partner be of thy delights
his furious fits to bate.

To Browne, of light beliefe.

BEWARE, my Browne, of light beliefe ;
 trust not before you trie,
For under cloke of great good will
 doth fained friendship lie.
As wylie adder lurcks in leaves
 and greenest grasse of all,
And stings the stalking wight that thought
 no daunger would befall ;
So is the plaine unplayted man
 by subtile dealing guilde,
And soonest snarde by subtile shifts
 of him that smoothly smilde.
Wee never see the frowning friend
 that frets to outwarde shoue,
Beguile or seeke to false his friend,
 as dothe the fleering foe.
The mastife dog is voyded well,
 that barcks or ere he bite ;
But (oh) the cur is cruell that
 doth never barck a whit.
Deale thou as courtyers daylie doe,
 in wordes be franck and free,
Speake fayre and make the weather cleere
 to him that gybes with thee ;
For so thou shalt assured stande
 from hurt to be as farre,
As from the grounde of true good will
 those glofing marchaunts are.

A wifedome to beware of woulfes,
and foxes guilefull guife,
For tone is craftie by his kinde,
the other passing wife ;
So that it is a matter harde
their double drifts to flee :
But yet thou shalt avoyde the wurst,
if thou be rulde by mee. (qd) *G. T.*

*That Death is not so much to be feared, as daylie
diseases are.*

WHAT ! yst not follie for to dread
and ftande of Death in feare,
That mother is of quiet reast,
and griefes away doth wear ;
That brings release to want of welth,
and poore oppressed wightes ?
He comes but once to mortall men,
but once for all he fmites :
Was never none that twife hath felt
of cruell death the knife.
But other griefes and pining paines
doe linger on the life,
And oftentimes on felfe fame corse
with furious fits molest,
When death, by one dispatcht of life,
doth bring the foule to rest.

The Epicures counsell : Eate, drinke, and plaie.

MY friend, where as thou seeft thy felfe
to be a man in deede,
Eate, quaffe, and play, with present joyes
thy greedie fanſie feede;
For I (thou ſeeft) am duſt become
that earſt ſo welthie was :
I have that I alive did eate,
the reaſt away did paſſe.
What ſo I poorde in pampred paunch
and to my guts convaide,
To gaping groundes with me I bore,
the reaſt behinde is ſtaide.
My haughtie buildings, huge to ſee,
my turrets and my traine,
My horſe, my houndes, my cofred coine
for others doe remaine.
Wherefore a myrrour make of mee,
and drowne thee in delight;
For death will ſweepe away thy welth,
and reave thy pleaſures quight.

*The Aunſwere to the vile and canckred counſell of the
outragious Epicure.*

MY friend, for that I ſee my felfe
to be a man in deede,
Thy quaffing counſell I reſuſe,
unleſſe to ſerve my neede.

I muse no whit that thou art dust :
thy beastly lyving heere
Was meane to bring thee to thy bane,
the sooner for thy cheere.
Thou thoughts to pamper by thy paunch,
but thou didst feede ywis
The greedie wormes that gnaw thy guts,
for them a daintie dish.
Good reason that shouldst forgo
and leave thy goods behinde,
For that a beast so lyke a beast
didst live against thy kinde :
A man in name, no man in deede,
thou art that counfelst mee
To live as thou hast livde, and die
a monster like to thee.
For since thy lyfe so lothsome was,
and shamefull eake thy death,
I will beware, and make a glasse
of thee whilst I have breath,
To shunne thy sluttish sinfull sect,
thy tipling and thy toyes ;
For after death those pleasures passe,
as did thy fickle joyes.

Of Homer and his birth.

THE poet Homer Chius claimes,
Colophon doth the leeke ;
And Smyrne sweares that he is hers
that was the learned Greeke.

Of Salamine fome fay he was,
 of Iö other fome ;
And divers make report that he
 of Theffale line did come.
Thus fundred and devided are
 the peoples mindes of thee,
(Thou princely poet) but my thought
 with neyther doth agree ;
For I affuredly fuppose
 and deeme the heavenly fpeare
Thy foyle, and Pallas lap the wombe
 that did thy body beare.
Hir breaft (the dug) that thou didft fuck
 in cradle when thou layft ;
With haughtie ftile fo much (thou Greeke)
 thy mazed head difmayft.

That Time conquereth all things, fave the Lovers paine.

WAS never bull fo fell
 with wrinckle fronted face,
But time would make him yeeld to yoke
 and toyle the ground apace.
The horfe ybred in holte
 and fed in luftie leafe,
In time will champe the fomie bit,
 his riders will to please.
The lions that are woode
 and raging in their kinde,
By trackt of time their keepers know
 in whome they friendship finde.

Thofe beaftes that come from Inde,
and fartheft partes of all,
In time doe fwerve their favage feft,
and to their dutie fall.
Time makes the grape to growe
and vine to fpread at large,
So that the fkin fcarfe able is
to holde his inwarde charge :
So Ceres fruite doth fproute
by force of growing time,
Which makes the ftrengh of hidden feede
into the ftalke to clime.
Time makes the tender twig
to boufteous tree to grow ;
It makes the oke to overlooke
the flender fhrubs bylow.
It frets the culter keene
that cuts the froting foyle ;
It forceth hardeft flint of all
and marble to recoyle.
Time wreakefull wrath fubdues,
it breaketh angers gall,
And eche difeafe in time hath helpe :
thus time doth conquer all.
Though thefe and others like
by proceffe are procurde,
Yet naytheleffe my feftred wounde
can not in time be curde ;
For that which fendeth falve
and comfort to the reaft,
Doth caufe my ranckling fore to rage,
and dubble in my breaft.

As springs that from a mount
doe take their downwarde fourse,
To whome there may no barre be founde
to stop their headlong course ;
So lordlike love, yftaulde
and ceazde in yeelding minde,
May not be dispossed againe :
such is his stately kinde.

To his Friend riding to Londonwarde.

As Troylus did reioice
When Crefid yeelded grace,
And dained him from service true
fo neere hir hart to place,
So have I joyde (my deare)
for friendship which I founde,
And love requited with the like,
which curde my carefull wounde.
And he full shrilly shrighr,
and doolde his wofull chance,
On Greekish steede from Trojan towne
when Crefid gan to prance,
And leave the lyked foyle
where did sojourne hir joie,
I meane the worthy Troylus
and lovingst youth in Troie.
Even so I waile at thy
departure, would thou wist,
And out I crie a wretched wight
that thought himselfe yblift.

O London! lothsome lodge,
 why dost thou now procure
My love to leave this pleasant foyle
 that hath my hart in cure?
Since needes it must be so,
 gainfend hir home in haft:
Let hir retire with harmeleffe health,
 that fickleffe hence is past.
Yeelde mee a good account
 of hir that is my joie,
And fend hir to hir Troylus
 that longs for hir in Troie.

*Of the raine and cloudy weather at the time of his Friends
 departure from Troie.*

No mervaille though the funne do hide his hed,
And under cloude do keepe his lowring lookes;
No woonder that the skie his teares doth shed,
And with his streames increafe the water brookes:
The cause is knowne, the prooffe is passing plaine,
My love and I be fundred to our paine.

Now she is gone that did sustaine my breath,
And savde my ship of bodie from the wrack,
By whome I scape the cruell hande of Death,
Which thought to bring my corse to utter sack:
The welkin weepes, and helpes me to bewaile
With gushing showres the losse of mine availe.

Wherefore, O heavenly states! that rulers bee
Of starrie skies from whence these teares discende,

And flush so fast as mortall wights doe see,
 Of ruth in needefull time my woes to ende,
 Procure my love to make returne in poft,
 To gard from grieve hir friends afflicted ghost.

If not, with flafhing flame and thunder dint,
 By Vulcan forgde and hammerd for the nones,
 Confume to duft my flesh my wo to stint,
 And with thy mace (O Jove) unjoint my bones :
 That by fuch fcath and losse of vitall breath,
 I may avoide a worfe and ftraunger death.

For like the teene, that now my hart fustaines,
 Was never felt, nor fuch oppreffing care :
 Of force my life muft yeelde to pinching paines
 Of hafting death, the fits fo furious are :
 Which though be fo, when I am wrapt in clay,
 (My foule) to hir thou fhalt repaire and fay :

That whilst the lyfe would suffer mee to woonne
 With mortall wights, my hart was hers at will,
 And now my spindle hath his courfe yroonne
 And twift is none yleft, thou wilt fulfill
 The dutie which thy maifter ought of right,
 And which he would accomplifh, if he might.

Of a covetous Niggard, and a needie Moute.

ASCLEPIAD, that greedie carle,
 by fortune found a moute,
 (As he about his lodgings lookte)
 within his niggish house :
 The chiding chuffe began to chaufe,
 and (fparefull of his cheere)

Demaunded of the fiely beaft,
and fayde, what makſte thou heere?
You neede not ſtand in feare (good friend)
the ſmiling mouſe replide:
I come not to deuoure your cates,
but in your houſe to hide.
No man this miſer I account
that chid this hurtleſſe elfe;
No mouſe the mouſe, but wiſer than
the patch that owde the pelfe.

*A pretie Epigram of a Scholler, that having read Vergils
Æneidos, married a curſt wyfe.*

A SCHOLLAR ſkilde in Vergils verſe,
and reading of his booke
(*Arma virumque*) that begins,
was caught in Cupids hooke.
At length to mariage flat he fell:
when wedding day was doon,
To play hir prancks, and bob the foole
the ſhrowiſh wife begoon.
The husband daylie felt the fiſtes
and buffets of his wife,
Untill at laſt he thus began
to plaine of painefull life.
(Oh caitiffe mee!) the ſchollar cryde,
well worthy of this wo,
For *arma I virumque* read
in Vergill long ago;

Yet could not see to scape the plague
 whereof the poet spake.
 No doubt that noble poet for
 a prophet I will take.
 For *arma* now *virumque* I
 both day and night sustaine
 At home, I neede not runne to schoole
 to reade the verse againe.
 Would (*virum*) were away, and then
 let (*arma*) doe their wurst;
 But when I matcht with such a shrew,
 I think I was accurst.

To a yong Gentleman, of taking a Wyfe.

LONG you with greedie minde to leade a lyfe
 That pleasaunt is in deede, and voyde of care?
 I never wishe you, then, to take a wyfe,
 Nor fet your foote in craftie Cupids snare.
 A filthie trull is yrkesome too the eie,
 A gallant girle allures the lookers minde:
 A wanton wench will have the head too die,
 An a ed trot to lyke is hard to finde.
 A bearing wyfe with brats will cloy thee fore,
 A greater carcke than childrens care is none;
 A barraine beast will greeve thee ten times more:
 No joy remaines when hope of fruite is gone.
 Wherefore let wyving go, lyve single aye,
 Apply the booke, and bande the ball among.
 A shrew (we see) is wedded in a day,
 But ere a man can shift his handes tys long.

The Aunswere, for taking a Wyfe.

LONG you with greedie minde to bleare mine eie,
And make mee thinke of marige thus amisse?
I cannot deeme so yll of wyving I:
To love and wed for love is perfite blisse.
A filthy trull (you say) is lothsome sight:
Put case she be not passing faire to vewe;
If she with vertue doe the want requight
Of comely shape, thou hast no cause to rue.
A gallant girle allures the lookers minde,
What shall we say the womans is the shame?
Bicause the cleereft eies by course of kinde
Can not abide the funne, is hee to blame?
A wanton wench to die will have the hed:
Canst thou not see before thou wade so farre?
His be the hurt that lookes not ere he wed;
The husband may the woman make or marre.
Put case an aged trot be somewhat tough:
If coyne thee bring the care will be the lesse.
If thee have store of muck and goods ynough,
Thou needste not force so much of handsomnesse.
A bearing wyfe doth make the husband glad;
A greater joye than childrens may not bee:
A barraine wench sometime must needes be had;
There doth not fruite spring out of every tree.
So that I finde no reason, none at all,
In that thou wilt a man to single lyfe,
And quite to shun the comfort that may fall,
And daylie doth, to him that hath a wyfe.

For fure though some be shrewes, as some there be,
 (As of the sheepe are some that beare no wull)
 Yet must we praise the match whereby we see
 The earth maintaine with men, and stored full.

But if you thinke so yll to take a wyfe,
 Let others wed, leade you the single lyfe.

(qd) G. T.

*Of a deafe Plaintife, a deafe Defendant, and a
 deafe Fudge.*

BY hap a man that could not heare,
 but borne deafe by kinde,
 Another cited to the court,
 much like himselfe to finde,
 Whose hearing sense was quight bereft :
 the judge, that of the case
 Should give his verdict, was as deafe
 as deapest in the place.
 To court they came : the plaintife praide
 to have the unpaid rent.
 Defendant faide, in grinding I
 this wearie night have spent.
 The judge behelde them both a while :
 is this at last (quoth hee)
 Of all your stirred strife the cause ?
 you both hir children bee :
 Then reason willes, and law allowes
 your mother should have aide
 At both your handes that are hir sonnes.
 When thus the judge had faide,

The people laught a good to heare
this well discuffed case
Twixt two deafe men, and thought him fit
to fit in judges place
Upon so blinde a matter that
was deafe as any rock :
And thus the fimple men were shamde,
the iustice had a mock.

*A promise of olde good will, to an olde friend at the
beginning of new yere.*

THE chuffes for greedie gaine
and lucers loove expende
Their new yeares gifts upon their lords
as erie yeare hath ende :
But I, in token that
the yeare his course hath roon,
And proufe that joyfull Janus hath
a novell yeare begoon :
(As love and dutie willes)
the herauld of my hart,
Here fend to you, to make a shew
that friendship shall not start.
Though yeares doe chaunge by course,
and alter by their kinde,
My olde good will and faith to slip
I trust you shall not finde.
Timetes will be true,
his love shall never blin ;
But gather strength, and grow to more
than when it did begin.

A Vow to serve faithfully.

IN greene and growing age, in lustie yeeres,
 In latter dayes when silver bush appeeres ;
 In good and gladsome hap when fortune serves,
 In lowring luck when good aventure swerves ;
 By day when Phoebus shewes his princely pride,
 By night when golden starres in skies do glide,
 In winter when the groves have lost their greene,
 In sommer when the longest dayes are seene ;
 In happie helth when fickleffe limmes have lyfe,
 In griefull state, amidst my dolours ryfe,
 In pleasant peace when trumpets are away,
 In wreakfull warre when Mars doth beare the sway ;
 In perillous goulfe amid the sinking fande,
 In safer foyle and in the stable lande ;
 When so you laugh, or else with grimmer grace
 You beare your faithfull friend unfriendly face,
 In good report and time of woofers fame,
 I will be yours, yea, though I loose the game.

*Funerall Verse upon the Death of Sir John
 Horsey, knight.*

THAT welth assigned is to waste away,
 And stately pompe to vanish and decrease ;
 That worship weares and worldly wights decay,
 And fortunes gifts, though nere so brave, do cease,
 May well appeere by Horsey's hatefull heirce,
 Whose corse (alas) untimely death did pierce.

Who thought thereby as nature to subdue
 By reaving breath and rowne in worldly stage,
 So blasted brute to blot, and fame that flue
 Of him that well deservde, in all his age,
 For worship and renowne to have his share
 Among the reast that prayse for vertue bare.

But seeking waies to wrong this worthy wight,
 Shee fowly myst hir purpose in the fine :
 For Horsey gaines by death's outrageous spight,
 And endlesse fame, whereat his foes repine :
 But eche man else laments and cries alowde,
 That Horsey was to foone ywrapt in shrowde.

The rich report that ruth in him did raigne,
 And pittie lodgde within his looving breast ;
 The simple say that for no meaner gaine,
 He hath at any time the poore opprest :
 Thus both estates his worthy life commende,
 And both lament his overhasting ende.

Then cease (I say) such flushing teares to shed ;
 Doo way thy doole, repress thy ruthfull mone,
 For Horsey lives, his foule to skies is fled,
 The onely corse is closde in marble stone.
 So that thou hast no cause to waile his chaunce,
 Whome spitefull death by hatred did advaunce.

*To his Friend T. having bene long studied and well
 experienced, and now at length loving a
 Gentlewoman that forced him
 naught at all.*

I THOUGHT, good faith, and durst have gagde my hand,
 For you (friend T.) that beautie should now hight

Have rasde your hart, nor Cupid with his brand
Have brought thy learned breast to such a plight.

I thought Minerva's gift had beene of powre
By holefome reade to roote this fanfie out ;
But now I fee that Venus in an howre
Can bend the best, and dawnt the wise and stoute.

Why shouldst thou seeke to make the tiger tame ?
To win a woulfe so cruell by his kinde ?
To suffer Æsop's snake thou art to blame,
That stoong the man where he reliefe did finde.

Is naught in hir but womans name alone ?
No woman fure she is, but monster fell,
That scornes hir friend, and makes him die with mone.
Who makes an idoll of a divell of hell.

Shee was cut out of some sea-beaten rock,
Or taken from the cruell lyons tet,
That feedes hir friend for friendship with a mock,
And smiles to see him macht in follies net.

If thou wert wise (as thou art full of love)
Thou wouldst account hir beautie but a glasse,
And from thy hart such fanfies fond remove :
I loth to see the lyon wer an affe.

If so she were thy faithfull friend in deede,
And fought a salve to cure thy cruell fore,
(As now shee seekes to make thy hart to bleede)
Good fayth thou couldst account of hir no more.

But waying now hir great abuse to thee,
A friend to hir, but to thyselfe a foe,
Why shouldst thou love, or so enamoured bee ?
Leave off be time ; let all such dotage goe.

Should I imbrace the man that hates my life ?

Should I account of him that fettes me light ?
Should I yeeld up my throate to murthring knife,
Or feeke for to reclaime a haggard kite ?

Haft thou not read how wife Ulyffes did
Enstufte his eares with waxe, and close them up,
Of Cyrce's filthie love himselfe to rid,
That turnd his mates to fwine by witches cup ?

And how he did the lyke upon the seas,
The pleasant noysome fyrens songs tendure,
That otherwise had wrought him great unease,
If once they mought his mates and him allure ?

Put thou the Greekes devise againe in ure ;
Stop up thine eares this fyren to beguile,
Seale up those wanton eies of thine, be fure
To lend no eare unto hir flattring stile :

For all hir talke but to deceite doth tende ;
A canckred hart is wrapt in friendly lookes :
Shee all hir wittes to thy decay both bende ;
Thou art the fish, she beares the byting hookes.

No savage beast doth force a man a whit
That loves him not : we see the dogged curre
Fawnes not one him that with y^e whip doth smite ;
The horse hates him y^t pricks him with the spurre.

And wilt thou love, or place within thy brest
The cruell dame that weaves thy web of woe ?
Wilt thou still fawne upon so false a guesst ?
In stead of dove wilt thou retaine a crowe ?

Beware in time, ere beautie pierce to farre ;
Let fanfies go, love where is love againe ;
For doubtlesse now to much to blame you arre,
To fowe good will, and reape but fowle disdaine.

I counsaile thus that may thee best advise,
 For that my felfe did ferve a cruell dame :
 The blinde recorde can judge of bleared eies,
 The criples healde knowes how to heale the lame.

Shake thou betimes the yoke from off thy neck,
 For feare the print thereof remaine behind :
 A happie man is he that feares no check,
 But lives at freedome with contented minde.

*An Epitaph upon the death of the worshipfull Maister
 Richarde Edwardes, late Maister of the Children
 in the Queenes Majesties Chappell.*

IF teares could tell my thought,
 or plaints could paint my paine,
 If dubled fighes could shew my smart,
 if wayling were not vaine :
 If gripes that gnawe my brest
 coude well my grieve expresse,
 My teares, my plaints, my fighes, my way-
 ling never should surceffe.
 By meane whereof I might
 unto the world disclose
 The death of such a man (alas)
 as chaunced us to lose.
 But what avayles to mone ?
 if life for life might bee
 Restorde againe, I woulde exchange
 my lyfe for death with thee :
 Or if I might some way
 to pay thy rawnfome know,

(O Edwards)! then beleve me fure,
 thou shouldst not lie so low;
That O thou cruell death!
 so fierce with dint of dart,
Due curses on my knees I yeelde
 to thee with all my hart,
For that it list thee trie
 thy foule and cankred spite
On that so rare a peece, on that
 so wise and worthy wight.
Suffisde thee (since thou must
 be mad) the simple sort
To flea, or on the brutish blood
 of beastes to take the sport,
And not in furious wise,
 with haste and headlong rage
To kill the flowre of all our realme
 and Phænix of our age?
The fact doth crie revenge,
 the Gods repay thine hire,
Deepe darckned Lake of Lymbo lowe,
 and still consuming fire.
His death, not I, but all
 good gentle harts doe mone:
O London! though thy grieve be great,
 thou dost not mourne alone.
The feate of Muses nine
 where fiftene welles doe flowe,
Whose sprinckling springs and golden streames
 ere this thou well didst knowe,
Lament to loose this plant,
 for they shall see no more

The braunch that they so long had bred,
whereby they fet such store.
O happie house! O place
of Corpus Christi! thou
That plantedst first, and gavste the roote
to that so brave a bow :
And Christ Church, which enjoydste
the fruite more ripe at fill,
Plunge up a thousande sighes, for grieve
your trickling teares distill.
Whilst Childe and Chappell dure,
whilst Court a Court shall bee,
(Good Edwards) eche estate shall much
both want and wishe for thee.
Thy tender tunes and rimes
wherein thou woontst to play,
Eche princely dame of Court and towne
shall beare in minde alway.
Thy Damon and his friend,
Arcyte and Palemon,
With moe full fit for princes eares,
though thou from earth art gone,
Shall still remaine in fame,
and lyke so long to bide
As earthly things shall live, and God
this mortall globe shall guide.
For loe! thus vertue list,
hir pupils to advance,
Yet for my part I would that God
had given thee better chaunce ;
A longer time on earth,
thy hastned death before ;

But, Edwardes, now farewell, for teares
will let me write no more.
Well may thy bones be lodgde,
thy fame abroad may flie,
Thy sacred soule possesse a place
above the starrie skie!

(qd) *Tho. Twine.*

*To his Love, that sent him a Ring wherein was grave
Let Reason rule.*

SHALL reason rule where reason hath no right,
Nor never had? shall Cupid loose his landes,
His claim, his crown, his kingdome, name of might,
And yeeld himselfe to be in reasons bandes?
No, (friend) thy ring doth wil me thus in vaine;
Reason and love have ever yet beene twaine.

They are by kinde of such contrarie mould,
As one mislikes the others lewde devise:
What reason willes Cupido never would;
Love never yet thought reason to be wife.
To Cupid I my homage earst have donne:
Let reason rule the harts that she hath wonne.

*To his Friend Francis Th., leading his lyfe in the Countrie
at his desire.*

MY Francis, whilst you breath your foming steede
Athwart the fields, in peace to practise warre,
In countrie whilst your keneld hounds doe feede,

Or in the wood for taken pray doe jarre ;
 Whilst you with haukes the felie foule doe flaye,
 And take delight a quick retriue to haue,
 To flee to marke, and heare the spanels baye,
 Wasting your age in pleasure passing brave ;
 In citie I my youthfull yeares doe spende,
 At booke, perhaps, sometime to weare the day,
 Where man to man, not friend to friend, doth lende,
 With us is nought but pitch (my friend) and pay.
 Great store of coyne, but fewe enjoy the same :
 The owners holde it fast with lymed handes ;
 We live by losse, we play and practife game :
 Wee by and sell, the streete is all our landes.
 Well storde we are of erie needefull thing ;
 Wood, water, coale, fleshe, fish we haue ynow :
 (What lack you ?) wyues and maides doe daylie sing,
 The horne is rife, it sticks on many a brow.
 But yet (I say) the countrie hath no peere ;
 The towne is but a toyle, and wearie lyfe :
 We like your countrie sportes (friend Francis) heere.
 The citie is a place of bate and strife :
 Wherefore I thinke thee wise and full of thrift
 That fledst the towne, and hast that blessed gift.

*To a Gentlewoman that alwayes willed him to weare
 Rosemarie (a tree that is alwayes greene) for hir
 sake, and in token of his goodwill to hir.*

The greene that you did with mee weare
 aye for your looue,
 And on my helme a braunch to beare
 not to remooue,

Was ever you to have in minde,
Whome Cupid hath my feere affignde.

As I in this have done your will,
and minde to doo ;
So I request you to fulfill
my fanfie too :
A greene and loving hart to have,
And this is all that I doe crave.

For if your flowring hart should chaunge
his colour greene,
Or you at length a ladie straunge
of mee be seene,
Then will my braunch, against his use,
His colour chaunge for your refuse.

As winters force can not deface
this braunch his hue,
So let no chaunge of love disgrace
your friendship true :
You were mine owne, and so be still,
So shall we live and love our fill.

Then may I thinke my felfe to bee
well recompensd,
For wearing of the tree that is
so well defendd
Against all weather that doth fall,
When waywarde winter spits his gall.

And when wee meete, to trie me true
looke on my hed,
And I will crave an othe of you,
where faith be fled?
So shall we both assured bee,
Both I of you, and you of mee.

An Epitaph of the Ladie Br.

STAIE (gentle friend) that passest by,
and learne this lore of mee,
That mortall things doe live to die,
and die againe to bee:
For daylie proufe hath daylie taught,
and yet doth teache it plaine,
That all our substance comes to naught,
and worldly welth is vaine.
No rawnsome may redeeme thy fleshe
from lothsome lumpes of soyle;
The wormes will soone thy beautie freshe
with greedie gripe dispoyle.
I, that was earst of gentle bloud
that never sufferd ftaine,
Have nothing but a winding shrowde
in stead of all my gaine.
I twife was bound by solemne oth
unto a loving make;
Yet twas my luck to burie both,
and eke a thirde to take.
The joy that fourtie yeares had growne
by those two husbands dayes,

In two yeares space was overthrowne,
and altred fundrie wayes.
As luck would not allow my choice,
so death mislikte the fame :
Those two agreed with common voyce
my bondage to unframe.
The Lady (Br) quoth Fortune tho,
hir worship shall not loose :
Then shee (quoth Death) shall have no mo,
nor other husbände choose.
Thus did they both contend at once
who mought the friendlist bee ;
Thus Death and Fortune for the nonce
did make my body free.
Pray, gentle friend, therefore for me
to mightie Jove on hie ;
For as I am so thou shalt bee,
since thou dost live to die.
Trust never Fortunes fickle fate,
but Vertue still retaine :
Thou mayst in time exchange estate,
yet Vertue will remaine.

*Of the time he first began to love, and after how he
forewent the same.*

HOWE may it be that snow and ife
ingender heate ?
Or how may glare and frost intife
a fervent sweate ?

Or how may fommer feason make
of heate a colde ?
[How may the fpring the leaves downe fhake,
and trees unfolde ?
Though thefe too others feeme full rare,
To me no newes at all they are.

For I my felfe in winter tide,
when colde was rife,
Whote gleames of Cupid did abide,
and ftormes of strife.
In froftie weather I was warme,
and burning whot,
But when the bees and birds did fwarme,
full colde God wot :
In winter time began my loove,
Which I in fommer did remoove.

The affured promise of a constant Lover.

WHEN Phenix fhall have many makes,
And fifhes fhun the filver lakes ;
When woulfes and lambes yfeare fhall play,
And Phœbus ceafe to fhine by day ;
When graffe on marble ftone shall groe,
And everie man imbrace his foe ;
When moles shall leave to dig the grounde,
And hares accorde with hatefull hounde ;
When lawrell leaves shall loofe their hue,
And men of Crete be counted true ;
When Vulcan shall be colde as ife,

Corœbus eake approved wife ;
When Pan shall passe Appollos skill,
And fooles of fanfies have their fill ;
When hawkes shall dread the felie fowle,
And men esteeme the nightish owle ;
When pearle shall be of little price,
And golden vertue friend to vice ;
When fortune hath no chaunge in store,
Then will I false and not before.
Till all these monsters come to passe,
I am Timetes as I was.
My love as long as lyfe shall last,
Not forcing any fortunes blast.
No threat, nor thraldome shall prevaile
To cause my fayth one jote to faile,
But as I was, so will I bee,
A lover and a friend to thee.

The Pine to the Mariner.

O MAN of little wit !
What meanes this frantick fit,
To make thy ship of mee
That am a slender tree,
Whome erie blast that blowes
Full lightly overthrowes ?
Doth this not moove thy minde,
That rage of roring winde]
Did beate my boughes agood
When earst I grue in wood ?
How can I here avoyde
The foe that there anoyde ?

Thinkst thou now I am made
 a vefsell for thy trade,
 I shall be more at ease
 Amid the flasshing feaſ ?
 I feare, if Æole frowne,
 Both thou and I shall drowne.

Againe, otherwise.

A VASSELL to the winde
 when earſt I grew in wood,
 How shall I favour finde
 now fleeting in the flood ?
 For there whilst reaching rootes did holde
 I thought I mought be ſomewhat bolde.
 But now that I am cut,
 and framde another way,
 And to this practiſe put
 in daunger erie day,
 I feare the force of cruell foe,
 my ribbes are thin, my ſides be lowe.
 But if thou venter life,
 then I will hazard lim :
 For thee is all my griefe,
 for lightly I ſhall fwim :
 Though top and tackle all be torne,
 yet I aloft the ſurge am borne.

To an olde Gentlewoman that painted hir face.

LEAVE off, good Beroe, now
 to fleeke thy thrivled ſkin,

For Hecubes face will never be
as Helens hue hath bin.
Let beautie go with youth,
renownce the glosing glasse,
Take booke in hande : that seemely rose
is woxen withred grasse.
Remoove thy pecocks plumes,
thou cranck and curious dame :
To other trulls of tender yeares
resigne the flagge of fame.

Of one that had a great Nose.

STANDE with thy nose against
the funne with open chaps,
And by thy teeth we shall discerne
what tis a clock, perhaps.

Of one whose Nose was greater than his hand.

O PROCLUS ! tis in vaine
that thou about dost stande,
For well I see thou mindste to wipe
thy nares with thy hande.
Truth is, that though thou be
fowle fisted out of frame,
Yet doth this tossing nose of thine
in bignesse passe the same.
When neezing thou on Jove
for succour seemste to crie,

Thou canst not heare ; the nose debarres
 the noyse to eare to flie,
 It beateth back the sounde :
 it standes in middle place
 Twixt eare and mouth, but sure it castes
 a shade to all the face.

Of a Nightingale that flue to Colche to sit abroode.

THOU felie foule, what meanes this foolish paine,
 To flie to Colche too hatch thy chickins there ?
 A mother thou mayst hap returne againe,
 Medæa will destroe thy broode I feare ;
 For shee that spared not to spoile hir owne,
 Wil she stand friend to fowles that are unknowne ?

Againe of the Nightingale.

WHAT (Philomela) meanes this fond intent,
 To hatch thy broode in fell Medæas lap ?
 What ! doste thou hope hir rigor will relent
 Towarde thy babes, that gave hir owne no pap,
 But flue them all at once, and at a clap ?
 I wote not what thou meanste : unlesse that shee
 Should kill thy brats too make the mother free.

Of a contrarie mariage.

AN aged trot and tough
 did marrie with a lad :

Againe, a gallant girle, to
 hir spoufe a graybeard had :
A monstrous match (God wote) !
 for others she doth wed :
And he bestowes his seede on ground
 that lets it take no hed.
In fayth, a foolish choyce,
 for neither hath his wishe ;
For tone doth lack his wife, and to-
 ther feedes on filthie fishe.

Of Dronkennesse.

AT night, when ale is in,
 like friends we part to bed ;
In morrow gray, when ale is out,
 then hatred is in hed.

Againe of Dronkennesse.

MEN having quafft
 are friendly overnight ;
In dawning drie,
 a man too man a spright.

Of the picture of a vaine Rhetorician.

THIS Rufe his table is,
 can nothing be more true :
If Rufus holde his peace, this peece
 and he are one to vewe.

*Of the fond discord of the two Theban brothers,
Oeteocles and Polynices.*

IN death you part the fire,
you cut the cruell flame;
If so you had devided Thebes,
you might enjoyde the fame.

Of a marvellous deformed man.

To drawe the minde in table to the fight
Is hard; to paint the lims is counted light:
But now in thee these two are nothing so,
For Nature splayes thy minde to open show.
We see by prooffe of thy unthrifitie deedes,
The covert kinde from whence this filth proceedes;
But who can paint those shapelesse lims of thine,
When eche to vewe thy carcasfe doth repine?

A Myrrour of the fall of Pride.

SOMETIME the giants did rebell
against the mightie Jove;
They thought in Olymp Mount to dwell,
and long for that they strove.
A hundred handes eche monster had
by course of curffed kinde:
A stock so stubborne and so mad
I no where else can finde.
Dame Tellus was their mother thought
of pleafant poets all,

By whome they would have brought to nought
the feate Olympicall.
First Briareus began the broyle,
who tooke a hill in hand,
And layde it on another foyle
that thereabout did stand;
Still calling on his monstrous mates,
exhorting them the same,
And with the reast the gnuffe debates
how stately Gods to tame.
Offa was layde on Pyndus back,
and Pelion on hie:
And thus they thought to bring to sack
in time the starrie skie.
They did envie the Gods the place
by nature them assignde,
And thought it meeter for a race
which Tellus bred by kinde.
They would have had the highest throne
that Jove had long posselt;
And downe they would the Gods have throwne
and princely powre represt.
At length the route began to rore
in making dreadfull found,
The like was never heard before
to heaven from the ground.
Then Jupiter began to gaze
and looke about the skie,
And all the Gods were in a maze,
the monsters were so nie.
They callde a counsaile then in haste,
the Gods assembled tho,

And common sentence was at last,
that mightie Jove should throw
His thunderbolt that Vulcan lame
prepared for the nonce,
Whereby he might eftsoone make tame
the haughtie giants bones.
Then might you see the mountaines fall,
and hill from hill depart,
And monsters in the valley crawle
whome thunder did subvert.
The mountaines were not rayfde so quick,
but downe they fell as fast;
And giants in a cluster thick
to Tellus fell at last.
Such plagues had pride in former time,
the Gods abhorred so
That mortall men should dare to clime
the heavens hie to know.
And not alone the heavenly route
the loftie lookes correct
Of such as prowdly go about
their empire to reject;
But other Gods of meaner state
(of whome the poets write)
Such pievish pecocks pride doe hate,
and seeke revenge by might.
The grisly God whome flouds obey,
and drenching seas embrace,
Who in the waters beares the sway
where Nereus shewes his face;
Whome forceth he by surge of seas
into Charybdis clives,

Or whome doth Neptune most diseafe,
 or whome to Scylla drives?
Not him that beares his failes alowe,
 nor him that keepes the shoare,
Ne yet the bargeman that doth rowe
 with long and limber oare:
Not those that haunt the haven fure
 and port of perill voide,
They cannot Neptunes wrath procure
 the chanell that avoide,
But those that voide of carck and care
 and feare of Neptunes yre,
Doe hoise their failes, and never spare
 to further their defyre,
And doe receive whole gales of winde
 from mighty Æole sent:
Those, those are they by course of kinde
 that Neptune makes repent.
He spoiles the failes, and tackle teares,
 the mast it goes to wrack;
The ribbes they rent, the shipmen feares
 when gables gin to crack.
Then whereto serves the pilats pride
 that hoyft his failes so hie?
And where is he that fearde no tide,
 nor threatning from the skie?
His pride procurde his fearefull fate,
 and fortune that befell,
Which Neptune most of all doth hate,
 as shipmen know right well.
Let giants fall and shipmens case
 a myrrour be, therefore,

To such as seeke to hie a place,
for like shall be their lore.
Narcissus may example bee
and myrrour to the prowde,
By whome they may most plainly see
how pride hath beene allowde.
His beautie brave such loftie cheere
in him did breede in time,
That gods themselves agreeved were
with such a haynous crime.
No looving lasse might him allure,
nor Dians nymphes at all,
By ought his friendship might procure :
but note ye well his fall.
In sommer time, as fortune would,
his fortune was to bee
In open felde, where no man could
his blazing beautie see.
At length, in raunging to and fro,
his fortune was to finde
A fountaine freshe that there did flow,
as Gods (I think) affinde.
He thought forthwith his thirst to quent
by pleasant trauvaile gote,
But there he found, or ere he went,
a greater drough, God wote.
In stooping downe to take the taste
of cristall waters theare,
(Unhappie boy) had spide at last
a little boy appeare ;
Whose beautie brave, and liking looke,
his fansie pleasde so well,

That there himfelfe the boy forfooke,
and to a frensie fell.
He had that he fo fondly loovde,
and yet it was not fo ;
And from himfelfe he was remoovde
that thence did never go.
He was the boy that tooke the vewe,
he was the boy espide,
And being both he neither knewe ;
fuch was the ende of pride.
Then gan he fhed his teares adowne,
then gan he make his plaint,
And then at length he fell to grounde.
fore feebled all with faint.
His fpirite, that earft fo prowde was feene,
converted into winde,
But of his corps a flower greene
ftill there abode behinde.
Narciffus callde (as poets tell)
as Narciffe was before ;
In token that to Narciffe fell
this moft unhappie lore.
I could recite the histories
of many other moe,
Whome pievifh pride the miferies
of fortune forft to knowe.
But I of purpofe will let paffe
Apollos bastard sonne,
Who Phaeton ycleped was
when firft his fame begonne :
I minde not to rehearfe at all
the charge he tooke in hande ;

I wittingly omit his fall
 into Eridan fande ;
But this I say assuredly,
 had it not beene for pride,
The charret had not gone awrie
 though Phaeton were guide :
But glorie vaine and want of skill
 enforste his haughtie hart,
Of Phœbe to crave to worke his will
 in ruling Phœbus cart.
The like attempt tooke Icarus,
 from Creta that did flie
By wings of wax with Dedalus,
 when Icar flue to hie.
His fathers words prevailed not,
 nor leſſon taught before,
Till fained fethers were ſo whot,
 as he could flie no more.
For want of wings then gan he clap
 his breaft with open armes,
Till downe he fell ; ſuch was his hap,
 whoſe pride procurde his harmes.
When wraſtling windes, from Æole ſent,
 befight themſelves ſo long,
That Eaſt againſt the Weſt is bent,
 and North puts South to wrong,
Then may you heare the pine to crack
 that beares his hed ſo hie,
And loſtie lugs go then to wrack
 which ſeeme to touch the ſkie.
When Jove flings downe his thundring bolts
 our vices to redreſſe,

They batter downe the higheft holts,
and touch not once the leffe.
The cotte is furer than the hall
in prooffe we daylie fee ;
For higheft things doe fooneft fall
from their felicittee.
What makes the Phaenix flame with fire,
a birde fo rare in fight ?
What caufeth him not to retire
from Phæbus burning light ?
In faith, if he woulde live belowe,
as birds Dame Nature taught,
The Eſterlings ſhould never knowe
their Phœnix burnt ſo oft.
All ye, therefore, that furetie loove,
and would not have a fall,
From you the peacocks pride remoove,
and truſt not Fortunes ball.
Let Phætons fate be fearde of you,
and Icars lot alſo :
Remember that the pine doth rue
that he ſo high doth grow.

Of the Clock and the Cock.

GOOD reaſon thou allow
one letter more to mee,
Than to the cock ; for cocks doe ſleepe
when clocks doe wake for thee.

Of a Tayler.

THOUGH tayler cut thy garment out of frame,
And strie thy stufte by fowing it amis,
Yet must we say the tayler makes the same:
To make and marre is one with them ywis.

*The Lover, finding his Love flitted from wonted troth,
leaves to write in prayse of hir.*

THOUGH cleane contrarie be my verse
to those I wrote before,
Yet let not retchlesse doome accuse
my wandring wits the more.
As time doth shape and shew (they say)
so ought our stile to frame;
In sommer funne we neede no fire,
yet winter asketh flame:
So I that earst found cause of sport
and matter to rejoyce,
If force by fanfie was procurde
to use a gladsome voyce.
And now since deepe dispaire hath drencht
my hope, I will assay
To turne my tune and chaunge my cheere,
and leave my woonted lay.
Not farre unlike the chirping foule
in sommer that doth sing,
And during winter hides his head
till next returne of spring.

They fay, when altred is the cause
of force effect doth fue,
As new repaire of better bloud
doth cause a hawke to mue.
Though Ætna burne by kindly course
and belke out fire with fume,
When fulpher vaine is cleane extinct
the fire will consume.
Whereby I may conclude aright
that eche effect must bee
As is his cause: so fruite ensues
the nature of the tree.
Then I of force must shape my stile;
as matter is I write,
Unlesse I would be thought to match
a fawcon with a kite.
When winde and wave at sea doe rore,
that barck is in distresse,
Then time requires that shipmen should
their tackles all addresse:
Then crooked ancors must be cast
the shaken ship to stay
From fincking sands, and ruthlesse rocks
that shipmen oft affray.
No sooner Triton blowes his trumpe,
and fwolen waters quailles,
And Æole makes his windes retire,
but hoyse they up the failes:
Then fleete they forward in the floud,
then cut they waves in twaine,
Then launch they on (as earst they did)
with all their might and maine.

So I hereafter must assay
 my woonted tune to chaunge
As time requires, and I, in love,
 shall finde my ladie straunge.
If she be one of Cresids crue
 and swarve hir former heft,
No Lucrece must I terme hir then,
 for that were but a jest :
Or if she false hir fixed fayth,
 Ulysses wives renowne
Unfitting is for hir whose love
 endureth but a stowne.
Wherefore, I will as time shall shape,
 and she hir love prolong,
Applie my pen, and tell the troth
 as best I may in song.

He sorrowes other to have the fruites of his service.

SOME men would looke to have
 a recompence of paine,
And reason wills it so to be,
 unlesse we list to faine :
Some would expect for love
 to have unfained hart,
And think it but a fit reward
 for such a good defart :
But I (unhappie wight)
 that spend my love in vaine,
Doe seeke for succour at hir hands
 while other get the gaine.

As thirstie ground doth gape
to swallow in the shoure,
Even so fare I, poore Harpalus,
whome Cupids paines devoure.
I holde the hive in hande,
and paine my felfe thereby,
While other eate the hidden foode
that are not halfe so dry.
I plough the foyle with paine,
and cast my feede thereon,
And other come that sheare the sheaves,
and laugh when I am gon.
Mine is the winters toile,
and theirs the fommers gaine ;
The harvest falles out too their share
that felt no part of paine.
I beare the pinching yoke
and burden on my back,
And other drive when I must draw,
and thus I go to wrack.
I fast when other feede,
I thirst when other drinck ;
I mourne when they triumph for joy,
they swim when I must finck.
They have the hoped gaine,
whiles I the losse indure ;
They whole at hart, whilst I my grieve
by no meanes can recure.
They shrowd themselves in shade,
I sit in open funne ;
They leape as lambes in lustie leaze,
I lie as one undunne.

They taste their nightly rest,
 my troubled head doth wake ;
I tosse and turne from side to side,
 while they their pleasure take.
I would, but they enjoy ;
 I crave that is debard ;
They have : what will you more I say ?
 their service is prefard.
Thus I procure my woe
 by framing them their joy ;
In seeking how to salve my fore,
 I breede my chiefe annoy.
So sheepe with wooll are clad,
 their maisters have the gaine ;
So birds doe bulde their nests on brakes,
 and put themselves to paine,
But other taste the fruite
 when so their broode is hatcht :
The nest remaines, the birds are gone,
 the chickens are dispatcht.
So bees for honnie toile
 in fleeing too and fro,
And fillie wretches take great paines
 for whome they little know.
I think it is procurde
 by griesly Gods above,
That some should gape, and other gaine
 the fruit of others love.
But fure if womans will
 be forger of my wo,
And not the mightie Gods ordaine
 my destnie to be so,

Then must I needes complaine,
 and curffe their cruell kinde,
That in requitall of good will
 doe shew themselves unkinde.
But whether be the cause,
 hereafter I intende
To fawne on them that force on mee,
 and bowe when other bende.
This one abuse shall make
 me take the better heede
On whome I fixe my fanfie fast,
 or make a friend in deede.

The Lover, seeing himselfe abusde, renounceth Love.

THOUGH men account it shame
 and folly to repent,
Or grutcht good will that was bestowde
 when nought save faith was ment,
Yet can they not denie
 but if the knot be burst,
Then may we shew our selves unkinde
 that friendly were at first.
He runnes an endlesse race
 that never turnes againe,
And he a fonded lover is
 that wastes his love in vaine.
Nought can he judge of hues,
 that can not see when guile,
In place of friendship, cloakes hir selfe
 in forme of forged wile :

And he that plainely fees
the trap before his eie,
And will not shun from perill, tis
no matter though he die.
I tell my tale by proufe,
I speake it not by rot :
To love a fubtile lasse of late
was fallen to my lot ;
On whome I fet fuch store,
fuch comfort and delight,
As life it was to see hir face,
a death to want hir fight.
So I might doe the thing
that might abridge hir smart,
And bannish all annoy that grue
by froward fortunes art,
What daunger would I dread,
or perill seeme to shun ?
None that is here bylow on earth,
or subject to the sun.
To shew my selfe a friend
to hir, I was my foe ;
She was the onely idoll whome
I honorde here belowe.
This is (thought I) the same
that was Ulysses wife,
Who, in the absence of hir make,
did leade a dolefull life :
Or else tis she at least
whome Tarquyn did enforce,
By beastly rape with piercing sworde,
so to fordoe hir corse.

But fuch is hir abuse,
fo frowarde eke hir grace,
As love it may no longer laft,
fince friendship hides his face.
I did not well advife,
I built on fincking fande,
And when I thought she loovde me beft,
shee bore me but in hande :
Where I had thought a porte
and haven fure to bee,
There found I hap and dreadfull death,
as gazers on may fee.
As moufe that treads the trap
in hope to finde repaft,
And bites the bread that breeds his bane,
and is intrapped faft,
Like was my dolefull cafe
that fed upon my wo,
Till now repentance willes mee all
fuch fanfies to forgo.
And (thanked be good hap)
now once againe I fleete
And swim aloft, that fanck of late
faft hampred by the feete.
Now is my fortune good,
fo fortune graunt it laft
And I as happie as the beft
now ftormie cloudes are pafte.
I finde the bottom firme
and ftable where I paffe,
There are no haughtie rocks at hande,
ne yet no ground of glaffe.

Good ancor holde I have,
 so I may use it still,
 I am no more a bounden thrall,
 but free I live at will.
 But that which most torments
 my minde, and reaves my joy,
 Is, for I servde a fickle wench
 that bred mee this annoy ;
 But, Gods, forgive my guilt
 and time mispent before,
 And I will be a fillie fot
 of Cupids crue no more.

*Against the jelous heads that alwayes have Lovers
 in suspect.*

WHEN jelous Juno saw hir mightie make
 Had Iō turnde into a brutish kinde,
 More covertly of hir his lust to take,
 To work hir will, and all his frawde to finde,
 She cravde the cove in gift at Jove his hande,
 Who could not well his sisters fute withstande.

When yeelded was hir boone, and hest fulfillde,
 To Argus charge committed was the cove,
 For he could wake so well, him Juno willde
 To watch the beaft with never sleeping browe :
 With hundreth eies that hatefull hierds hed
 Was dect ; som watcht when som to sleepe were led.

So warded he by day, so wakte by night,
 And did Dame Junos will accomplish so,
 As neither Jove might once delude his fight,

Nor Iö part hir pointed pasture fro :
His staring eies on Iö still were bent,
He markt hir march, and fude hir as she went.

Till Jove at length, to ruth and pittie moovde
To see the spitefull hate that Argus bare
To hir whome he so fervently had loovde,
And who for him abode such endlesse care,
His fethred sonne Cylenus sent from skies
To reave the carefull clowne his watchfull eies.

Who, to fulfill his lorde and fathers heft,
Tooke charmed rod in hande and pipe to play,
And gyrt him with a sworde as lykte him best,
And to the fielde he flue, where Argus laye,
Disguised like a shepherd in his weede,
That he his purpose might the better speede.

When eche had other salued in his fort,
To brag upon his pipe the clowne begoon,
And sayde, that for that noyse and gallant sport
All other mirthes and maygames he would shoon :
His only joy was on his pipe to playe ;
And then to blow the rustick did assaye.

In fine, when Argus had his cunning showde,
And eche to other chatted had a space
Of this and that as was befallne abroad,
Mercurius tooke his pipe from out his case,
And thereon playde hee so passing well,
As most of Argus eies to slumber fell.

And as they slept with charmed rod he stroke
The drowfie dolt to keepe him in that plight,
And playde so long till time he did provoke
All Argus eies to byd the beaft god night :

Whome when he fawe in fuch a flumber led,
He stole the cowe, and fwapt of Argus hed.

Such was the fine of his difpitous hate,
Such was the boone and guerdon of his hire,
And all the good the carefull coward gate
For seeking to debarre the Gods defire;
A fit reward for fuch a good defart:
The cowarde might have playde a wifer part.

God fende the lyke, and worfe, to fuch as ufe
(As Argus did) with ever waking eie
The blameleffe fort of lovers to abuſe;
That alwayes readie are and preſt to prie
The purpoſe to bewray, and covert toyes
Of faithfull friends, and barre their bliſſefull joyes.

I truſt there will be found, in time of neede,
A Mercurie with charmed twig in hand,
And pleaſaunt pipe, their waking eies to feede
With drowſie dumps, their purpoſe to withſtand;
That jealous heads may learne to be wies,
For feare they loſe (as Argus did) their eies.

For Cupid takes diſdaine and ſcorne to ſee
His thralls abuſde in fuch unſeemely fort,
Who feeke no greedie gaine nor filthie fee,
But pleaſant play, and Venus ſugred ſport:
A ſlender hire (God wote) to quite the paine
That lovers bide, or they their love attaine.

*That it is hurtfull to conceale ſecrets from our
Friends.*

A SMART in ſilence kept
(as Ovid doth expreſſe)

Doth more torment the payned man
 than him that seekes redresse.
For then it respite takes,
 and leysure to procure
Such mischief as for want of helpe
 the longer doth endure.
As if thou set no falve
 where ranckleth swelling fore,
It will in further proceffe paine,
 and thee torment the more.
I fundrie times have seene
 a wound that earst was small,
In time for want of furgions fight
 to greater mischief fall :
And eke the balefull blowe,
 so grievous that was thought,
Full quickly curde by furgions sleight,
 if he were quickly fought.
So fareth it by man,
 that keepes in covert breast
The pinching paine that breedes within,
 increasing great unreaft :
That never will disclose
 the secret of his hart,
But rather suffer fervent fits,
 and deeper piercing smart.
For why was friendship founde
 and quickly put in ure,
But that th' one of thothers helpe
 should thinke himselfe full sure ?
Why are they like in minde,
 and one in erie part ?

Why are they twoo in bodies twaine,
 posseffing but one hart ?
And why doth one mislike
 that so offendes his feere,
But that they two are one in deede
 it plainely might appeere ?
Did Tullie ever dreade
 his secrets to disclose
To Atticus, his loving friende,
 in whome he did repose
Such credit and such trust,
 and in himselfe he might,
To whome full oft with painfull pen
 this Tullie did indight ?
What ever Theseus thought
 Perythous coulde tell,
With wearie travell that pursude
 his loving friende to hell.
Was Damon daintie founde
 to Pythias at all,
For whome he woulde with Tyran staide,
 as pledge to live in thrall ?
In Pylades was nought
 but that Orestes knewe,
Who privie was from time to time
 how care or comfort grewe.
Gysippus felt no grieve
 but Titus boade the fame,
And where that Titus founde reliefe,
 their Gysippe had his gaine.
When Lælius did laugh,
 then Scipio did joy ;

And what Menetus fonne mislikte,
Achylles did annoy.
Æurialus his thoughts
and secrets of his hart
To Nyfus would declare at large,
were they of joy or smart.
All these conjoined were
in fureft league of loove;
Whome neyther fortune, good or bad,
nor death might once remoove.
They would not thinke in minde,
nor practife that at all,
But to that fame their trustie friends
they would in counsell call.
All those, therefore, that wishe
their inward paines redresse,
Must to their most assured friend
it outwardly expresse.
So may they chaunce to finde
a falve for secret fore,
Which otherwise, in covert kept,
will soone increafe to more.

*Of the divers and contrarie passions and affections
of his Love.*

To phisick those that long have gone
and spent their time in grieve,
Affirme that patients in their paines
will shun their best reliefe.

They will refuse the tyfants taste,
and wholesome drinkes despise,
Which to recure diseafes fell
phifitions did devise :
But when they be debard the fame,
which fo they fhunde before,
They crie and call for tyfants then,
as foveraigne for their fore.
Such is the wayward guife of thofe
with pangues that are opprest ;
They wifh for that they never had,
and fhun that they poffeff.
I may to them right well compare
the lovers divers thought,
That likes, and then milikes againe
that they long earft had fought.
They will not, when they may, enjoy
their hearts defired choife :
They then defie, they then deteft
with lowde and lothfome voice.
They will refuse when time doth ferve ;
but when fuch time is gone,
They figh and fchreach with mournfull crie,
and make a ruthfull mone.
They little think that time hath wings,
or knoweth how to flie ;
They hope to have it ftill at hande
that swiftly paffeth bie.
They thinke that time will tarie them,
and for their fanfie ftay,
But time in little time is gone ;
it fleeteth faft away.

So standes the foole by fleeting floud,
 and looketh for a turne ;
But river runnes and still will run,
 and never shape returne.
What ! doe they hope that beauties glasse
 will still continue bright ?
Nay, when the day is gone and past,
 by course appeeres the night.
For crooked age his woonted trade
 is for to plough the face
With wrinckled furrowes, that before
 was chiefe of beauties grace.
Perhaps they thinke that men are mad,
 and once intrapt in love,
Will never strive to breake the snare,
 nor never to remove.
No fowler that had wylie wit,
 but will foresee such hap,
That birds will alway buske and bate,
 and scape the fowlers trap.
And if their fortune favor so,
 then who doth mount so hie
As those that guilefull pitfall tooke
 prepared for to die ?
What fish doth fleete so fast as that
 which lately hangde on hooke ?
By happie hap if he escape,
 he will not backwarde looke.
Take time, therefore, thou foolish feeme,
 whilst time doth serve so well ;
For time away as fast doth flee
 as any found of bell :

And thou, perhaps, in after time,
 when time is past and gone,
 Shall lie lamenting losse of time,
 as colde as any stone.
 Yet were thou better take thy time
 whilst yet thy beautie serves ;
 For beautie as the flower fades
 whome lack of Phœbus sterves.

Of Dido and the truth of hir death.

I, DIDO, and the queene of Carthage ground,
 Whose lims thou seest so lively set to fight,
 Such one I was, but never to be found
 So farre in love as Vergill seemes to wright,
 I livde not so in lust and fowle delight.

For neither he that wandring Duke of Troie
 Knewe mee, nor yet at Lybie lande arivde ;
 But to escape Iarbos that did noie
 Mee fore, of lyfe my carcasfe I deprivde,
 To keepe my hest that he would tho have rivde.

No storme of love, or dolour made me die :
 I flue my selfe to save my sheete of shame
 Wherein good Sycheus wrapped me perdie.
 Then, Vergill, then, the greater be thy blame,
 That so by love dost breede my fowle defame.

Of Venus in Armour.

IN complete [armour] Pallas saw
 the ladie Venus stande :

Who faid, let Paris now be judge ;
 encounter we with hande.
Replide the Goddesse: what !
 scornste thou in armour mee,
That naked earst in Ida Mount
 fo foylde and conquerde thee ?

Of a Hare complayning of the hatred of Dogs.

THE scenting hounds pursude
 the hastie hare of foote :
The sielie beast to scape the dogs
 did jumpe upon a roote.
The rotten scrag it burst,
 from cliffe to seas he fell ;
Then cride the hare : unhappie mee !
 for now perceive I well,
Both lande and sea pursue
 and hate the hurtlesse hare ;
And eake the dogged skies aloft,
 if so the dog be thare.

To one that painted Eccho.

THOU witles wight, what meanes this mad intent
To draw my face and forme, unknowne to thee ?
What meanst thou so for to molest me,
Whome never eie behelde, nor man could see ?
 Daughter to talking tongue and ayre am I ;
My mother is nothing when things are waide :

I am a voyce without the bodies aide.
When all the tale is tolde and sentence faide,
Then I recite the latter worde afrefhe
In mocking fort and counterfayting wies :
Within your eares my chiefeft harbour lies ;
There doe I woonne, not feene with mortall eies.
And more to tell and farther to proceede,
I Eccho height of men below in grounde :
If thou wilt draw my counterfait in deede,
Then muft thou paint (O painter) but a found.

To a cruell Dame for grace and pittie.

As I doe lack the skill
to fhew my faithfull hart,
So doe you want good will
too rue your lovers smart.
The greater is my fire,
the leffer is your heate ;
The more that I defire,
the leffe you feeme to sweate.
O ! quench not fo the coale
of this my faithfull flame
With nayes, thou frowarde foule,
let yeas increafe the fame.
Let us at length agree,
whome Cupid made by law
Eche others friend to bee
in fanfies yoke to draw.
If I doe plaie my part
at any time amis,

Then doe bestowe thy hart
 where greater friendship is :
But if in true good will
 I beare my selfe upright,
Let mee enjoy thee still,
 my service to requight.
Go thou, my fierie dart
 of scalding whote desire,
To pierce hir yfie hart,
 and set hir brest on fire,
That I may both prolong
 my painefull pyning dayes,
And eke avendge hir wrong
 that paine for pleasure payes.
I never sawe the stone
 but often drops would waft,
Nor dame but daylie mone
 would make hir yeelde at last.

To a Gentlewoman from whome he tooke a Ring.

WHAT needes this frowning face ?
 what meanes your looke so coye ?
Is all this for a ring,
 a trifle and a toye ?
What though I reft your ring,
 I tooke it not to keepe ;
Therefore you neede the lesse
 in such dispite to weepe :
For Cupid shall be judge
 and umpire in this case,

Or who by hap shall next
 approche into this place.
You tooke from mee my hart,
 I caught from you a ring ;
Whose is the greatest losse ?
 where ought the grieve to spring ?
Keepe you as well my hart,
 as I will keepe your ring,
And you shall judge at last
 that you have lost nothing.
For if a friendly hart,
 so stufte with staide loove,
In value doe not passe
 the ring, you may reprove
The reaving of the same :
 and I of force must say
That I deservde the blame
 who tooke your ring away.
But what if you doe wreake
 your malice on my hart ?
Then give mee leave to thinke
 you guiltie for your part ;
And when so ere I yeelde
 to you your ring againe,
Restore me vp my hart
 that now you put to paine.
For so we both be pleasde,
 to say we may be bolde
That neyther to the losse
 of us hath bought or solde.

*The Lover blames his Tongue, that failed to utter his sute
in time of neede.*

FORCAUSE I still preferde the truth before
Shamelesse untruth, and lothsome leefings lore,
I finde my felfe yll recompensft therefore

Off thee my Tongue.

For good desert and guiding thee aright,
That thou for aye mightst live devoide of spight,
I reape but thame, and lack my chiefe delight

For silence kept.

When happie hap by hap advaunst my case,
And brought mee to my Ladie, face to face,
Where I hir corps in safetie might imbrace,

Thou heldst thy peace.

Thou madste my voyce to cleave amids my throte,
And sute to cease unluckylie (God wote)
Thou wouldst not speake, tho you hadst quite forgote

My harts beheft.

My hart by thee suspected was of guile,
For cause thou ceast to use a loving stile,
And wordes to forge and frame with finest file

As lovers woont.

Thou madste my bloud fro paled face to start,
And flie to seeke some succor of the hart,
That wounded was long earst with dreadfull dart

Off Cupids bowe.

And thou, as colde as any marble ftone,
When from my face the chillie bloud was gone,
Couldst not devise the way to make my mone

By wordes appeere.

And (yee my teares) that woonted were to flowe
 And streamed adowne as fast as thawed snowe,
 Were stopt, as then yee had no powre to shewe
 A lovers fute.

My fighes that earft were woont to dim the Skie,
 And caufe a fume by force of flame to flie,
 Were tho as slack, as Welles, of weeping drie
 Too shewe my love.

The hart that laie incombred all within
 Had fainted quite, had not by lookes ybin:
 For they declarde the case my hart was in
 By tongues untroth.

That all things are as they are used.

WAS never ought, by Natures art
 Or cunning skill, so wisely wrought,
 But man by practice might conuert
 Too worser use then Nature thought:
 Ne yet was ever thing so ill,
 Or may be of so small a prife,
 But man may better it by skill,
 And chaunge his fort by founde advife.
 So that by prooffe it may be seene
 That all things are as is their use,
 And man may alter Nature cleene,
 And things corrupt by his abuse.
 What better may be founde than flame,
 Too Nature that doth succor paie?
 Yet we doe oft abuse the fame
 In bringing buildings to decaie.

For those that minde to put in ure
Their malice, moovde to wrath and ire,
To wreake their mischiefe, will be fure
Too spill and spoyle thy house with fire.
So Phisick, that doth serve for ease
And to recure the grieved foule,
The painefull patient may diseafe,
And make him sick that earst was whole.
The true man and the theefe are leeke,
For sworde doth serve them both at neede,
Save one by it doth safetie seeke,
And th' other of the spoile to speede.
As law and learning doth redresse
That otherwise would go to wrack,
Even so doth it oft times oppresse
And bring the true man to the rack.
Though poyson paine the drinker fore
By boyling in his fainting breast,
Yet is it not refusde therefore,
For cause sometime it breedeth reast ;
And mixt with medicines of prooffe
According to Machaons arte,
Doth serve right well for our behoofe,
And succor sends to dying harte.
Yet these and other things were made
By Nature for the better use,
But we of custome take a trade
By wilfull will them to abuse.
So nothing is by kinde so voide
Of vice, and with such vertue fraught,
But it by us may be anoide,
And brought in trackt of time too naught.

Againe there is not that fo ill
Bylowe the lampe of Phœbus light,
But man may better, if he will
Applie his wit to make it right.

*The Lover excuseth himselfe for renouncing his Love and
Ladie, imputing the same to his fate and constellaion.*

THOUGH Dydo blamde Æneas truth
for leaving Carthage shore,
Where he well entertainde had beene,
and like a Prince before :
Though Theseus were unthriftie thought
and of a cruell race,
That in rewarde of death escape
by Aryadnas lace,
Amid the defart woods so wilde
his looving lasse forfooke,
Whome by good hap and luckie lore
the drowfie Bacchus tooke.
Yet if the Judges in this case
their verdit yeelde aright,
Nor Theseus nor Æneas fact
deserve such endleffe spight,
As wayward women, stirde to wrath,
beare fixed fast in minde,
Still seeking wayes to wreake their yre
upon Æneas kinde ;
For neither lack of liking love,
nor hope of greater gaine,

Nor fickle fanfies force us men
to breake off friendships chaine.
They loth not that they loovde before,
they hate not things posselt;
Some other weightie cause they have
of chaunge, as may be gest.
And waying with my selfe eche one,
I can none fitter finde,
Than that to men such blessed hap
is by the Gods assignde.
The golden starres that guide their age,
and planets will them fo,
And Gods (the rulers of their race)
procure them to forgo
Their forged faith and plighted truth,
with promise made so sure,
That is too seeming strong as steele,
and likely to endure.
For did not mightie Jove himselfe
the swift Cyllenus fende,
To will the Troyan Prince in haste
into Italia bende,
And leave the lyked lande so well,
and Carthage queene forfake,
That made him owner of hir hart,
and all that shee could make?
And such was Theseus lot, perdie,
so hard the maydens hap,
That shee in defart should be left
and caught in Bacchus trap.
Should Jason be proclaimde and cride
a traitor to the skies,

For that he Medea left at laft,
by whome he wan the Flife?
No; fuch was Oetes daughters chaunce
in cradle hir affignde,
And Jafons birthftarre forft the Greeke
to shoue himfelfe vnkinde.
For if rewardes might binde fo faft,
and knit the knot fo fure,
Their faith (no doubt) and lincked love
fhould then of force endure:
For Dido gave him Carthage kayes,
the wealth, and foile withall:
Thofe other two prefervde their lives
that elfe had livde in thrall.
Then fithens ftreaming ftarres procure,
and fatall powers agree,
And ftawled Gods doe condifcend
that I my friendfhip flee,
And reave your bells, and caft you off
to live in haggards wies,
That for no private ftale doe care,
but love to range the fkies,
I muft not feeme then to rebell,
nor fecret treafon forge,
But chaunge my choyce, and leave my loove,
and fanfies fonde difgorge.
I crave of Cupid, lorde of love,
a pardon for the fame,
For that I now reject his lawes,
and quite renownce his game.

*Of Ladie Venus, that having lost hir sonne Cupid, God of
Love, and desirous to understand of him againe,
declares, by the way, the nature of Love and
Affections of the same, by pretie descrip-
tion as followeth.*

WHAT time the ladie Venus fought hir little sonne,
That Cupid hight, and found him not, she thus begonne.
My friends (quoth she) if any chaunce in open streete,
Or crossing pathes, that wandring amorous elfe to meete,
That runnagate (I say) is mine: who so by hap
Shall first bring tidings of the boy, in Venus lap
Is fure to fit, and have, in price of taken paine,
A sugred kisse. But he that brings him home againe,
A buffe. Yea, not a buffe alone doubtlesse shall have,
But like a friend I will entreate him passing brave.
I tell you tis a proper youth. Marke every lim
And member of my fraid sonne that is so trim.
Not fallow white his bodie is, but like to flame;
A fierce and fierie roling eie sets out the same:
A mischievous wylie hart in breast the boy doth beare,
But yet his wordes are honnie like and sweete to eare.
His talking tongue and meaning minde afunder goe:
Smooth filed stile for little cost he will bestowe,
But being once inflamde with ire and raging wrath,
A cruell canckred dogged hart the urchin hath.
False foxely subtile boy, and glosing lying lad,
He sports to outward fight, but inward chafes like mad.
A curled sconce he hath, with angrie frowning brow;
A little hand, yet dart a cruell way can throwe.

To fhadie Acheron sometime he flings the fame,
And deepeft damp of hollow hell thofe impes to tame.
Upon his carkaffe not a cloth, but naked hee
Of garments goes; his minde is wrapt, and not to fee.
Much like a fethred foule he flies, and wags his wings,
Now here now there: ye man fomtime this mifer wrings.
Sometimes againe the laffe to love he doth enforce:
Of neither kind, nor man nor maid, he hath remorse.
A little bow the boy doth beare in tender hande,
And in the fame an arrow nockt to ftring doth ftand:
A flender shaft, yet fuch a one as farre will flie,
And being fhott from Cupids bow will reach the fkie:
A pretie golden quiver hangs there albehinde
Upon his back, wherein who fo doth looke, fhall finde
A fort of fharpe and lurching shafts, unhappie boy,
Wherewith his ladie mother eke he doth annoy
Sometimes: but moft of all the foolifh fretting elfe
In cruell wife doth cruelly torment and vex himfelfe.
Doe beate the boy, and spare him not at all, if thou
On him doe chaunce to light: although from childifh brow
And moyfted eies the trickling teares like flouds diffill,
Beleeve him not, for chiefly then beguile he will.
Not if he fmile unlofe his pyniond armes, take heede,
With pleafant honie words though he thine eares doe feede,
And crave a kiffe: beware thou kiffe him not at all,
For in his lips vile venom lurcks, and bitter gall.
Or if with friendly face he feeme to yeelde his bow
And shafts to thee, his proferde gifts (my friend) forgo:
Touch not with tender hand the fubtile flattring Dart
Of Love, for feare the fire thereof doe make thee fmart.

Where this that I have fayde be true,
Yee Lovers, I appeale to you :
For ye doe knowe Cupidos toyes,
Yee feele his smarts, yee taste his joyes.
A fickle foolish God to serve
I tearme him, as he doth deserve.

Of the cruell hatred of Stepmothers.

THE Sonne in lawe, his Stepdame being dead,
Began hir hierce with garlands to commende :
Meanwhile there fell a stone upon his head
From out the tombe that brought the boy abed ;
A prooffe that Stepdames hate hath never ende.

Againe.

GLAD was the Sonne of frowning Beldams death,
To witnesse joy to deck hir tomb gan trudge :
A peece of marbell fell and reft his breath,
As he (good Lad) ftoode strewing flowres beneath ;
A signe that Death dawnts not the mothers grudge.

*To Cupid, for revenge of his unkind and cruell Love.
Declaring his faithfull service, and true hart
both to the God of Love and his Ladie.*

If I had beene in Troyan ground,
When Ladie Venus tooke hir wound ;

If I in Greekiſh campe had beene,
Or clad in armour had beene ſeene ;
If Heſtor had by mee beene ſlaine,
Or Prince Æneas put to paine ;
If I the machin huge had brought,
By Grecian guile ſo falſely wrought,
Or rayſed it above the wall,
Of Troie that procurde the fall ;
Then could I not thee (Cupid) blame,
If thou didſt put mee to this ſhame.
But I have alwaies beene as true
To thee, and thine in order due,
As ever was there any wight,
That fayth and truth to Cupid plight.
I never yet deſpiſe thy lawe,
But aye of thee did ſtand in awe :
I never callde thee buffard blinde,
I no ſuch fault in thee did finde,
But thought my time well ſpent to bee
That I imploide in ſerving thee.
I wiſte thou wert of force and powre
To conquere Princes in an howre :
When thou retaindeſt mee as thy man,
I thought my ſelfe moſt happie than.
Since this is true that I have ſaide,
Good Cupid let mee have thy aide ;
Helpe mee to wreake my wrath aright,
And ſuccor mee to worke my ſpight.
To thee it appertaines of due
Him to aſſiſt that is ſo true ;
And thou of reaſon ſhouldeſt torment

Such as by wilfull will are bent
To triumph over those that serve
Thee in the field, and never swerve.
Go bend thy bowe with hastie speede,
And make hir tigers hart to bleede :
Cause hir that little sets by mee,
Yet still to stand in awe of thee.
Let hir perceive thy fervent fire,
And what thou art in raging ire :
Now shewe thy selfe no man to bee,
Let hir a God both feele and see.
She forceth not my cutting paine,
Hir vowed othes shee wayes as vaine :
Shee sits in peace at quiet rest,
And scornes at mee so dispoſt.
Shee laughes at thee, and mocks thy might ;
Thou art not Cupid in hir sight.
Shee spites at mee without cause whie,
Shee forceth not although I die.
I am hir captive, bounde in give,
And dare not once for lyfe to strive.
The more to thee I call and crie,
To rid mee from this crueltie,
The more shee seekes to worke hir ire,
The more shee burnes with scalding fire.
And all for Cupids fake I bide,
From whose decrees I doe not glide :
Wherefore (I say) go bende thy bow,
And to hir hart an arrow throw :
That dart which breaketh harts of flint,
And gives the cruell crafing dint,

Upon hir crabbed breast bestow,
 That shee thy force and powre may know ;
 That shee a myrrour may be knowne
 To such as be thy deadly fone.
 So shall they good example take,
 How to abuse men for thy sake.
 Let hir (good Cupid) understande,
 That I am thine, both hart and hande ;
 And to play quittance force a fire,
 That shee may frie with whote desire
 Of me, whome earst she put to paine :
 And this is all that I would gaine.

*An Answer to his Ladie, that willed him that absence
 should not breede forgetfulnesse.*

THOUGH noble Surrey fayde
 that absence woonders frame,
 And makes things out of sight forgot,
 and thereof takes his name :
 Though some there are that force
 but on their pleasures preft,
 Unmindefull of their plighted truth,
 and falsely forged heft ;
 Yet will I not approove
 mee guiltie of this crime,
 Ne breake the friendship late begoon,
 as you shall trie in time.
 No distance of the place
 shall reave thee from my brest ;

Not fawning chaunce, nor frowning hap,
 shall make mee swarve my heft.
As foone may Phœbus frame
 his fierie steades to roon
Their race from path they woonted were,
 and ende where they begoon ;
As foone shall Saturne cease
 his bended broowes to show,
And frowning face to friendly starres
 that in their circles go ;
As foone the tiger tame
 and lion shall you finde,
And brutish beastes that savage were
 shall swarve their bedlam kinde ;
As foone the frost shall flame,
 and Ætna cease to burne,
And restlesse rivers to their springs
 and fountaines shall returne :
As absence breede debate,
 or want of fight procure
Our faithfull friendships writh awrie
 whilst lively death indure.
As foone I will commit
 my felse to Lethes lake,
As the (sweete friend) whome I a friend
 have chose for vertues fake.
How may a man forget
 the coale that burnes within,
Augmenting still his secret fore
 by piercing fell and skin ?
May martirs cease to mourne,
 or thinke of torments preft,

Whilst paine to paine is added aie,
to further their unrest ?
May shipmen in distresse,
at pleasure of the winde
Toft to and fro by surge of seas
that they in tempest finde,
Forget Neptunus rage,
or bluftring Borias blast,
When cables are in funder crackt,
and tackle rent from maft ?
Ne may I (friend) forget
(unlesse I would but faine)
The salve that doth recure my fore
and heales the scarre againe.
I fend thee by the winde
ten thousand fighes a day,
Which dim the skies with clowdie smoke
as they doe passe away.
Oft gazing on the funne,
I count Apollo blest,
For that he vewes thee once aday
in passing to the west.
Oh! that I had his powre
and blasing lampe of light,
Then thou, my friend, should stand asurde
to never see the night.
But since it is not so,
content thy selfe a while,
And with remembrance of thy friend
the lothsome time begile ;
Till Fortune doe agree
that we shall meete againe,

For then shall prefence breede our joies
 whome abfence put to paine.
 And of my olde good will
 (good friend) thy felfe affure :
 Have no diftruft, my love fhall laft
 as long as life shall dure.

Of a Thracyan that was drownde by playing on the Ise.

A THRACYAN boy, well tipled all the day,
 Upon a frozen fpring did fport and play ;
 The flipper ife with hieft of bodies fway
 On fodaine brake, and fwapt his head away :
 It fwam aloft, bylowe the carcass lay.
 The mother came and bore the head away ;
 When fhee did burie it thus gan fhee fay :
 This brought I foorth in flame his hierce to have,
 The reft amids the flood to finde a grave.

[*The Lover hoping in May to have had redrefse of his woes,
 and yet fowly miffing his purpose, bewailes his
 cruell hap.*

YOU that in May have bathde in blis,
 And founde a falve to ease your fore,
 Do May obfervaunce : reason is
 That May should honord be therfore.
 Awake out of your drowfie fleepe,
 And leave your tender beds of downe,
 Of Cupids lawes that taken keepe,
 With fommer flowers deck your crowne.

As foone as Venus starre doth shoue,
That brings the dawning on his back,
And cheereful light begins to growe,
By putting of his foe to wrack,
Repaire to heare the wedded makes,
And late ycoupled in a knote,
The nightingale that sits in brakes,
And telles of Tereus truth by note;
The thruffell, with the turtle dove,
The little robin eke yfeare,
That make rehearfall of their love,
Make hafte (I say) that yee were theare.
Into the fieldes where Dian dwels,
With nimphes environd round about,
Hafte yee to daunce about the wels,
A fit pastime for such a rout.
Let them doe this that have receivde
In May the hire of hoped grace;
But I, as one that am bereavde
Of bliffefull state, will hide my face,
And doole my daies with ruthfull voice,
As fits a retchlesse wight to doe,
Since now it lies not in my choise
To quite mee from this curfed woe.
I harbour in my breast a thought
which now is turned another way,
That pleasant May would mee ybrought
From Scylla to a better bay.
Since all (quoth I) that Nature made,
And placed here in earth bylowe,
When Spring returnes, of woonted trade
Doe banish griefe that earst did growe,

And chaungeth eke the churlish cheere
And frowning face of Tellus hewe,
With vernant flowers that appeere
To clad the foile with mantell newe :
Since snakes doe cast their shriveled skinnes,
And bucks hang up their heads on pale ;
Since frisking fishes lose their finnes,
And glide with new repaired scale,
Then I of force with greedie eie
Must hope to finde to ease my smart.
Since eche anoy in Spring doth die,
And cares to comfort doe convart,
Then I (quoth I) shall reach the port,
And fast mine ancker on the ground,
Where lyes my pleasure and disport,
Where is my suretie to be found.
There shall my beaten barke have rode,
And I for service done be paid ;
My sorrowes quite shall be unlode.
Even thus unto my selfe I said,
But (out alas!) it falles not so,
May is to mee a month of mone,
In May, though others comfort gro,
My feedes of grieve are surely fowne.
My bitter teares for water serve,
Wherewith the garden of my brest
I moist, for feare the feedes should sterue,
And thus I frame mine owne unrest.
Let others, then, that feelen joy
Extole the merrie month of May,
And I that tasted have annoy,
In praise thereof will nothing say ;

But with returne of winters warre,
And bluftring force of Borias force againe,
Thefe fower feedes of wo to marre,
By force of winde and wilking raine :
And fo, perhaps, by better fate,
At next returne of fpring, I may,
By chaunging of my former ftate,
Caft off my care, and chaunge my lay.

To a fickle and unconftant Dame, a friendly warning.

WHAT may I thinke of you (my fawlcon free)
That having hood, lines, buets, bels of mee,
And woonted earft, when I my game did fpring,
To flie fo well and make fuch nimble wing,
As might no fowle for weightneffe well compare
With thee, thou wert a bird fo paffing rare :
What may I deeme of thee (fayre fawlcon) now,
That neyther to my lure nor traine wilt bow.
But this, that when my backe is turnde and gon,
Another gives thee rumpes to tyre upon.
Well, wanton, well ; if you were wife in deede,
You would regard the fif whereon you feede :
You would the horfe devouring crow refufe,
And gorge your felfe with fleshe more fine to chufe.
I wifhe thee this for woonted olde good will
To flie more hie, for feare the ftowping will
Breede him, that now doth keepe thee, out of love,
And thinke his fawlcon will a buffard prove.
Which if he deeme, or doe fufpect at all,
He will abate thy flesh, and make thee fall.

So that of force thou shalt enforced bee
Too doe by him as nowe thou doft by mee :
That is, to leave the keeper, and away.
Fawlcon, take heede, for this is true I fay.

The Lover to his Ladie, that gazed much up to the Skies.

MY girle, thou gazest much
upon the golden skies :
Would I were Heauen ! I would behold
thee then with all mine eies.

*The Penitent Lover, utterly renouncing love, craves
pardon of forepassed follies.*

IF fuch as did amiffe,
and ran their race awrie,
May boldely crave at judges hand
some mercie ere they die,
And pardon for their guilt
that wilfully transgreft,
And fawe the bownds before their eies
that vertue had addrest :
Then I, that brake the bancks
which reason had affignde
To fuch as would purfue hir traine,
may ftande in hope to finde
Some favour at hir hand,
fince blinde forecast was caufe,
And not my wilfull will in fault,
that I have fwervde hir lawes.

Misguided have I beene,
 and trayned all by trust,
And love was forger of the fraude,
 and furtherer of my lust :
Whose vele did daze mine eies,
 and darckned so my sight
With errors foggie mist at first,
 that reason gave no light.
And as those wofull wightes
 that faile on swelling seas,
When windes and wrathfull waves conspire
 to banish all their ease ;
When heavenly lamps are hid
 from shipmens hungrie eies,
And lodestarres are in covert kept
 within the cloudie skies ;
As they without respect
 doe follow Fortunes lore,
And run at randome in the flood
 where Æols impes doe rore,
Till golden crested Phebe,
 or else his sisters light,
Have chafde away those noysome clouds,
 and put the same to flight :
So I (unhappie man)
 have followde love a space,
And felt the whottest of his flame,
 and flashing fierie blase.
In darknesse have I dwelt,
 and errours uglie shade,
Unwitting how to raise a starre
 from perill to evade.

Few daies came on my head
 wherein was cause of joy,
But day and night were readie both
 to hasten mine anoy.
Short were my sleepest (God wot)
 most dreadfull were my dreames,
Mine eies (as conduits of the hart)
 did gush out saltish streames :
Tormented was my corse,
 my minde was never free,
But both repleate with anguish aye,
 disseverde fought to bee.
No place might like mee long,
 no pleasure could endure,
In stead of sport was smart at hande,
 for pastime paine in vre :
A bondman to my selfe,
 yet free in others fight,
Not able to resist the rage
 of winged archers might.
Thus haue I spent my time
 in servage as a thrall,
Till reason of hir bountie list
 mee to hir mercie call.
Now have I made returne,
 and by good hap retirde
From Cupids camp and deepe dispaire,
 and once againe aspired
To Ladie Reafons stawle,
 where wisedome throned is,
On promise of amends releast,
 is all that was amis.

To Plato now I flie,
and Senecs found advice :
A fatch for love ! I force not now
what chaunce fall on the dice.

*To his Friend that refusde him without cause why, but
onely upon delight of chaunge.*

YOU showe your selfe to bee
a woman right by kinde :
You lyke and then mislyke againe,
where you no cause doe finde.
I can not thinke that love
was planted in your brest,
As did your flattring lookes declare,
and perjurde tongue protest.
Thou swarste alone that I
thy fansie did subdue,
Then why should frensie force thee now
to shew thy selfe untrue ?
Fie, faithlesse woman, fie !
wilt thou condemne the kinde
Bicause of just report of yll,
and blot of wavering minde ?
Too playne it now appeares
that lust procurde thy loue,
Or else it would not so decay
and causelesse thus remove.
I thought that I at first
a Lucrece had subdude,

But nowe I finde that fanſie fonde
 my ſenſes did delude :
I deemde that I had got
 a fawlcon to the fiſt,
Whome I might quickly have reclaimde ;
 but I my purpoſe miſt,
For (oh) the worſer hap,
 my fawlcon is ſo free,
As downe ſhe ſtoupes to ſtraungers hire,
 and forceth leaſt of mee.
Good ſhape was yll beſtowde
 upon ſo vile a kite,
That haggard wiſe doth love to live,
 and doth in chaunge delight.
Yeeld me thy flanting hood,
 ſhake off thoſe belles of thine,
Such checking buffards yll deſerve
 or bell or hood ſo fine.
With fowles of baſer fort
 how can you brooke to flie,
That earſt your nature did to hawkes
 of ſtately kinde applie ?
If want of pray enforſte
 this chaunge, thou art too blame,
For I had ever traines in ſtore
 to make my fawlcon game.
I had a taſſell eke,
 full gentle by his kinde,
Too flie with thee, in uſe of wing
 the greater joy to finde.
No ; doubtleſſe wanton luſt
 and fleſhly fowle deſire

Did make thee loath my friendly lure,
 and fet thy hart on fire.
 Too trie what mettall was
 in buffards to be founde,
 This, this was it that made thee stowpe
 from loftie gate to grounde :
 Wherefore if ever luck
 doe let me light on thee,
 And Fortune graunt me once againe
 thy keeper for to bee,
 Thy diet shall be such,
 thy tiring rumpes so bare,
 As thou shalt know thy keeper well,
 and for none other care.
 Meanewhile on carren feede,
 thy hungrie gorge to glut,
 That all thy lust in daylie chaunge
 and diet new dost put.
 Diseases must of force
 such feeding fowle ensue :
 No force to me ; thou wert my bird,
 But (fawlcon) now adue.

*To one that, upon surmise of adversitie, forewent
 hir Friend.*

As too the whyte, and lately lymed house
 The doves doe flock in hope of better fare,
 And leave their home of culvers cleane and bare :
 As to the kitchin postes the peeping moufe,

Where vittailles fine and curious cates are drest,
 And shoons the shop where livelyhood waxeth thin,
 Where he before had fillde his emptie skin,
 And where he chose him first to be a guest :
 As lyfe unto the lyving carcassee cleave,
 But balke the fame made readie to the beare,
 So you that earst my friend to seeming weare,
 In happie state, your needie friend doe leave.
 Unfriendly are those other, dove and mousse,
 That doe refuse olde harbour for a newe,
 And make exchange for lodge they never knewe :
 Unfriendly eke the flowe and lumpish lowse,
 But more uncivill you that wittie arre
 To judge a friend, your friendship to forgo
 Without a cause and make exchanges so ;
 For friendes are needed most in time of warre.
 Put case that chaunce withdrew hir olde good will,
 And frownde on mee to whome thee was a friend,
 Is that a reason why your love should end ?
 No, no, you should a friend continue still ;
 For true good will in miserie is tride,
 For then will none but faithfull friends abide.

*To Maister Googes fansie that begins : Give monie mee,
 take friendship who so list.*

FRIEND Googe, give me the faithfull friend to trust,
 And take the fickle coine for mee that lust ;
 For friends in time of trouble and distresse
 With help, and found advise will soone redresse

Eche growing griefe that gripes the pensive breft.
 When monie lies lockt up in covert cheft.
 Thy coine will caufe a thouſand cares to grow,
 Which if thou hadſt no coine thou couldſt not know.
 Thy friend no care but comfort will procure,
 Of him thou mayſt at neede thy ſelfe affure.
 Thy monie makes the theefe in waite to lie,
 Whofe fraude thy friend and falſehood will deſcrie.
 Thou canſt not keepe unlockt thy carefull coine,
 But ſome from thee thy monie will purloine:
 Thy faithfull friend will never ſtart aſide,
 But take his ſhare of all that ſhall betide.
 When thou art dead thy monie is bereft,
 But after life thy truſtie friend is left:
 Thy monie ſerves another maifter than,
 Thy faythfull friend lincks with none other man.
 So that (friend Googe) I deeme it better I
 To chooſe the friend, and let the monie lie.

The Lover abuſed renownceth Love.

FOR to revoke to penſive thought,
 And troubled head my former plight,
 How I by earneſt fute have fought
 And griefull paines a loving wight,
 For to accoy, accoy,
 And breede my joy,
 Without anoy, makes faltiſh bryne
 To flush out of my vapord eyne.
 To thinke upon the fundrie ſnares

And privie panthers that were led
To forge my daylie dolefull cares,
Whereby my hoped pleasures fled,
 Doth plague my hart, my hart,
 With deadly smart,
Without defart, that have indurde
Such woes, and am not yet recurde.
 Was never day come on my hed
Wherein I did not sue for grace,
Was never night but I in bed
Unto my pillow tolde my case,
 Bayning my brest, my brest,
 For want of rest,
With teares opprest, yet remedie none
Was to be found for all my mone.
 If she had dained my good will,
And recompensd me with hir love,
I would have beene hir vassell still,
And never once my hart remove :
 I did pretend, pretend,
 To be hir friend
Unto the end ; but she refusde
My loving hart, and me abusde.
 I did not force upon the spite
And venemous stings of hissing snakes ;
I wayed not their words a mite,
That such a doe at lovers makes :
 I did rejoyce, rejoyce,
 To have the voyce
Of such a choyce, and smild to see
That they reported so of mee.

Oh mee ! most luckie wight (quoth I)
At whome the people so repine :
I trust the rumor that doth flie
Will force hir to my will incline,
 And like well mee, well mee,
 Whome shee doth see,
Hir love to bee, unfainedly,
In whome shee may full well affie.

But now at length I plainly vew
That woman never gave hir brest ;
For they by kindly course will rue
On such as seeme to love them best :
 And will relent, relent,
 And be content,
When nought is ment, save friendly hart,
And love for never to depart.

Some cruell tiger lent hir tet
And fofred hir with savage pap,
That can not finde in hart to let
A man to love hir ; since his hap
 Hath so affignde, affignde
 To have his minde
To love inclinde, in honest wife
Whome shee should not of right despise.

But since I see hir stonie hart
Cannot be pierst with pitties launce ;
Since nought is gainde but wofull smart,
I doe intende to breake the daunce,
 And quite forgo, forgo
 My pleasant fo,
That paines mee so, and thinkes in fine

To make me like to Circes fwine.
I cleane defie hir flattering face,
I quite abhorre hir luring lookes :
As long as Jove shall give mee grace,
Shee never comes within my bookes.

 I doe detest, detest
 So false a guesst,
That breeds unrest, where she should plant
Hir loue, if pittie did not want.

 Let hir go seeke some other foole,
Let hir inrage some other dolt ;
I have beene taught in Platos schoole
From Cupids banner to revolt,

 And to forsake, forsake,
 As fearefull snake,
Such as doe make a man but smart
For bearing them a faithfull hart.

*The forsaken Lover laments that his Ladie is matched
with an other.*

As Menelaus did lament
When Helena to Troie went,
And to the Teucrian guesst applide,
And all hir countrie friends defide ;
Even so I feele tormenting paine
To lurck in erie little vaine,
And ranfack all my corse to see
That shee hath now forsaken mee,

The faithfull friend that she could finde ;
 But fickle dames will to their kinde.
 A simple chaunge in fayth it was
 To leave the lyon for theaffe :
 Such chopping will but make you bare,
 And spend your lyfe in carck and care,
 You might have taken better heede
 Then left the graine, and chose the weede :
 Your harvest would the better beene,
 If you had to your bargin eene,
 But to recant it is to late ;
 Go too, a Gods name, to your mate.
 Tis muck that makes the pot to play,
 As men of olde were woont to fay ;
 And women marrie for the gaine,
 Though oft it fall out to their paine,
 And, as I geffe, thou hast ydoon.
 When all thy twist is throughly spoon,
 It will appeere unto thy foes,
 Thou pluckst a nettle for a rose :
 In fayth, thy friend would loth to see
 Thy curfed luck so yll to bee.

Of one that was in reversion.

ANOTHER hath that I did bie,
 and I enjoy that hee imbrafte :
 I reape the graine, and pluck the peare,
 but he had peare and corne at lasfe.
 Which fithens Fortune hath allowde,
 let eyther well contented bee :

I hate him not for his delights;
 then let him doe the lyke to mee.
 For so we both be pleasde, I say,
 this bargaine was devisd well:
 Let him with present good delight
 as I what time to mee it fell.
 If ever he by hap forgo,
 I trust my hope is not in vaine;
 I hope the thing I once enjoyde
 will to his owner come againe.
 Which if be so, then happie I
 that had the first, and have the laste.
 What better fortune may there bee
 than in reversion to be plasde?

*That all hurts and losses are to be recovered and recured.
 save the cruell wound of Love.*

THE surgeon may devise
 a falue for erie fore,
 And to recure all inwarde griefes
 phisitions have in store
 Their simples to compownde,
 and match in mixture so,
 As ech disease from sicklie corse
 they can enforce to go.
 The wastfull wrack of welth
 that merchants doe sustaine,
 By happie vent of gotten wares
 may be supplide againe.
 A towne by treason lost,
 a forte by falsehood woon,

By manly fight is got againe,
and helpe of hurtfull goon.
Thus eche thing hath redresse,
and sweete recure againe :
Save onely love, that farther frets,
and feedes on inward paine.
No Galen may this grieve
by phisicks force expell ;
No reasons rule may ought prevaile
where lurking love doth dwell.
The patient hath no powre
of holesome things to taste ;
No drench, no drug, nor sirop sweete,
his hidden harme may waste.
No comfort comes by day,
no pleasant sleepe by night,
No needefull nap at noone may ease
the lovers painefull plight :
In deepe dispaire he dwels
till in comes hope of ease,
Which somewhat lessens paines of love,
and calmes the surge of seas.
His head is fraught with thoughts,
his hart with throwes replete,
His eies amazde, his quaking hand,
his stomack lothing meate.
This bale the lover bides
and hatefull hagge of hell,
And yet himselfe doth deeme that he
in Paradyce doth dwell.

Of the choise of his Valentine.

WITH others I to choofe a valentine
Addrest my felfe : ech had his dearest friend
In scrole ywrit, among the reast was mine.
See now the luck by lot that chaunce doth fend
 To *Cupids* crewe, marke Fortune how it falls,
 And mark how *Venus* imps are Fortuns thralls.
The papers were in couert kept from sight :
In hope I went to note what hap would fall ;
I choze, but on my friend I could not light,
(Such was the Goddesse wil that wildes the ball).
 But see good luck : although I mist the fame,
 I hapt on one that bare my ladies name.
Unegall though their beauties were to looke,
Remembrance yet of hir well featurd face
So often seene, thereby my senses tooke,
Unhappie though she were not then in place.
 Long you to learne what name my ladie hight ?
 Account from U. to. A. and spell aright.

Of an open Foe and a fayned Friend.

NOT he so much anoies
 that fayer, I am thy fo,
As he that beares a hatefull hart,
 and is a friend to sho.
Of tone we may beware,
 and flie his open hate,
But tother bites before he barck,
 a hard avoyded mate.

Againe.

OF both give mee the man
 that fayer, I hate in deede,
 Than him that hath a knife to kill,
 yet weares a friendly weede.

Of a ritch Miser.

A MISERS minde thou haft,
 thou haft a princes pelfe ;
 Which makes thee welthy to thine heire,
 a beggar to thy felfe.

Of a Painter that painted Favour.

THOU (painter fond) what means this mad devise
 Favour to drawe ? fith uncouth is the hed
 From whence it comes, and firft of all was bred.
 Some deeme that it of beautie doth arise,
 Dame Fortunes babie and undoubted fonne,
 Some other do furmife this favour was :
 Againe, fome think by chaunce it came to paffe ;
 Another faies of vertue it begonne.
 What mate is he that daylie is at hand ?
 Faire fpeaking he and glofing flattrie hight.
 What he that flowly comes behind ?
 What they (I pray) that him inviron ftand ?
 Wealth, honor, pride, and noble needefull lawes.
 And leading luft that drives to thoufand illls.

*Ques.**Auns.**Ques.**Auns.*

What meane those wings, & painted quivering quills ? *Ques.*
 Cause upward aie Dame Fortune favour drawes. *Auns.*
 Why blinde is favour made ? (*Auns.*) for cause that he *Ques.*
 That is unthriftie once yplast amount
 From baser step, not had in any count,
 Can not discerne his friends, or who they be.
 Why treads he on the tickle turning wheele ? *Ques.*
 He followes fortunes steps and giddie gate, *Auns.*
 Unstaied chances aie unstedfast mate,
 And when that things are well, can never feele.
 Then tell me one thing else to pease my minde,
 My last demaund. What meanes his swelling fo ? *Ques.*
 How chaunst that favour doth so prowdly go ? *Auns.*
 Good haps by course us men doe maken blinde.

The Lover whose Lady dwelt fast by a Prison.

ONE day I hide me fast unto the place
 Where logde my love, a passing propre dame
 For head, hand, leg, lim, wealth, wit, comly grace ;
 And being there my fute I gan to frame :
 The smokie sighes bewrayde my firie flame ;
 But cruell shee, disdainefull, coy, and curst,
 Forst not my words, but quaild her friend at furst.
 Whereat I lookt me up a wofull wight,
 And threw mine eis up to the painted skie,
 In minde to waile my hap ; and saw in fight
 Not far from thence a place where prisners lie,
 For crimes forepast the after paines to trie :
 A laberinth, a loathsome lodge to dwell,
 A dungeon deepe, a dampe as darke as hell.

Oh happie you (quoth I) that feel the force
 Of girding gyve, thirst, cold and stonie bed,
 Respect of mee, whose love hath no remorse !
 In death you live, but I in life am ded,
 Your joy is yet to come, my pleasure fled.
 In prison you have mindes at freedome aye,
 I free am thrall, whose love seekes his decaye.
 Unworthy you to live in such distresse
 Whose former faults repentance did bewaile :
 More fitter were this ladie mercilesse
 At grate to stand, with whome no tears prevaile :
 More worthy she to live in loathsome gaile,
 That murders such as sue to hir for lyfe,
 And spoyles hir faithfull friends with spiteful knyfe.

*Complaint of the Long Absence of his Love, upon the
 first Acquaintance.*

O curfed, cruell, canckred, chaunce !
 O fortune full of spight !
 Why hast thou so on fodaine reft
 from mee my chiefe delight ?
 What glorie shalt thou gaine, perdie,
 or purchase by the rage ?
 This is no conquest to be callde :
 wherefore thy rage affwage.
 To soone eclipsed was my joy,
 my dolours grow to fast ;
 For want of hir that is my life,
 my life it cannot last.
 Is this thy fickle kind so soone
 to hoise a man to joy,

And ere he touch the top of blisse
to breede him fuch anoy ?
Nowe doe I plaine perceive and fee
that poets faine not all,
For churlish chaunce is counted blinde,
and full of filthy gall.
I thought there had bene no fuch dame
ne goddesse on a wheele,
But now too well I know her kinde,
too soon hir force I feele ;
And that which doth augment my smart,
and maketh more my woe,
Is for I felt a sodaine joy
where now this grieve doth grow.
If thou hadst ment (unhappie hap)
thus to have nipt my joy,
Why didst thou shew a smyling cheere
that shouldst have lookt acoy ?
For griefes doe nothing grudge at all,
but where was blisse before :
None wailes the want of wealth so much
as he that had the store.
Not he that never saw the sunne
complaines for lack of light,
But fuch as saw his golden gleames,
and knew his cheerefull might.
Too late I learne, through spitefull chaunce,
that joy is mixt with wo,
And eche good hap hath hate in hoorde ;
the course of things is so.
So poyson lurcks in fuger sweete,
the hookē so hides the bayte ;

Even so in greene and pleafant grasse
the serpent lies in wayte.
Ulyffes wife, I learne at laft
thy forrow and distresse,
In abfence of thy lingring love,
that fhould thy woes redrefse.
Great was your griefe (ye Greekish Girles)
whilfte ftately Troie flood,
And kept your husbands from your laps
in perill of their blood.
All ye, therefore, that have affayde
what torments lack procures
Of that you love, lament my lack
which overlong endures.
Ye winds, transport my foking fighes
to my new chofen friende;
So may my forrow fwage, perhaps,
and dreerie ftate have ende.
Ye fighes, make true report of teares,
that fo beraine my brest,
As Helens husbands never were
for treason of his gueft.
If thou (my letter) maift attaine
the place of hir abode,
Doe thou, as herauld of the hart,
my forrowes quite unlode.
In thee, as in a myrrour cleere
or chriftall, may fhe vewe
My pangues, my paynes, my fighes and teares,
which tigers could but rewe.
There fhall fhee fee my fecret parts
encombred all with mone,

My fainting lims, my vapord eien,
with hart as colde as stone.
I know shee can but rue my case
when thou presents my fute,
Wherefore play thou thy part so well
that I may reape the frute.
And if (when shee hath read thee through)
shee place thee in hir lap,
Then chaunge thy cheere, thy maister hath
his long desired hap.

*The ventrous Lover, after long absence, craves his Ladie
to meete with him in place to enterparle of
hir adventures.*

IF so Leander durst
from Abydon to Sest
To swim to Herô, whome he chose
his friend above the rest,
And gage his comely corse
unto the fowling tyde,
To lay his water beaten lims
fast by hir tender side ;
Then I (my deare) whose gleames
and ardor doth surpasse
The scorching flame and blasfing heate
that in Leander was,
May well presume to take
the greatest toyle in hande,
To reach the place where thou dost lodge
the chiefe of Venus bande.

For not Leanders love
 my friendship doth excell,
Nor Herô may compare with hir
 that beares dame Beauties bell.
There resteth nought for thee
 but to assigne the place,
The mirrie day, the joyfull houre
 when I may see thy face.
Appoint the certaine tide
 and fixed stem of stay,
And thou shalt see thy faithfull friend
 will quickly come his way,
Not dreeding any doubt,
 but ventroufly will go
Through thick and thin, to gaine a glimpse
 of thee his fugred fo.
Where when by hap we meete,
 our long endured woes
Shall stint by force of friendly thoughts
 which we shall then discloes.
Then eyther may unfolde
 the secrets of the hart,
And show how long dislodge hath bred
 our cruell cutting smart.
Then may we freely chat
 of all forepassed toyes,
And put those pensive pangues to flight
 with new recourse of joyes.
Then pleasure shall possesse
 the lodge where dolour lay,
And mirrie blincks put cloudes of care
 and lowring lookes away :

Then kissing may be plide
 and clipping put in ure,
And lingred fores by Cupids falves
 aspire to quick recure.
Oh! dreede thou not at all,
 fet womans feare a part,
And take the courage of a man
 that haft a manly hart,
In hoftage aie with thee,
 to use at thy devise,
In all affaires and needefull houres,
 as matter shall arife.
Revoke to loving minde
 how ventrous Thisbe met
In fearefull night with Pyramus
 where Nynus tombe was fet :
So hazard thou to come
 unto the pointed place,
To thwart thy friend, and meete with him
 that longs to see thy face ;
Who better will attend
 thy friendly comming there,
Than Pyramus of Thysbe did
 his disappointed feere.
For (oh!) their meeting was
 the reaver of their breath,
The crop of endlesse care, and cause
 of either lovers death.
But we so warely will
 our fixed time attende,
As no mishap shall grow thereby ;
 And thus I make an ende

With wishing well to thee,
 and hope to meete in place
 To enterparle with thee (my friend)
 and tell my dolefull cafe.

To Maister Googe his Sonet out of sight out of thought.

THE leffe I fee, the more my teene,
 The more my teene the greater grieve,
 The greater grieve, the lesser feene,
 The lesser feene, the leffe reliefe;
 The leffe reliefe the hevier spright,
 When P. is farthest out of sight.

The rarer feene, the rifer fobs,
 The rifer fobbes, the sadder hart,
 The sadder hart, the greater throbs,
 The greater throbs, the worser smart;
 The worser smart proceedes of this
 That I my P. so often misse.

The neerer too, the more I smile,
 The more I smile, the merier minde;
 The mirrie minde doth thought exile,
 And thought exilde, recourse I finde
 Of heavenly joyes: all this delight
 Have I when P. is once in sight.

*The Lover, whose Mistresse feared a Mouse, declareth that he
 would become a Cat, if he might have his desire.*

If I might alter kinde,
 what thinke you I would bee?

Nor fish, nor foule, nor fle, nor frog,
 nor squirrell on the tree.
The fish the hooke, the foule
 the lymed twig doth catch,
The fle the finger, and the frog
 the buffard doth dispatch.
The squirrell thincking nought
 that feately cracks the nut,
The greedie gas Hauke wanting pray
 in dread of death doth put.
But scorning all these kindes,
 I would become a cat,
To combat with the creeping mouse,
 and scratch the screeking rat :
I would be present aye,
 and at my ladies call,
To gard hir from the fearefull mouse
 in parlour and in hall.
In kitching for his life
 he should not shew his hed,
The peare in poke should lie untoucht,
 when shee were gone to bed :
The mouse should stand in feare,
 so should the squeaking rat.
All this would I doe, if I were
 converted to a cat.

*The Lover driven to absent him from his Ladie,
 barwayles his estate.*

WHEN angrie Greekes with Troians fought,
In minde to sack their welthie towne,

King Agamemnon needefull thought
To beate the neighbour cities downe ;
And by his princely power to quell
Such as by Priams realme did dwell.

Thus forth he travailde with his traine
Till he unto Lyrnefus came,
Where cruell fight he did maintaine,
And flue fuch wights as were of fame :
Downe went the walles and all to wrack,
And so was Lyrnes brought to fack.

Two noble dames of paffing shape
Unto the prince were brought in fine,
That might compare with Paris rape,
Their glimring beauties fo did shine :
The prince chofe faireft of the twaine,
And Achyll tother for his paine.

And thus the warlike chiefetaines livde
Eche with his ladie in delight,
Till Agamemnon was deprivde
Of hir that golden Chryfes hight ;
For Gods did will as (poets faine)
That he fhould yeelde hir up againe.

Which done, he reft Achilles mate
To ferve in Chryfis place at neede,
Not forcing on the fowle debate
That followde of that cruell deede :
For why, Achylles grutged fore
To lofe the laffe he wan before.

And what for grieve and great difdaine
The Greeke his helmet hoong afide,
And fworde that many a knight had flaine,
And fhield that Trojan darts had tride :

Refusing to approch the place
Where he was woont his foes to chafe.

His manly courage was appallde,
His valiant hart began to yeelde,
His brawned armes, that earft were gallde
With clattering armour in the field,
Had loft their force ; his fist did faint,
His gladfome fongs were growne to plaint.

His mouth refusde his woonted foode,
His tongue could feele no taste of meat,
His hanging cheekes declarde his moode,
His feltred beard with haire unfet,
Bewraid his fodaine chaunge of cheere
For loofing of his loving feere.

His cares but sorrowes founde could heare,
The trumpets tune was quite forgot,
His eies were fraught with many a teare,
Whome carcking care permitted not
The pleafant flumber to retaine
To quite the fiellie mifers paine.

The thoufande part of pensive care
The noble Greeke endured than
In Bryfeis abfence, to declare
It farre furmounts the wit of man ;
But fure a martyr right he livde
Of Bryfeis beautie once berivde.

If thus Achylles valiant hart
Were wrapt in web of wailefull wo,
That was inurde too dint of dart,
His loving Bryfeis to forgo ;
If thus the fturdie Greeke (I fay)
Bewaild the night and wept the day,

Then blame not mee, a loving wight
Whom Nature made to Cupids bow,
To live in such a piteous plight,
Bewasht with waves of woofers wo
Than ever was the Greekish peere
Dispoiled of his darling deere.

For I of force am faine to flee
The presse, the presence and the place
Of you my love, a braver B
Than Bryseis was for foote and face ;
For head, for hande, for carkasse eeke,
Not to be matcht of any Greeke.

Whose troth you have full often tride,
Whose hart hath beene unfolded quight,
Whose faith by friendship was descride,
Whose joy consisted in your sight,
Whose paine was pleasure if in place
He might but gaze upon thy face.

O dolefull Greeke! I would I might
Exchange my trouble for thy paine,
For then I hope I should acquite
My grieve with gladfome joyes againe ;
For Bryseis made return to thee :
Would B. might doe the like to mee !

But to exchange my love for thine,
Or B. for Bryseis I ne would :
To labour in the leaden mine,
And leave the ground where growes the golde,
I minde it not : it follie were
To choose the paie, and leave the peare.

*That Lovers ought rather, at first acquaintance, to shew
thir meanings by Pen then by Mouth.*

If all that feele the fits of love
And flackring sparkes of Cupids fire,
By tatling tongues should say to move
Their ladies to their fonde desire,
No doubt, a number would but gaine
A badge of follie for their paine.

For ladyes eyther would suspect
Those sugred wordes, so sweete to eare,
With secrete poysons baite infect,
Or else would wisely stand in feare,
That all such flame as so did burne
To dustie cinders soone would turne.

For he that bluntly doth presume,
On small acquaintance, to display
His hidden fire by casting fume
Of wanton words, doth misse the way
To win the wight he honours so,
For of a friend he makes a fo.

For who is shee that may endure
The dapper tearmes that lovers use?
And painted proems to procure
The modest matrons minde to muse?
No; first let writings go to tell
Your ladies that you love them well.

And when that time hath triall made
Of perfite love and faithfull brest,
Then boldly may you further wade:

This counfell I account the best ;
 And this (my deare) procurde my quill
 To write, and tongue to be so still.

Which now at first shall flatly showe,
 As faithfull herauld of the hart,
 The perfite love to thee I owe,
 That breedst my joy, and wilt my smart,
 Unlesse at last (remembrance) rue
 Upon hir (thought) that will be true.

Wherefore I say, go slender scrole
 To hir the felie mouse that shonnes :
 Salute in friendly fort the foule
 Among those pretie beastes that wonnes,
 That bit the pocat for the peare,
 And bred the foule to such a feare.

An Epitaph of Maister Win, drowned in the sea.

WHO so thou art that passest by this place,
 And runst at random on the slipper way,
 Recline thy listning eare to mee a space ;
 Doe stay thy ship, and hearken what I saye :
 Cast ankor here untill my tale be donne,
 So maist thou chaunce the lyke mishaps to shonne.

Learne this of mee ; that men doe live to die,
 And death decayes the worthiest wightes of all.
 No worldly welth or kingdomes can supplie,
 Or garde their princes from the fatall fall :
 One way to come unto this lyfe we see,
 But to be rid thereof a thousand bee.

My gallant youth and frolick yeares behight
Mee longer age, and filver haire to have ;
I thought my day would never come to night,
My prime provokte me to forget my grave :
I thought by water to have scape the death
That now amid the seas doe lose my breath.

Now, now the churlish chanell me doth chock,
Now furling seas conspire to breede my carke,
Now fighting flouds enforce me to the rock,
Charybdis whelps and Scyllas dogs doe barke ;
Now hope of life is past, [and] now I see
That W. can no more a lives man bee.

Yet I do well affie for my defart
(When cruell death hath done the worst it may)
Of well renowned Fame to have a part
To save my name from ruine and decay :
And that is all that thou or I may gaine,
And so adue : I thanke thee for thy paine.

Againe.

O NEPTUNE, churlish chuff, O wayward wolfe !
O god of seas by name, no god in deede !
O Tyran, ruler of the gravell goolfe
Where greater fish on lesser spawne doth feede,
Why didst thou drench with deadly mace a wight
That well deservde to run his course aright ?

O cruell curfed tide ! O weltring wave
That W. wrought this detestable care !
O wrathfull furge ! why wouldst thou not vouchsafe
A mid thy rage so good a youth to spare,

And suffer him in luckie bark to reach
The pleasant port of ease and blifsfull beach?

But what though furing seas and tossing tide
Have done their worst, and uttered all their force
In working W. wrack, that so hath tride
The cruellst rage that might befall his corse,
Yet naythelesse his ever during name
Is fast ingravde within the house of Fame.

Let fishes feede upon his flesh apace,
Let crawling cungers creepe about his bones,
Let wormes awake and W. carkasse race,
For why it was appointed for the nones :
But when they have done all the spite they can
His good report shall live in mouth of man.

In stead of stonie tombe and marble grave,
In lieu of a[ny] lamentable verse,
Let W. on the sandie cheafell have
This dolefull rime in stead of better hierse :
Lo ! here among the wormes doth W. woon
That well deservde a farther race to roon.

But since his fate allotted him to fall
Amid the fowling seas and troublous tide,
Let not his death his faithfull friends appall,
For he is not the first that so hath dide,
Nor shall be seene the last : as nie a way
To heaven by waters as by land they fay.

Praise of his Love.

APPELLES, lay the pensill downe,
and shun thy woonted skill,

Let brute no more with flattring trumpe
the Greekish eares fulfill :
Clayme not to thee such painters praise
as thou hast done of yore,
Least thou in fine be foiled flat,
and gained glorie lore.
So seeke not to disgrace the Greekes,
thy loving native land,
But rather from depainting formes
withdraw thy skillest hand :
For so thou stiffely stand and vaunt
that thou wilt frame hir like,
Whome I extoll above the starres,
thou art a stately Greeke.
As soone with might thou mayste remove
the rock from whence it growes,
As frame hir featurde forme in whome
such flouds of graces flowes.
If I might speake, unhurt of hate,
I would avaunt that kinde,
In spite of rose and lillie both,
had hir in earth assignde
To dwell among the daintie dames
that shee hath placed heere,
Cause, by hir passing feature might
Dame Natures skill appeere.
Hir haire surmounts Apollos pride,
in it such beautie raines ;
Hir glistring eies the cristall farre
and finest saphire staines ;
A little mouth with decent chin,
a corall lip of hue,

With teeth as white as whale his bone,
 eche one.in order due.
 A body blamelesse to be found,
 armes rated to the fame,
 Such hands with azure deckt, as all
 that warre with hir doe shame.
 As for the partes in covert kept
 and what is not in fight,
 I doe esteeme them by the reast,
 not forcing on dispight.
 If I were foreman of the quest,
 my verdict to expresse,
 Forgive mee (Phœbus) of thy place
 shée should thee dispossesse.
 P. should be raised to the cloudes,
 and Phœbus brought alow,
 For that there should live none in earth
 but might hir vertue know.
 Thus to conclude and make an ende ;
 to vouch I dare be bolde,
 As foone as Nature hir had made,
 all Natures ware was folde.

The complaint of a Friend of his having lost his Dove.

WHAT! shold I shed my teares to show mine inward paine
 Since that the jewell I have lost may not be had again ?
 Yet bootelesse though it bee to utter covert smart,
 It is a meane to cure the grieffe, and make a joyfull hart.
 Wherefore I say to you that have enjoyde your love,
 Lament with me in wofull wise for loosing of my dove.

You turtle cocks, that are your loving hennes bereft,
And do bewaile your cruell chaunce that you alive are left,
Come hither, come I say, come hie in haste to mee,
Let eyther make his dolefull plaint amid this drearie tree.
A fitter place than this may no where else be found,
For friendly eccho here wil cause ech cry to yeeld a found.
In youth it was my luck on such a dove to light,
As by good nature wan my love, she was my whole delite;
A fresher fowle than mine for shape and beauties hue,
Was never any man on earth that had the hap to vewe.
Dame Nature hir had framde so perfite in hir kinde,
As not the spiteful man himself one fault in hir could finde:
Her eie so passing pure, hir beake so brave and fit,
The stature of her lims so small, hir head so full of wit,
Hir neck of so good fyfe, hir plume of colour white,
Hir legs and feete so finely made, though seldom fene in
fight:

Eche part so fitly pight as none mought chaunge his place,
Nor any bird could lightly have so good and brave a
grace.

But most of all that I did fanfie was hir voyce,
For swete it was unto mine eare, and made the hart rejoyce.
No sooner could I come in place where she was fet,
But up she rose, and joyfull would hir make and lover met:
About my tender neck she would have clasped tho,
And laid hir beake betwixt my lips, sweete kisses to besto;
And ought besides that mought have pleasurde me at all,
Was never man that had a birde so fit to play withall.
When I for joy did sing, she would have song with mee,
When I was wo, my grief was hers, she wold not plesant be.
But (oh!) amid my joyes came cruell canckred death,

H H

And spiting at my pleafures reft my loving bird hir breath :
 Who finding me alack, and abfent on a day,
 Caught bow in hand, and ftrok hir down, a breeding as
 ſhe lay.

Since I have caufe to waile the death of fuch a dove,
 (Good turtles) help me to lament the loffe of my true love.
 The tree whereon ſhe fat ſhall be the place where I
 Will ſing my laſt, and end my life, for (turtles) I muſt die.
 You know it is our kinde, we can not live alone,
 More pleaſant is the death to us then life when love is gone.
 To tell a farther tale my fainting breath denies,
 And ſelfe ſame death that ſlue my dove begins to cloſe
 mine eies.

*That Lovers ought to ſhunne no paines to attaine
 their Love.*

IF marchaunts in their warped keales
 commit themſelves to wave,
 And dreadfull daunger of the goulfe
 in tempeſt that doth rave,
 To fet from farre and forraine lands
 ſuch ware as is to ſell,
 And is not in their native foile
 where they themſelves doe dwell :
 If ſouldiars ſerve in perills place
 and dread of cannon ſhot,
 Ech day in daunger of their lives
 and countrie loſſe, God wot,
 Whoſe muſick is the dreadfull drum
 and dolefull trumpets founde,

Who have, in stead of better bed,
the colde and stonie grounde,
And all tattaine the spoile with speede
of such as doe withstande,
Which slender is sometime we see
when so it comes to hande :
If they for lucre light sustaine
such perill as enfues,
Then those that serve the lorde of love
no travaile ought refuse ;
But lavish of their lively breath
all tempest to abide,
To maintaine love and all his lawes
what fortune so betide :
And not to shrink at erie shoure
or stormie flaw that lights,
Ne yet to yeelde themselves as thrall
to such as with them fights.
Such are not fit for Cupids campe,
they ought no wages win,
Which faint before the clang of trump,
or battels broile begin :
They must not make account of hurt,
for Cupid hath in store
Continually within his compe
a salve for erie fore.
Their ensigne bearer is so stoute,
ecleaped Hope by name,
As if they follow his advice,
ech thing shall be in frame ;
But if for want of courage stoute
the banner be bereft,

If Hope by hap be stricken downe,
and no good hope yleft,
Tis time with trump to blow retreat,
the field must needs be won :
So Cupid once be captive tane,
his souldiars are undoon.
Wherefore, what so they are that love,
as waged men doe serve,
Must shun no daunger drift at all,
ne from no perill swerve :
Keepe watch and warde the wakefull night,
and never yeelde to rest,
For feare least thou, a waiting nought,
on sodaine be opprest.
Though hunger gripe thy emptie maw,
endure it for a while,
Till time doe serve with good repast
such famine to beguile :
Be not with chilly colde dismaide,
let snow nor ice procure
Thy lustfull lims from painefull plight,
thy ladie to allure.
That is the spoile that Cnpid gives,
that is the onely wight,
Where at his thralls are wont to rove
with arrowes from their fight.
My felfe, as one among the moe,
shall never spare to spend
My life, my lims, yea, hart and all,
Loves quarrell to defend ;
And so in recompence of paines,
and toile of perills past,

He yeelde mee but my ladies love,
I will not be agast
Of Fortune, nor hir frowning face :
I nought shall force hir cheere,
But tend on erie turne on hir
that is my loving feere.

A request of Friendship to Vulcans Wyfe, made by Mars.

THOUGH froward Fortune would that you, who are
So brave a dame, with Vulcan shoulden linck,
Yet may you love the lustie God of warre,
And bleare his eies that no such fraud will thinck.
Tis Cupids charge ; and all the Gods agree,
That you be feere to him, and friend to mee.

*The Lover that had loved long without requitall
of good will.*

LONG did I love, and likte hir passing well,
Whose beautie bred the thraldom of my thought ;
Long did I sue to hir for to expell
The foule disdaine that beauties beames had wrought :
Long did I serve, and long I would have doon,
My minde was bent a thorow race to roon.

Long when I had loovde, fude, and served so,
As mought have likte as brave a dame as shee,
Hir friend she forced not, but let him go :
Shee loovde at leaft besides him two or three.

Hir common cheare to erie one that fude,
Bred me to deeme thee did hir friend delude.

Great was my grieve at first to be refusde,
That long had loovde with true unfained hart;
But when I sawe I had beene long abusde,
I forcde the lesse from such a friend to part:
Yet, ere I gave hir up, I gainde a thing
That grieve to hir, and ease to me did bring.

To a Friend that wiled him to beware of Envie.

This found advise and counsell sent from you,
With friendly hart that you (my friend) doe give,
With willing minde I purpose to ensue,
And to beware of envie whilst I live:
For spitefull it doth nought but malice brue,
Aie seeking love from faithfull harts to rive,
And plant, in place where perfit friendship grue,
A mortall hate, good nature to deprive:
And those that nip mee by the back behinde,
I trust you shall untrue reporters finde.

Of Misreporters.

I HOPE (mine owne) this fixed love of thine
Is so well staid and rooted deepe in brest,
That not, unlesse thou see it with thine eie
That I from thee my love and friendship wrest,
Thou wilt untie the knot of thy behest.

I trust your felfe of envie will beware,
That wild your friend take heede of envies snare.

That no man should write but such as doe excell.

SHOULD no man write (say you)
but such as doe excell?
This fonde devise of yours deserves
a bable and a bell.
Then one alone should doe,
or verie few in deede,
For that in erie art there can
but one alone exceede.
Should others ydle bee,
and waste their age in vaine,
That mought, perhaps, in after time
the prick and price attaine?
By practife skill is got,
by practife wit is woon:
At games you see how many doe
to win the wager roon;
Yet one among the moe
doth beare away the bell:
Is that a cause to say the rest
in running did not well?
If none in phisick should
but onely Galene deale,
No doubt a thousand perishe would,
whome phisick now doth heale.
Eche one his talent hath,
to use at his devise,

Which makes that many men, as well
as one, are counted wise.
For if that wit alone
in one should rest and raine,
Then God the skulles of other men
did make but all in vaine.
Let eche one trie his force,
and doe the best he can,
For thereunto appointed were
the hand and leg of man.
The poet Horace speakes
against thy reason plaine,
Who sayes tis somewhat to attempt,
although thou not attaine
The scope in erie thyng :
to touch the highest degree
Is passing hard, too doe the best
sufficing is for thee.

*To his Friend, declaring what vertue it is to stick to
former plighted friendship.*

The fage and silver haired wights doe thinke
A vertue rare not to be proude of mind,
When fortune smiles ; nor cowardly to shrink
Though chaunged chaunce do shew hir self unkind ;
But chieftest praise is to imbrace the man,
In welth and wo, with whome your love began.

Of two desperate Men.

A man in deepe dispaire, with hemp in hand,
Went out in haste to ende his wretched daies,
And where he thought the gallo tree should stand,
He found a pot of gold : he goes his waies
Therewith eftsoone, and in exchange he left
The rope wherewith he would his breath bereft.

The greedie carle came within a space
That owde the good, and saw the pot behind
Where ruddocks lay, and in the ruddocks place
A knottie cord, but ruddocks could not find :
He caught the hemp and hoong himselfe on tree,
For grieve that he is treasure could not see.

Of the torments of Hell, and the paines of Love.

Though they that wanted grace,
and whilome lived heere,
Sustaine such pangues and paines in hell
as doth by bookes appeere ;
Though restlesse be the rage
of that infernall route,
That voide of feare and pitties plaint
doe fling the fire aboute,
And tosse the blasing brands
that never shall consume,
And breath on fiellie foules that fit
and suffer furious fume ;
Though Tantall, Pelops sonne,
abide the dropsie dry,

And sterue with hunger where he hath
both foode and water by ;
Though Tytius doe indure
his liver to be rent
Of vultures tyring on the same
unto his spoile ybent ;
And Syfiphe though with paine
and never stinting drift
Doe role the stone from mountaines top
and it to mountaine lift ;
Though Belydes doe broile
and suffer endlesse paine,
In drawing water from the deepe
that falleth downe againe ;
Though Agamemnons sonne
such retchlesse rage indure,
By meane of furies that with flame
his griefull smart procure ;
Though Mynos hath affignde
Prometheus to the rack,
With hand and foote ystretch awide
till all his lims doe crack,
To leade a lothsome life
and die a living death,
Amid his paines to waste his winde,
and yet to want no breath ;
Though other stand in Stix
with fulpher that doth flame,
And other plunge in Phlegiton
so gastly for the name ;
Though Cerberus, the kaie
of Plutos denne that beares,

With hungrie throte and greedie gripe
the newcome straunger teares ;
Though these condemned ghostes
such dreadfull paine indures,
Yet may they not compare at all
with pangues that love procures.
His tiring farre exceeds
the gnawing of the gripes,
And with his whip such lashes gives
that passe Megeras stripes.
He lets the liver lie,
tormenting aie the hart,
He strikes and wounds his bounden thrall
with dubble hedded dart.
His fire exceeds the flame
of deepe Avernus lakes,
And where he once pretendes a plague,
a spitefull spoile he makes.
His foes doe wake by day,
they dread to sleepe the night ;
They ban the funne, they curse the moone,
and all that else gives light.
They passe their lothsome lives
with not contented minde ;
Their dolefull daies drawe flow to date,
as Cupid hath affignde.
To Tantall like, but yet
their case is worse than his ;
They have that they imbrace, but straight
are quite bereft of blis :
They waste their winde in fighes,
they bleare their eies with brine,

They breake their bulcks with bowncing grieffe,
their harts with lingring pine.
Though Orpheus were alive
with musick that appeasde
The uglie God of Lymbo Lake,
and foules so fore diseasde,
By arte he mought not ease
the lovers fervent fits,
Ne purchase him his harts desire,
so troubled are his wits.
No place of quiet rest,
no roome devoide of ruth,
No fwaging of his endlesse paine,
whose death doth trie his truth.
His chamber serves for nought
but witnesse of his plaint,
His bed and bolster to bewaile
their lorde with love attaint.
The man for murther caught,
and clodgde with yron colde,
To sweare that he more happie is
than lovers may be bolde;
For he in little space
his dreadfull day shall see,
But Cupids thralls in daylie griefes
tormented daylie bee.
A thousand deaths they bide
whilst they in life remaine,
And onely plaints and stormie thoughts
they are the lovers gaine.

An Epitaph on the death of Maister Tufton of Kent.

HERE may wee see the force of spitefull death,
And what a fwaye it beares in worldly things ;
It neyther spares the one nor others breath,
He flayes the keasers and the crowned kings.

Nothing prevailes against his hatefull hande,
He heares no futers when they pleade for lyfe,
The richmans purse cannot deaths powre withstand,
Nor fouldiars sworde compare with fatall knyfe.
He recketh not of well renowmed fame,
He forceth not a whit of golden fee,
His greatest joy is to obscure the name
Of such as feeke immortall aie to bee.

For if that wealth, bloud, lynage, or defart,
Love, pittie, zeale, or friendship mought prevaild ;
If life well led, if true unfayned hart
Mought purchase lyfe, then death had not affaild.

This Tuftons lyfe with curst and cruell blade,
Breaking the course of him that ran so right
A race as he no stop at all had made,
Had death not tript this Tufton for despight.

The poore have lost, the ritch have nothing gaind,
The good have cause to mourne, the yll to plaine,
For Tufton was to all a friend unfaind.
Let Kent cry out that death hath Tufton slaine,
Yet this there is, whereof they may rejoyce,
That his good lyfe hath woon the peoples voyce.

Againe.

LET never man presume of worldly wealth,
 Let riches never breede a loftie minde,
 Let no man boast to much of perfite health,
 Let Natures gifts make no man over blinde,
 For these are all but bladders full of winde.

Let friendship not enforce a retchlesse thought,
 Let no defart or life well led before,
 Let no renowne or glorie greatly fought,
 Make man forget his present state the more ;
 For death is he that keepes and rids the store.

If eyther health, or goods had beene of powre,
 If Natures giftes, or friendship and good will,
 If lyfe forepast, if glories golden bowre
 Mought have prevaild, or stopt the dolefull knill
 Of Tufton, then had Tufton lived still.

But now you see that death hath quight undoon
 His last of lyfe, and put him to the foile,
 Yet lives the vertue that alive he woon,
 The times alone are shrowded in the foile :
 Thus death is ende of all this worldlesse toile.

In praise of Ladie P.

P. SEEMES of Venus stock to bee
 for beauties comely grace,
 A Gryfell for hir gravitie,
 a Helen for hir face :
 A fecond Pallas for hir wit,
 a goddesse rare in fight ;

A Dian for hir daintinesse,
 shee is so chaste a wight.
Doe vew hir corse with curious eie,
 eche lim from top to toe,
And you shall say I tell but truth
 that doe extoll hir fo.
The head, as chiefe, that stands aloft
 and over looketh all,
With wisedome is so fully fraught,
 as Pallas there did stall.
Two eares that trust no trifling tales,
 nor credit blazing brute,
Yet such againe as readie are
 to heare the humbles fute.
Hir eies are such as will not gaze
 on things not worthy sight,
And where she ought to cast a looke
 she will not winke in spight.
The golden graines that greedie questes
 from forraine countries bring,
Ne shining Phœbus glittering beames
 that on his godhead spring;
No auncient amber, had in price
 of Roman matrons olde,
May be comparde with splendant haire
 that passe the Venys golde.
Hir nose adorns hir countnance so
 in middle justly plaste,
As it at no time will permit
 hir beautie be defaste.
Hir mouth so small, hir teeth so white
 as any whale his bone,

Hir lips without so lively red
that passe the corall stone.
What neede I to describe hir cheekes,
hir chin, or else hir pap?
For they are all as though the rose
lodge in the lillies lap.
What should I stand upon the rest
or other parts depaint,
As little hand with fingers long?
my wits are all to faint.
Yet this I say in hir behalfe,
if Helen were hir leeke,
Sir Paris neede not to disdaine
hir through the seas to seeke;
Nor Menelaus was unwife
or troupe Troians mad,
When he with them, and they with him,
for hir such combat had.
Leanders labour was not lost
that swam the furing seas,
If Hero were of such a hue
whome so he sought to please.
And if Admetus darling deere
were of so fresh a face,
Though Phœbus kept Admetus flock,
it may not him disgrace;
Nor mightie Mavors waye the floutes,
and laughing of the rest,
If such a one were thee with whome
he lay in Vulcans nest.
If Bryseis beautie were so brave,
Achylles needes no blame,

Who left the campe and fled the field
for loofing fuch a dame.
If fhee in Ida had bene feene
with Pallas and the reft,
I doubt where Paris would have chofe
Dame Venus for the beft ;
Or if Pygmalion had but tane
a glimfe of fuch a face,
He would not then his idoll dumbe
fo fervently imbrace.
But what fhall neede fo many wordes
in things that are fo plaine ?
I fay but that I doubt where kinde
can make the like againe.

*The Lover in utter difpaire of his Ladies returne, in
eche refpect compares his eſtate with Troylus.*

My caſe with Troylus may compare,
For as he felt both ſorrow and care,
Even ſo doe I, moſt miſer wight,
That am a Troylus outright.
As ere he could atchieve his wiſh,
He fed of many a dolefull diſh,
And day and night unto the ſkies
The ſielie Troian keſt his eies,
Requeſting ruth at Crefids hande,
In whome his life and death did ſtande,
So night and day I ſpent in wo,
Ere ſhe hir pittie would beſtow

To quight me from the painefull plight
That made me be a martir right.
As when at laft he favour founde,
And was recured of his wounde,
His grutching griefes to comfort grue,
And torments from the Troian flue;
So when my ladie did remoove
Hir rigour, and began to loove
Hir vaffell in fuch friendly fort,
As might appere by outward port,
Then who began to joy but I,
That ftoode my miftrefse hart so nie?
Then (as the Troian did) I foong,
And out my ladies vertues roong
So lowde, as all the world could tell
What was the meaning of the bell.
And as that pleafant taste of joy
That he endured had in Troy,
From fweete to fower did convart,
When Crefida did thence depart,
So my forepaffed pleasures arre
By fpitefull fortune put a farre
By hir departure from the place,
Where I was woont to view hir face,
So angelike that fhone in fight
Surpaffing Phœbus golden light.
As when that Diomed the Greeke
Had given the Troian foe the gleeke.
And reft him Crefids comely hue
Which often made his hart to rue,
The wofull Troylus did lament,

And dolefull dayes in mourning spent,
So I, bereft my looving make,
To sighs and fobbings mee betake,
Repining that my fortune is
Of my desired friend to misse,
And that a guilefull Greeke should bee
Esteemde of hir in such degree.
But though my fortune frame awrie,
And I, dispoylde hir companie,
Must waste the day and night in wo,
For that the gods appointed so,
I naythelesse will with hir well
And better than to Cressid fell :
I pray she may have better hap
Than beg hir bread with dish and clap,
As shee, the felie miser, did,
When Troylus by the spittle rid.
God shield hir from the lazars lore,
And lothsome leapers stincking fore,
And for the love I earst hir bare
I wish hir as my selfe to fare :
My selfe that am a Troian true
As shee full well by triall knue.
And as King Priams worthie sonne
All other ladies seemde to shonne,
For love of Cressid ; so do I
All Venus dearlings quight desie,
In minde to love them all aleeke,
That leave a Troian for a Greeke.

*The Lover declareth what he would have, if he might
obtaine his wish.*

If Gods would daine to lend
a listning eare to mee,
And yeelde me my demaunde at full,
what think you it to bee ?
Not to excell in feate,
or wield the regall mace,
Or scepter in such stately fort
as might commende the place :
For as their hawte is hie,
so is their ruine rough,
As those that earst hath felt the fall
declare it well ynough.
Ne would I wish by warre
and bloudie blade in fist,
To gore the ground with gittleffe blood
of such as would resist :
For tirants though a while
doe leade their lives in joy,
Yet tirants trie, in trackt of time,
how bloudshed doth annoy.
I would none office crave,
ne consulship request,
For that such rule is full of rage,
and fraught with all unrest.
Ne would I wish for welth
in great excesse to flow,
Which keepes the keyes of discords denne,
as all the world doth know ;

But my desire should farre
such base requests excell,
That I might hir enjoy at will
whome I doe love so well.
O mightie God of gods !
I were assured than
In happie hap him to surpasse,
that were the happiest man :
Then might I march in mirth
with well contented minde,
And joy to thinke that I in love
such blissefull hap did finde.
What friendly wordes would we
together then recite ;
More than my tongue is able tell,
or this poore pen to write :
Then should my hart rejoyce
and thereby comfort take,
As they have felt that earst have had
the use of such a make.
If Fortune then would frowne,
or fought me to disgrace,
The touching of hir cherrie lip
such sorrowes would displace.
Or if such grieve did growe
as might procure my smart,
Hir long and limber armes to mee
might soone reduce my hart.
For as by foming flouds
the fleeting fishes lives,
To salamanders as the flame
their onely comfort gives,

So doth thy beautie (P.)
 my forrowes quite expell,
And makes me fare where I should faint,
 unlesse thou loovdste mee well.
And as by waters want,
 fish falleth to decay,
And salamander cannot live
 when flame is tane away,
So absence from hir sight
 whole seas of forrowes makes,
Which presence of that paragon
 by secret vertue flakes.
Would Death would spare to spoyle,
 and crooked age to rafe
(As they are woont by course of kinde)
 Pees beautie in this case ;
Yet though their rigor rage,
 and powre by prooffe be plaine,
If P. should die to morrow next,
 yet P. should live againe ;
For phoenix by his kinde
 to phoenix will returne,
When he by force of Phœbus flame
 in scalding skies doe burne.
Then P. must needs revive
 that is a phoenix plaine,
And P. by lack of lively breath
 shall be a P. againe.

*Of a Gentlewoman that wilde hir Lover to weare greene
Bayes, in token of hir stedfast love towards him.*

B. TOLDE me that the bay would aye be greene,
And never chaunge his hue for winters thret ;
Wherefore (quoth shee) that plainely may be seene
What love thy ladie beares, the lawrell get.

A braunch aloft upon the helmet weare,
Prefuming that, untill the lawrell die
And loze his native colour, I will beare
A faithfull hart, and never fwerve awrie.

I (fiely foule) did smile with joyfull brow,
Hoping that Daphnis would retaine hir hue,
And not have chaungde; and lykewise that the vow
My ladie made would make my ladie true.

O Gods! beholde the chaunce: I wore the tree,
And honord it as stay of stedfast love,
But sodainely the lawrell might I see
To looke as browne as doth the brownest dove.

I marveld much at this unwoonted sight :
Within a day or two came newes to mee
That shee had chaungde, & swarvde hir friendship quight,
Wherefore affie in neither trull nor tree.

For I perceive that colours lightly chaunge,
And ladies love on sodaine waxeth straunge.

*An Epitaph of Maister Edwards, sometime Maister of the
Children of the Chappell, and Gentleman of
Lyncolns Inne of Court.*

YE learned Muses nine,
and sacred Sisters all,

Now lay your cheerefull cithrons downe,
and to lamenting fall.
Rent off those garlands greene,
do lawrell leaves away,
Remoove the myrtell from your browes,
and stint on strings to play ;
For he that led the daunce,
the chiefeft of your traine,
(I meane the man that Edwards height)
by cruell death is flaine.
Yee courtyers chaunge your cheere,
lament in wailefull wife,
For now your Orpheus hath refigne ;
in clay his carcas lyes.
O ruth ! he is bereft
that whilst he lived heere
For poets pen and paffing wit
could have no English peere.
His vaine in verfe was fuch,
fo ftately eke his ftile,
His feate in forging fugged fongs
with cleane and curious file,
As all the learned Greekes
and Romaines would repine,
If they did live againe, to vewe
his verfe with fcornefull eine.
From Plautus he the palme
and learned Terence wan :
His writings well declare the wit
that lurked in the man.
O Death ! thou stoodfte in dread
that Edwards by his art

And Wisedome would have scape thy shaft,
and fled thy furious dart.
This feare enforste thy fist
thy curfed bow to bende,
And let the fatall arrow flie
that Edwards life did ende.
But spite of all thy spite,
when all thy hate is tride,
(Thou curfed Death!) his earned praise
in mouth of man shall bide.
Wherefore (O Fame!) I say
to trumpe thy lips applie,
And blow a blast that Edwards brute
may pierce the golden skie.
For here bylow in earth
his name is so well knowne,
As eche, that knew his life, laments
that hee so foone is gone.

*An Epitaph on the death of Maister Arthur Brooke,
drownde in passing to New Haven.*

AT point to ende and finishe this my booke,
Came good report to mee, and wild me write
A dolefull verse in praise of Authur Brooke,
That age to come lament his fortune might.

Agreede (quoth I) for sure his vertues were
As many as his yeares in number few:
The muses him in learned laps did beare,
And Pallas dug this daintie bab did chew.

Apollo lent him lute, for folace fake
To sound his verfe by touch of ftately ftring,
And of the never fading baye did make
A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling ;

In proufe that he for myter did excell,
As may be iudge by Julyet and hir mate ;
For there he fhewde his cunning paffing well,
When he the tale to Englifh did tranflate.

But what ? as he to forraine realme was bownd
With others moe, his foveraigne queene to ferve,
Amid the feas unluckie youth was drownd ;
More speedie death than fuch one did deferue.

Aye mee ! that time (thou crooked delphin) where
Waft thou, Aryons help and onely ftay,
That fafely him from fea to fhore didft beare ?
When Brooke was drownd why waft you then away ?

If found of harp thine eare delighted fo,
And caufer was that he beft rid thy back,
Then doubtleffe thou moughtft wel on Brooke beftow
As good a turne, to fave him from the wrack.

For fure his hande Aryons harp exceld,
His pleafant pen did paffe the others fkill :
Who fo his booke with judging eie beheld
Gave thanks to him, and praisde his learned quill.

Thou cruel goulf, what meanft thou to devowre
With fupping feas a jewell of fuch fame ?
Why didft thou fo with water marre the flowre
That Pallas thought fo curioufly to frame ?

Unhappie was the haven which he fought,
Cruell the feas whereon his fhip did glide,

The winds to rough that Brooke to ruine brought,
Unskilfull he that undertooke to glide [guide].

But fithens teares can not revoke the ded,
Nor cries recall a drowned man to lande,
Let this suffice textall the life he led,
And print his prayse in house of Fame to stande,

That they that after us shall bee and live
Deserved praise to Arthur Brooke may give,
(qd) G. T.

Of the renowned Lady, Lady Anne Countesse Warwick.

AN earle was your fire, a worthie wight ;
A cowntesse gave you tet, a noble dame ;
An earle is your feere, a Mars outright ;
A cowntesse eke your selfe of bruted fame ;
A brother lorde, your father earles sonne :
Thus doth your line in lordes and earles ronne.

You were well knowne of Ruffels race a childe,
Of Bedfords blood that now doth live an earle,
Now Warwicks wife, a warlike man in field,
A Venus peere, a ritche and orient pearle :
Wherefore to you, that sister, childe, and wife
To lorde and earles are, I wish long life.

You Alpha were when I this booke begoonne,
And formost, as became your state, did stande ;
To be Omega now you will not rhoonne,
(O noble dame!) I trust ; but take with hande
This ragged rime, and with a courteous looke,
And cowntesse eie, peruse this tryfling booke.

The Authours Epiloge to his Booke.

THE countnance of this noble cowntesse marck,
When she, thy verse with eie that saphire like
Doth shine, furvayes ; let be thy onely carck
To note hir lookes : and if she ought mislike,
Say that thou shouldst have hid it from hir sight :
Thy authour made the best for hir delight.

The woorst he wilde in covert scrole to lurke,
Untill the beare were overlickt afresh ;
For why, in deede this hastie hatched wurke
Resembleth much the shapelesse lumpe of flesh
That beares bring forth : so, when I lick thee over,
Thou shalt (I trust) thy perfite shape recover.

FINIS.

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FINIS.

[*Under a wood-cut of a Bear and ragged staff, and a Lion.*]

The Lyon stout, whom never earst
could any beast subdue,
Here (Madame) as you see doth yeelde
both to your Beare and you.

Imprinted at London

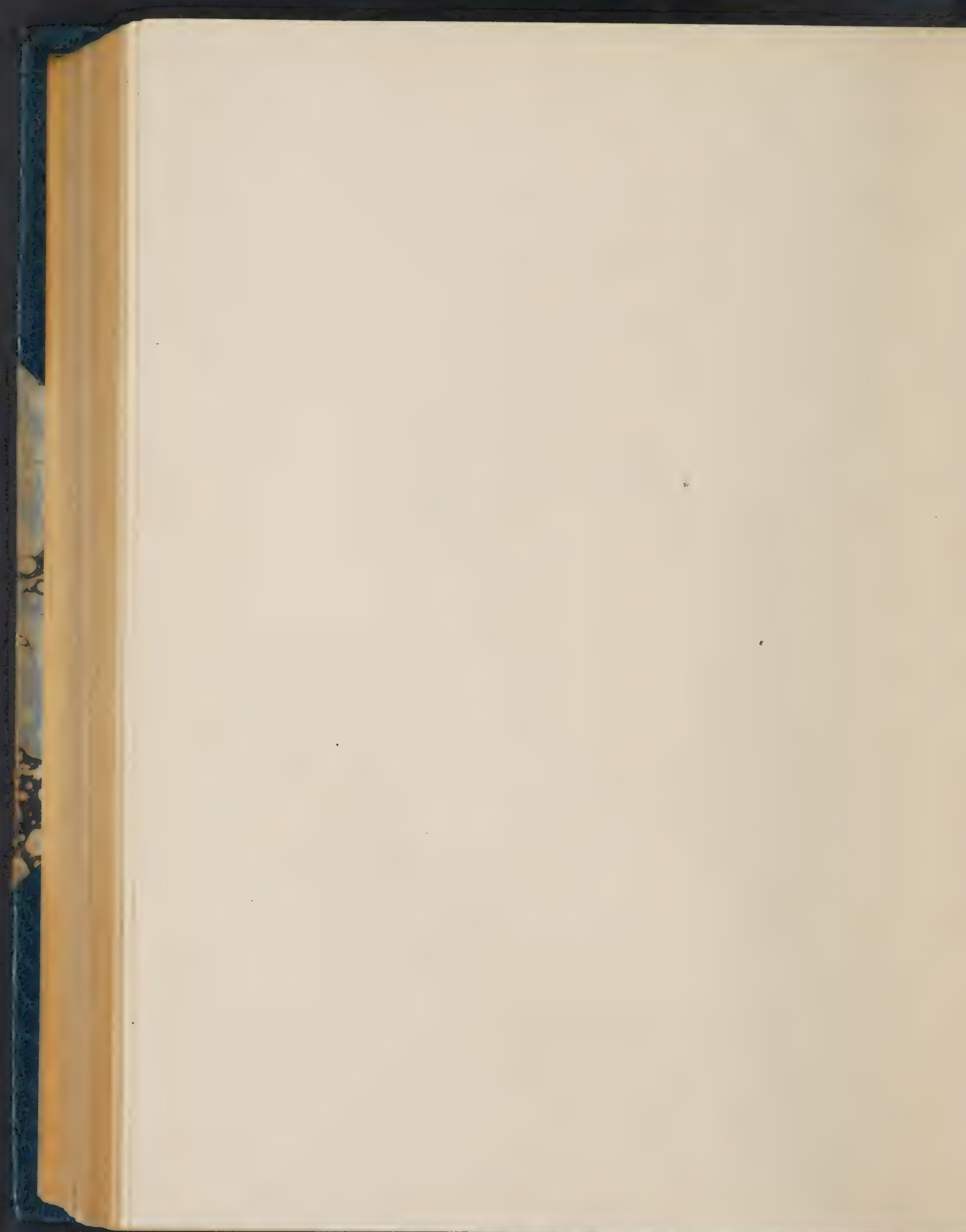
by Henry Denham
dwelling in Pater-
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the Starre.

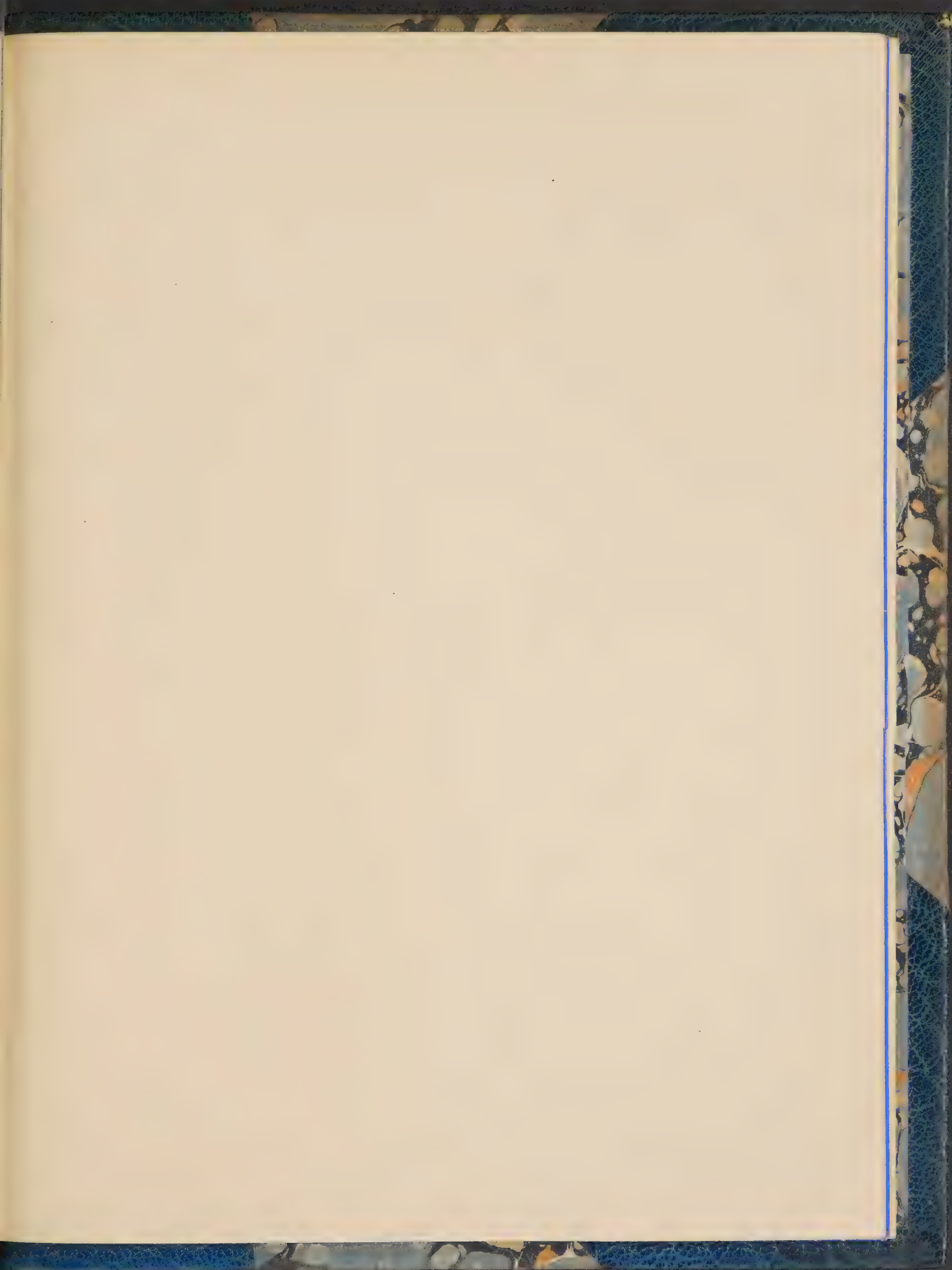


Anno Domini

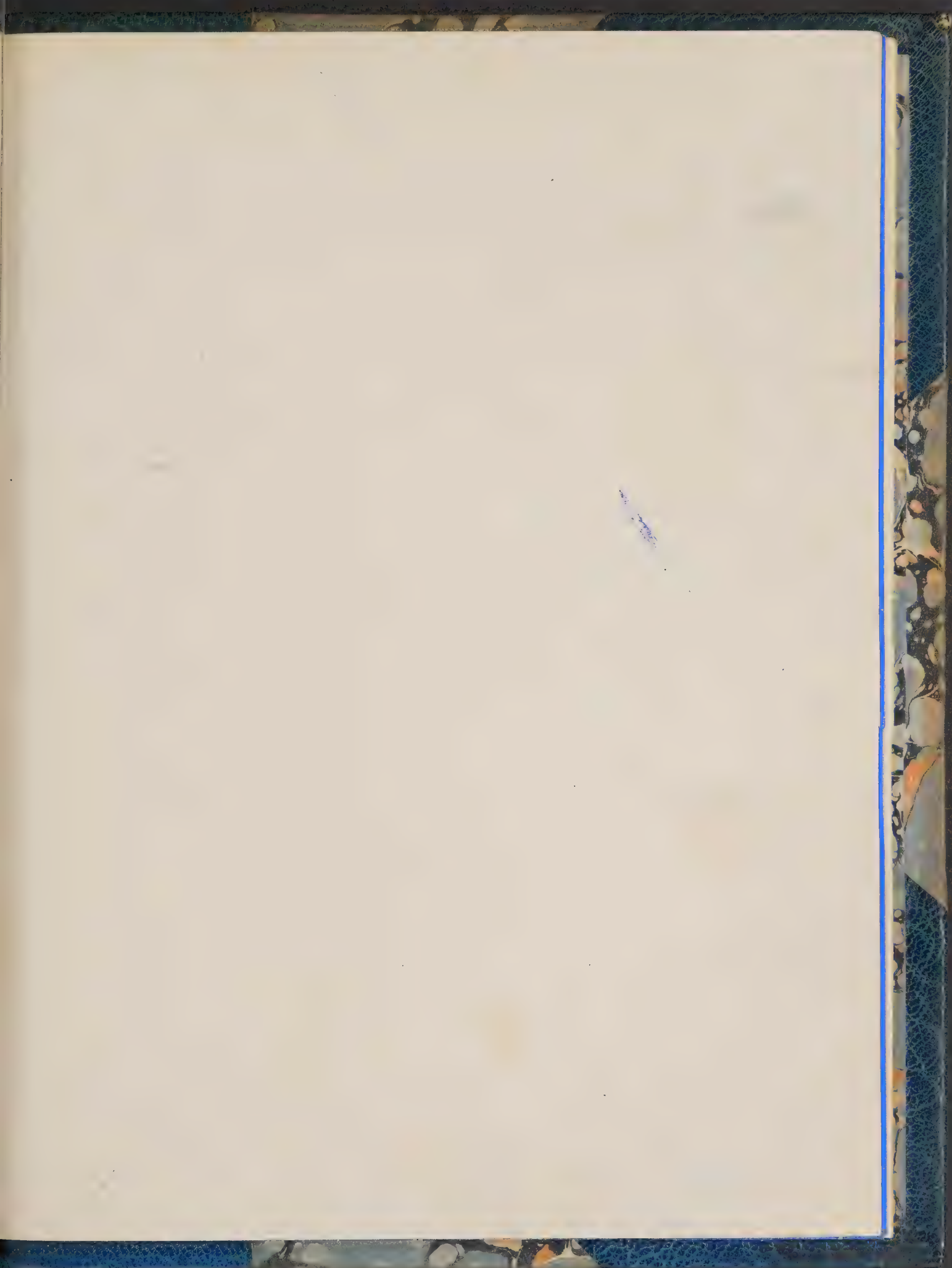
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Cum Privilegio.







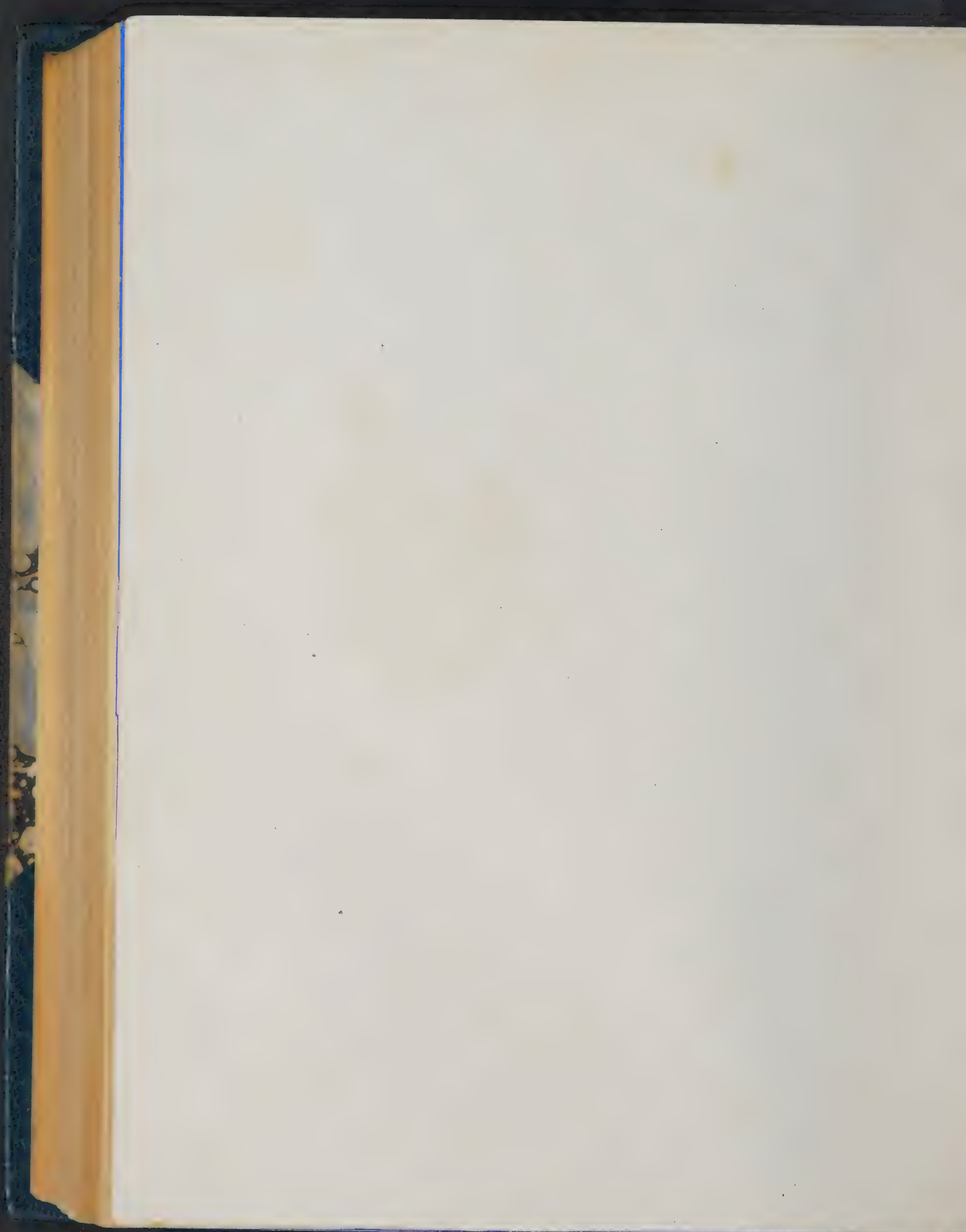


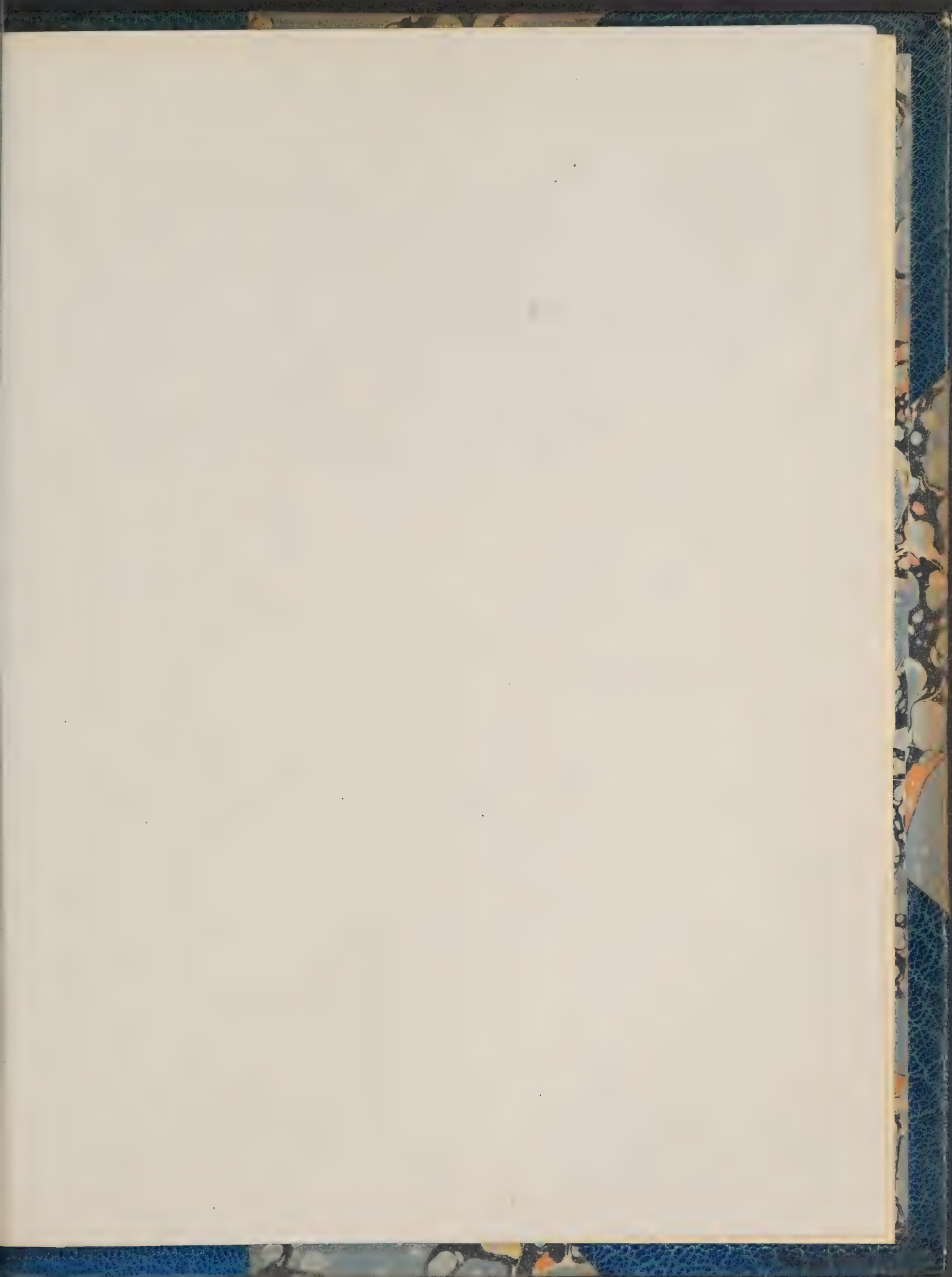


Curberuile's
Songs and Sonets.

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PART II.









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